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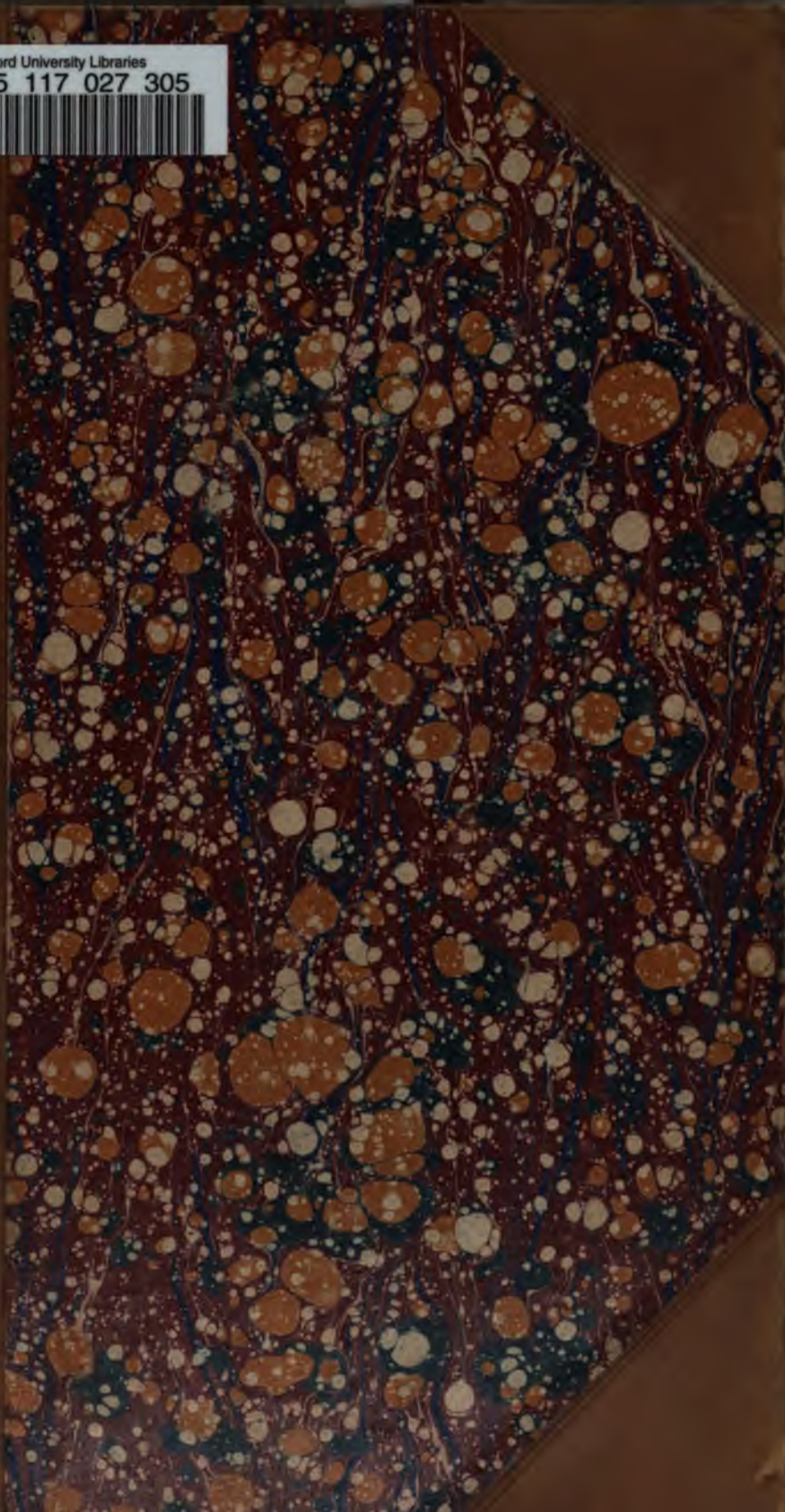
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*H. J. Munroe*  
1844  
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THE LETTERS  
OF  
HORACE WALPOLE.











*Jas. Brown, sc.*

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.

FROM AN ORIGINAL MINIATURE.

IN THE POSSESSION (1844) OF THE EARL OF HARRINGTON.

London Richard Bentley 1857





THE LETTERS  
OF  
HORACE WALPOLE,  
EARL OF ORFORD.

EDITED BY  
PETER CUNNINGHAM.  
NOW FIRST CHRONOLOGICALLY ARRANGED.



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THE LETTERS  
OF  
HORACE WALPOLE.

---

460. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

*Arlington Street, March 18, 1756.*

I AM not surprised to find by your letters of 21st and 28th of February how much you have been alarmed for your brother. You have not felt more than I have : but I have the satisfaction of seeing him mend, while you undergo the terrible suspense of waiting for posts. He has been pulled much back by the operation of his quicksilver, which flung him into a severe looseness and kind of salivation : it weakened him much and kept him from the air ; but it brought off a great load of black stuff from his stomach, and his spirits are exceedingly better. He is to go to the Bath as soon as he is able. Would to Heaven I could prevail for his going to Italy, but he will not listen to it. You may be confident that I do not stop at mere decency in checking his domestic torment—it is terrible ; but when I saw him in so much danger, I kept no measures—I went lengths that would be inexcusable in any other situation. No description can paint the madness, (and when I call it madness I know I flatter), the preposterous unreasonableness and infernal temper of that little white fiend ! His temper, which is equal to yours, bears him up under it. I am with him two or three mornings every week, and think I shall yet preserve him for you. The physicians are positive that his lungs are not touched.

We proceed fiercely in armaments—yet in my own opinion, and I believe the ministry think so too, the great danger is for Port-Mahon. Admiral Byng sails directly for the Mediterranean. The Brest fleet



that slipped away, is thought on its progress to Nova Scotia. The Dutch have excused sending us their troops on the imminence of their own danger. The parliamentary campaign is almost over; you know I persist in believing that we shall not have any other here.

Thank you much for your kindness to Mr. Dick; I will repay you on your brother, though I don't know how to place him to any account but my own. If I could be more anxious than I am about him, it would be, my dear child, on what you say to me on yourself; but be comforted, all will yet be well.

Mr. Chute's picture is not yet arrived; when it comes, he shall thank you himself. I must now give you a new commission, and for no less a minister than the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Sir George Lyttelton desires you will send him for his hall the jesses of the Venus, the dancing Faun, the Apollo Medicis (I think there is a cast of it), the Mercury, and some other female statue, at your choice: he desires besides three pair of Volterra vases, of the size to place on tables, and different patterns. Consign the whole to me, and draw the bill of lading on me.

I have nothing more to tell you but a *naïveté* of my Lady Coventry; the King asked her if she was not sorry that there are no Masquerades this year—for you must know we have sacrificed them to the idol earthquake—she said, no, she was tired of them; she was surfeited with most sights; there was but one left that she wanted to see—and that was a Coronation! The old man told it himself at supper to his family with a great deal of good-humour. Adieu! my dear child.

461. TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

*Arlington Street, March 25, 1756.*

INSTEAD of being sorry, as I certainly ought to be, when your letters are short, I feel quite glad; I rejoice that I am not much in your debt, when I have not wherewithal to pay. Nothing happens worth telling you: we have had some long days in the House, but unentertaining; Mr. Pitt has got the gout in his oratory, I mean in his head, and does not come out: we are sunk quite into argument—but you know, when anything is as it should be, it is not worth talking of. The plate-tax has made some noise; the ministry carried one question on it but by nine. The Duke of Newcastle, who

reserves all his heroism for the war, grew frightened, and would have given up the tax; but Mr. Fox bolstered up his courage and mustered their forces, and by that and softening the tax till it was scarce worth retaining, they carried the next question by an hundred. The day before yesterday the King notified the invasion to both Houses, and his having sent for Hessians. There were some dislikes expressed to the latter; but, in general, fear preponderated so much, that the cry was for Hanoverians too. Lord George Sackville, in a very artful speech, a little maliciously even proposed them and noblemen's regiments; which the Duke had rejected. Lord Ravensworth, in the other House, moved in form for Hanoverians; the Duke of Newcastle desired a few days to consider it, and they are to go upon it in the Lords to-morrow. The Militia, which had been dropped for next year, is sprouted up again out of all this, and comes on to-day. But we should not be English, if we did not become still more intent on a very trifle: we are. A new road through Paddington<sup>1</sup> has been proposed to avoid the stones: the Duke of Bedford, who is never in town in summer, objects to the dust it will make behind Bedford House, and to some buildings proposed, though, if he was in town, he is too short-sighted to see the prospect. The Duke of Grafton heads the other side: this is carried! *you* can imagine it—you could compose the difference! *you*, grand corrupter, you who can bribe pomp and patriotism, virtue and a *Speaker*,<sup>2</sup> you that have pursued uprightness even to the last foot of land on the globe, and have disarmed Whiggism almost on the banks of its own Boyne—don't you return hither, we shall have you attempt to debauch even Mr. Onslow, who has preserved his chastity, while all the band of chosen youths, while every Pulteney, Pitt, and Lyttelton have fallen around him. I could not help laughing at the picture of Malone bribed out of his virtue and mobbed into it again!

Now I am in a serious strain, I will finish my letter with the only other serious history I know. My Lady Lincoln has given a prodigious assembly to show the Exchequer House.<sup>3</sup> She sent to the porter to send cards to all she visited: he replied he could easily do that, for his lady visited nobody but Lady Jane Scott. As she has

<sup>1</sup> The Paddington or New Road, which the Duke of Bedford opposed as making a dust behind Bedford House, and from some intended buildings being likely to interrupt his prospect. The Duke of Grafton warmly espoused the other side of the question.—WALPOLE.

<sup>2</sup> The Speaker of the Irish House of Commons.—WALPOLE.

<sup>3</sup> Lord Lincoln was at this time Auditor of the Exchequer.—WRIGHT.



really neglected everybody, many refusals were returned. The Duchess of Bedford was not invited, and made a little opposition-supper, which was foolish enough. As the latter had refused to return my Lady Falmouth's visit, my Lady Lincoln singled her out, visited and invited her. The dignity of the assembly was great: Westminster Hall was illuminated for chairs; the passage from it hung with green baize and lamps, and matted. The cloister was the prettiest sight in the world, lighted with lamps and Volterra vases. The great apartment is magnificent. Sir Thomas Robinson, the Long, who you know is always propriety itself, told me how much the house was improved since it was my brother's.<sup>1</sup> The Duchess of Norfolk gives a great ball next week to the Duke of Cumberland: so you see that she does not expect the Pretender, at least this fortnight. Last night, at my Lady Hervey's, Mrs. Dives was expressing great panic about the French: my Lady Rochford, looking down on her fan, said with great softness, "I don't know: I don't think the French are a sort of people that women need be afraid of." Adieu!

## 462. TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

*Strawberry Hill, April 16, 1756.*

You wrong me very much in thinking I omit writing because I don't hear from you as often as you have a mind I should: you are kinder to me in that respect than I have reason, considering your numerous occupations, to expect: the real and whole truth is, that I have had nothing to tell you; for I could not tire either you or myself with all the details relating to this foolish road-bill, which has engrossed the whole attention of everybody lately. I have entered into it less than anybody. What will you say when you are told that proxies have been sent for to Scotland? that my Lord Harrington has been dragged into the House of Lords from his coffin,

<sup>1</sup> There is a portrait of Richardson at Rokeby, with this odd story belonging to it, which Mr. Morritt told me when he pointed it out. It had been painted for one of his female admirers, and when *long* Sir Thomas Robinson took possession of the house, and of this portrait, he wondered what business a Mr. Richardson could have there, in company with persons of high degree; so the canvass was turned over to the nearest painter, with orders to put on a blue riband and a star, and thereby convert it into a portrait of Sir Robert Walpole! You may be sure Mr. Morritt, when he restored the picture to its right name, left it in possession of these favours.—*Southey to Sir Egerton Brydges.*—CUNNINGHAM.

and Lord Arran<sup>1</sup> carried thither to take the oaths, who I believe has not appeared there since the Revolution? In short, it has become quite a trial for power; and though the Dukes of Grafton and Bedford have lent their names and their vehemence, you will guess what has been the engine behind the curtain.

The French are so obliging as to wait till we have done with these important squabbles: the House of Commons takes care too not to draw off the attention of the nation. The Militia-bill has passed through that solitude, but I hear will be stopped in the House of Lords. I have lived lately in a round of great disagreeable suppers, which you know are always called for my Lady Yarmouth, as if the poor woman loved nothing but cramming: I suppose it will so much become the etiquette, that in the next reign there will be nothing but suppers for my Lord Bute. I am now come hither to keep *my* Newmarket, but the weather is cold and damp: it is uncertain whether the Duke makes that campaign, or against the French. As the road-bill extinguished the violence about the two operas of next year, and they made the invasion forgot, and the invasion the earthquake, I foresee—and I go almost upon as sure grounds as prophets that take care to let the event precede the prediction—I foresee that the Hanoverians will swallow up all: they have already a general named, who ranks before any one of ours; and there are to be two Hanoverian *aide-de-camps*!

You will hear by this post of the death of Sir William Lowther,<sup>2</sup> whose vast succession falls to Sir James,<sup>3</sup> and makes him Cræsus: he may hire the Dukes of Bedford and Marlborough for led captains. I am sorry for this young man, though I did not know him; but it is hard to be cut off so young and so rich: old rich men seldom deserve to live, but he did a thousand generous acts. You will be diverted with a speech of Lord Shelburne,<sup>4</sup> one of those second-rate fortunes who have not above five-and-thirty thousand pounds a year.

<sup>1</sup> Charles Butler, second son of Thomas, Earl of Ossory, created Earl of Arran in 1693. At his death, in 1759, his title became extinct.—WRIGHT.

<sup>2</sup> Son of Sir Thomas Lowther, by Lady Elizabeth Cavendish, daughter of William, Duke of Devonshire. Dr. King, in his *Anecdotes*, tells a characteristic story of the meanness of a Lowther.—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>3</sup> Sir James Lowther, created Earl of Lonsdale 1784, died 1802. He married Lady Mary Stuart, eldest daughter of the minister, Lord Bute, and grand-daughter of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu.—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>4</sup> John, fifth son of Thomas Fitzmaurice, first Earl of Kerry. He inherited, pursuant to the will of his uncle, Henry Petty, Earl of Shelburne, his lordship's opulent fortune, and assumed his surname in 1751. He was created Earl of Shelburne in the kingdom of Ireland; and, in 1760, was raised to the dignity of a British peer, by the title of Lord Wycombe. He died in 1761.—WRIGHT.



He says everybody may attain some one point if they give all their attention to it; for his part, he knows he has no great capacity, he could not make a figure by his parts; he shall content himself with being one of the richest men in England! I literally saw him t'other day buying pictures for two-and-twenty shillings, that I would not hang in my garret; while I, who certainly have not made riches my sole point of view, was throwing away guineas, and piquing myself for old tombstones against your father-in-law the General.<sup>1</sup> I hope Lady Ailesbury will forgive my zeal for Strawberry against Combe-Bank.<sup>2</sup> Are you ever to see your Strawberry Hill again? Lord Duncannon flatters us that we shall see you in May. If I did not hope it, I would send you the only two new fashionable pieces; a comic elegy<sup>3</sup> by Richard Owen Cambridge, and a wonderful book by a more wonderful author, Greville.<sup>4</sup> It is called "Maxims and Characters:" several of the former are pretty: all the latter so absurd, that one in particular, which at the beginning you take for the character of a man, turns out to be the character of a post-chaise.

You never tell me now any of Missy's *bon-mots*. I hope she has not resided in Ireland till they are degenerated into bulls! Adieu!

463. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

*Strawberry Hill, April 18, 1756.*

I WISH I could send you accounts of your brother's amendment in proportion to your impatience, and to my own: he does mend certainly, but it is slowly: he takes the air every day, and they talk of his riding, though I don't think him strong enough yet to sit a horse; when he has rid a little he is to go to the Bath. I wish it much;

<sup>1</sup> General John Campbell, who, upon the death of Archibald, Duke of Argyle, succeeded to that title.—WALPOLE.

<sup>2</sup> Combe-Bank in Kent, the seat of Lady Ailesbury's father, John, fourth Duke of Argyle, and afterwards of the Duke's second son, Lord Frederick Campbell.—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>3</sup> An Elegy on an Empty Assembly-room.—WRIGHT.

<sup>4</sup> Fulke Greville, Esq. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, in a letter to her daughter, dated Louvere, Oct. 9, 1757, says, "We have had many English here. Mr. Greville, his lady, Fanny Macartney, [vol. ii., p. 136, 157] and her suite of adorers deserved particular notice: he was so good as to present me with his curious book: since the days of the Honourable Edward Howard, nothing has ever been published like it. I told him the age wanted an Earl of Dorset to celebrate it properly; and he was so well pleased with that speech, that he visited me every day, to the great comfort of Madame, who was entertained, meanwhile, with parties of pleasure of another kind, though I fear I lost his esteem at last, by refusing to correspond with him."—WRIGHT.

for though he is at Richmond, there is no keeping him from doing too much business. Dr. Cocchi has showed his usual sagacity; the case is pronounced entirely asthmatic. As they have acquitted him of a consumption, I feel easy, though the complaint he has is so uneasy to himself. You must not be discouraged by my accounts; for I see your brother so very often, that it is not possible for me to discern the progress of alteration in him.

You will not believe how little we have thought of the French lately! We are engaged in a civil war—not between St. James's and Leicester House, but between the Dukes of Grafton and Bedford, about a new turn-pike road on the back of the town: as you may imagine, it grows politics; and if it is not compromised during the recess, the French may march deep into the kingdom before *they* become greater politics.

We think them not ready for Minorca, and that we shall be prepared to receive them there. The Hessians are expected immediately; and soon after them, the Hanoverians; and soon after them, many jealousies and uneasinesses.

These are all the politics I can tell you; and I have as little else to tell you. Poor Lady Drumlanrig,<sup>1</sup> whose lord perished so unfortunately about a year and a half ago, is dead of a consumption from that shock; and Sir William Lowther, one of the two heirs of old Sir James, died two days ago of a fever. He was not above six-and-twenty, master of above twenty thousand pounds a-year; sixteen of which comes to young Sir James, who was equally rich: think what a fortune is here assembled—will any Florentine believe this when reduced to sequins or scudi?

I receive such packets of thanks from Lady Harry Beauclerc, transmitted to her from Mr. Dick, that you must bear to have some of them returned to you. I know you enough to believe that you will be still better pleased with new trouble than with my gratitude, therefore I will immediately flounce into more recommendation; but while I do recommend, I must send a bill of discount at the same time: in short, I have been pressed to mention a Sir Robert Davers to you; but as I have never seen him, I will not desire much more than your usual civility for him; sure, he may be content with that! I remember Sir William Maynard,<sup>2</sup> and am cautious.

Since I began this, I receive yours of April 2nd, full of uneasiness for your brother's quicksilver and its effects. I did not mention it to

<sup>1</sup> Daughter of the Earl of Hopton.—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>2</sup> Whom Mr. Walpole recommended to Sir H. Mann, to whom Sir William, who was a Jacobite, behaved very impertinently.—WALPOLE.

you, because, though it put him back, his physicians were persuaded that he would not suffer, and he has not. As to reasoning with them, my dear child, it is impossible: I am more ignorant in physic than a child of six years old; if it were not for reverence for Dr. Cocchi, and out of gratitude to Dr. Pringle, who has been of such service to your brother, I should say, I am as ignorant as a physician. I am really so sensible of the good your brother has received from this doctor, that I myself am arrived so far towards being ill, that I now know, if I was to be ill, who should be my physician. The weather has been so wet and cold that your brother has received very little benefit from it: he talked to me again this morning of riding, but I don't yet think him able; if you had seen him as I saw him the day I wrote my first letter to you, you would be as happy as I am now; without that, I fear you would be shocked to see how he is emaciated; but his eyes, his spirits, his attention, give me great hopes, though I absolutely think it a tedious asthmatic case. Adieu! my dear child; be in better spirits, and don't expect either sudden amendment or worse change.

## 464. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

*Arlington Street, April 20, 1756.*

YOUR steward called on me just as I was going to keep my Newmarket at Strawberry Hill; he promised to leave me the direction to the statuary, but as I have not heard from him, I wish you would send it me.

The cold and the wet have driven me back to London, empty London! where we are more afraid of the deluge than of the invasion! The French are said to be sailed for Minorca, which I hold to be a good omen of their not coming hither; for if they took England, Port-Mahon, I should think, would scarcely hold out.

Pray don't die, like a country body, because it is the fashion for gentlefolks to die in London: it is the *bon ton* now to die; one can't show one's face without being a death's head. Mrs. Bethel and I are come strangely into fashion; but true critics in mode object to our having underjaws, and maintain that we are not dead *comme il faut*.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The following letter (now first published) from the polite Lord Chesterfield to David Mallet, is written in Walpole's vein:—

## LORD CHESTERFIELD TO DAVID MALLET.

"Lord Chesterfield sends his compliments to Mr. Mallet, and he will be extremely glad to see him and Monsieur de Bussy at dinner next Wednesday; but he desires



The young Lady Exeter<sup>1</sup> died almost suddenly, and has handsomely confirmed her father's will, by leaving her money to her lord only for his life, and then to Thomas Townshend.<sup>2</sup> Sir William Lowther has made a charming will, and been as generous at his death as he was in his short life; he has left thirteen legacies of five thousand pounds each to friends; of which you know by sight, Reynolds,<sup>3</sup> Mrs. Brudenel's son,<sup>4</sup> and young Turner. He has given seventeen hundred pounds a-year; that is, I suppose, seventeen hundred pounds, to old Mrs. Lowther.<sup>5</sup> What an odd circumstance! a woman passing an hundred years to receive a legacy from a man of twenty-seven: after her it goes to Lord George Cavendish. Six hundred pounds per year he gives to another Mrs. Lowther, to be divided afterwards between Lord Frederick and Lord John. Lord Charles, his uncle, is residuary legatee. But what do you think of young Mr. James Lowther, who not of age becomes master of one or two and forty thousand pounds a-year? England will become a Heptarchy, the property of six or seven people! The Duke of Bedford is fallen to be not above the fourth rich man in the island.

Poor Lord Digby<sup>6</sup> is likely to escape happily at last, after being cut for the stone, and bearing the preparation and execution with such heroism, that waking with the noise of the surgeons, he asked if that was to be the day? "Yes."—"How soon will they be ready?"—"Not for some time."—"Then let me sleep till they are?" He was cut by a new instrument of Hawkins,<sup>7</sup> which reduces an age of torture to but one minute.

The Duke had appeared in form on the causeway in Hyde Park with my Lady Coventry; it is the new office, where all lovers now are entered. How happy she must be with Billy and Bully!<sup>8</sup> I

Mr. Mallet to inform Monsieur de Bussy previously, that Lord Chesterfield has been dead these twelve years, and has lost all the advantages of flesh and blood, without acquiring any of the singular privileges of a spirit.

*"Blackheath, Sunday."*

—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>1</sup> Daughter and heir of Horatio, son of the first Viscount Townshend.—ED. 1819.

<sup>2</sup> The Honourable Thomas Townshend, second son of Charles, second Viscount Townshend, member for the University of Cambridge.—WRIGHT.

<sup>3</sup> Francis Reynolds, of Strangeways, Esq.—WRIGHT.

<sup>4</sup> George Brudenel, Esq., afterwards member for Rutlandshire, and equerry to George II.—WRIGHT.

<sup>5</sup> Hannah, youngest daughter of Alderman Lowther. She had been maid of honour to Queens Mary and Anne, and died in 1757, at the age of a hundred and three.—WRIGHT.

<sup>6</sup> Edward, sixth Lord Digby. He died in the following year.—WRIGHT.

<sup>7</sup> Caesar Hawkins, the celebrated surgeon.—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>8</sup> The Duke of Cumberland and Lord Bolingbroke.—WRIGHT.

hope she will not mistake, and call the former by the nickname of the latter. At a great supper t'other night at Lord Hertford's, if she was not the best-humoured creature in the world, I should have made her angry: she said in a very vulgar accent, if she drank any more, she should be *muckibus*. "Lord!" said Lady Mary Coke, "what is that?"—"Oh! it is Irish for *sentimental*."

There is a new Morocco ambassador, who declares for Lady Caroline Petersham, preferably to Lady Coventry.<sup>1</sup> Lady Caroline Fox says he is the best bred of all the foreign ministers, and at one dinner said more obliging things than Mirepoix did during his whole embassy. He is so fashionable that George Selwyn says he is sure my Lady Winchelsea will ogle him instead of Haslang.

I shall send you soon the fruits of my last party to Strawberry; Dick Edgcombe, George Selwyn, and Williams were with me; we composed a coat of arms for the two clubs at White's, which is actually engraving from a very pretty painting of Edgcombe,<sup>2</sup> whom Mr. Chute, as Strawberry king at arms, has appointed our chief herald painter; here is the blazon:

Vert (for card-table), between three paroli's proper on a chevron table (for hazard-table) two rouleaus in saltire between two dice proper; in a canton, sable, a white ball (for election) argent.

Supporters. An old knave of clubs on the dexter; a young knave on the sinister side; both accoutred proper.

Crest. Issuing out of an earl's coronet (Lord Darlington) an arm shaking a dice-box, all proper.

Motto. (Alluding to the crest,) *Cogit amor nummi*. The arms encircled by a claret bottle ticket, by way of order.

By the time I hope to see you at Strawberry Hill, there will be a second volume of the "Horatiana" ready for the press; or "A full and true account of the bloody civil wars of the house of Walpole, being a narrative of the unhappy differences between Horatio and Horace Walpoles;" in short, the old wretch, who aspires to be one of the Heptarchy, and who I think will live as long as old Mrs. Lowther, has accomplished such a scene of abominable avarice and

<sup>1</sup> There is a Prince of Nassau, a sovereign just arrived, who is much admired for his beauty, and a Morocco Ambassador, as much admired for his great politeness (though he does not speak a word in any known language); he gives the preference to Lady Caroline Petersham before Lady Coventry; he says she is a glorious creature, and handsomer than either of his three wives.—*Mrs. George Grenville to her husband, April 20, 1756.*—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>2</sup> This painting "of the Old and Young Club at Arthur's" was bought at the sale at Strawberry Hill by Arthur's Club House for twenty-two shillings.—CUNNINGHAM.



dirt, that I, notwithstanding my desire to veil the miscarriages of my race, have been obliged to drag him and all his doings into light<sup>1</sup>—but I won't anticipate. Adieu!

## 465. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

*May 12, 1756.*

DON'T imagine I write to you for anything but form; there is nothing like news, except the Prussian victories, which you see in the papers: by next courier we expect he will send us at least a leg or an arm of the Empress Queen.

Our domestic politics are far from settled. The King is gone to Kensington, and when any ministry can be formed, it is to be sent after him. The Parliament draggles on, till any two of the factions can unite. I have not got my tickets yet, but will certainly reserve what you want. Adieu!

## 466. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

*Strawberry Hill, May 16, 1756.*

You will hear with great satisfaction that your brother rides out every day, and bears it pretty well. I sent to him yesterday morning, and my Swiss boy told me with great joy at his return, that he saw your brother's servant cutting a plate of bread and butter for him, big enough, said he, for you, Sir, and Mr. Bentley, and Mr. Müntz—who is a Swiss painter that I keep in the house—you perceive I deal much in Swiss. I saw your brother this morning myself; he does not mend so fast as I wish, but I still attribute it to the weather. I mentioned to him Dr. Cocchi's desire of seeing his case and regimen in writing by Dr. Pringle, but I found he did not care for it; and you may imagine I would not press it. I sifted Dr. Pringle himself, but he would not give me a positive answer; I fear he still thinks that it is not totally an asthma. If you had seen him so much worse, as I have, you would be tolerably comforted now. Lord Malpas<sup>2</sup> saw him to-day for the first time, and

<sup>1</sup> Walpole's Account of the Bloody Civil Wars, of the House of Walpole, will be first printed in the concluding volume of this edition of his Letters.—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>2</sup> George, eldest son of George, third Earl of Cholmondeley, by Mary, daughter of Sir Robert Walpole: he died before his father, and was father of George, the fourth earl.—WALPOLE.

told me alone that he found him much better than he expected. His spirits and attention to everything are just as good as ever, which was far from being the case three months ago.

I read the necessary part of your letter to Sir George Lyttelton, who thinks himself much obliged, and leaves the vases entirely to your taste, and will be fully content with the five jesses you name.

We have nothing new; the Parliament rises the 25th; all our attention is pointed to Minorca, of which you must be much better and sooner informed than we can. Great dissatisfactions arise about the defenceless state in which it was left: it is said, some account arrived from Commodore Edgewumbe<sup>1</sup> the night before last, but it is kept very secret, which at least specifies the denomination of it. I hope to find Mr. Conway in town to-morrow night, whither he is just returned from Ireland; he has pacified that country to the standard of his own tranquillity.

I have read the poem you mention, the Pucelle, and am by no means popular, for I by no means like it—it is as tiresome as if it was really an heroic poem. The four first cantos are by much the best, and throughout there are many vivacities; but so absurd, perplexed a story is intolerable; the humour often missed, and even the parts that give most offence, I think very harmless.

P.S. We are to declare war this week; I suppose, in order to make peace, as we cannot make peace till we have made war.

467. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

*Arlington Street, May 19, 1756.*

NOTHING will be more agreeable to me than to see you at Strawberry Hill; the weather does not seem to be of my mind, and will not invite you. I believe the French have taken the sun. Among other captures, I hear the King has taken another English mistress, a Mrs. Pope, who took her degrees in gallantry some years ago. She went to Versailles with the famous Mrs. Quon: the King took notice of them; he was told they were not so rigid as *all* other English women are—mind, I don't give you any part of this history for authentic; you know we can have no news from France but what we run. I have rambled so that I forgot what I intended to

<sup>1</sup> George, second son of Richard, Lord Edgewumbe, succeeded his brother, in the title, and was by George III. created Viscount Mount Edgewumbe.—WALPOLE.



say; if ever we can have spring, it must be soon: I propose to expect you any day you please after Sunday se'nnight, the 30th: let me know your resolution, and pray tell me in what magazine is the Strawberry ballad? I should have proposed an earlier day to you, but next week the Prince of Nassau is to breakfast at Strawberry Hill, and I know your aversion to clashing with grandeur.

As I have already told you one mob story of a King, I will tell you another: *they say*, that the night the Hanover troops were voted, *he* sent Schutz<sup>1</sup> for his German cook, and said, "Get me a very good supper; get me all de varieties; I don't mind expense."

I tremble lest his Hanoverians should be encamped at Hounslow; Strawberry would become an inn; all the Misses would breakfast there, to go and see the camp!

My Lord Denbigh<sup>2</sup> is going to marry a fortune, I forget her name; my Lord Gower asked him how long the honey-moon would last? He replied, "Don't tell me of the honey-moon; it is harvest moon with me." Adieu!

## 468. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

*Strawberry Hill, May 27, 1756.*

YOUR brother is determined to go to Bristol in ten days: our summer, which nobody but the almanack has the confidence to say is not winter, is so cold that he does not advance at all. If his temper was at all in the power of accidents, it would be affected enough just now to affect his health! What a figure he would make in a catalogue of philosophers or martyrs! His wife's aunt, Mrs. Forth, who has always promised him the half of her fortune, which is at least thirty thousand pounds, is dead, and has left him only two thousand pounds. He sent for your brother Ned this morning to talk to him upon some other business, and it was with such unaffected cheerfulness, that your eldest brother concluded he was reserving the notification of a legacy of at least ten thousand pounds for the *bonne bouche*; but he can bear his wife, and then what are disappointments? Pray, my dear child, be humble, and don't imagine that yours is the *only best* temper in the world. I

<sup>1</sup> Augustus Schutz, Esq., a German, keeper of the privy purse, and master of the robes to King George II. He died May 26, 1757.—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>2</sup> Basil, sixth Earl of Denbigh. In the following year he married Mary, daughter and co-heiress of Sir John Bruce Cotton.—WRIGHT.

pretend so little to a good one, that it is no merit in me to be out of all patience.

My uncle's ambition and dirt are crowned at last; he is a peer.<sup>1</sup> Lord Chief Justice Ryder, who was to have kissed hands with him on Monday, was too ill, and died on Tuesday;<sup>2</sup> but I believe his son will save the peerage.

We know nothing yet of Minorca, and seem to think so little of our war, that to pass away his time, Mars is turned Impresario; in short, the Duke has taken the Opera-house for the ensuing season. There has been a contest between the manager Vanneschi and the singers Mingotti and Ricciarelli;<sup>3</sup> the Duke patronizes the Mingotti, and lists under her standard. She is a fine singer, an admirable actress; I cannot say her temper is entirely so sweet as your brother's.

*May 30th, Arlington Street.*

See what a country gentleman I am! One cannot stir ten miles from London without beginning to believe what one hears, and without supposing that whatever *should* be done, will be done. The Opera-house is still in dispute between Signor Guglielmo and Signor Vanneschi—and Mr. Ryder<sup>4</sup> will not get the peerage; for coronets are not forfeited by worthlessness, but by misfortune. My Lord Chief Justice misses one by only dying, my uncle gets one by living!

I this moment receive your letter of the 15th. We had picked up by scrambling accounts pretty much what you tell me of Minorca; but hitherto we only live on comparing dates.

I can add nothing to what I have said in the article of your brother. I am going to send the papers to Lord Macclesfield.<sup>5</sup> Adieu!

<sup>1</sup> Through the zeal of his friend Lord Hardwicke, and the influence of the Cavendish party, the repugnance of the King was overcome, and Horatio Walpole, on the 1st of June, was elevated to the peerage, by the title of Lord Walpole of Wolterton.—WRIGHT.

<sup>2</sup> On the 24th of May, the King signed a warrant for raising Sir Dudley Ryder to the peerage, but he died before the patent was completed.—WRIGHT.

<sup>3</sup> "Vanneschi's difference with Mingotti occasioned as many private quarrels and public feuds as the disputed abilities of Handel and Bononcini, or the talents of Faustina and Cuzzoni, had done thirty years before. *On a toujours tort* in these disputes; and addressing the town is but making bad worse: for not a word which either party says is believed. These squabbles ended in Vanneschi's being a bankrupt, a prisoner in the Fleet, and afterwards a fugitive; and in Mingotti's acquiring for a while the sovereignty in the Opera kingdom, by which gratification of ambition they were soon brought to the brink of ruin, as others had been before them."—Burney.—WRIGHT.

<sup>4</sup> In 1776, Mr. Ryder was created Baron Harrowby.—WRIGHT.

<sup>5</sup> George Parker, second Earl of Macclesfield, president of the Royal Society. He died in 1764.—DOVER.



P.S. It is uncertain who will be Chief Justice; Murray could have no competitor, but the Duke of Newcastle cannot part with him from the House of Commons.<sup>1</sup>

469. TO THE EARL OF STRAFFORD.<sup>2</sup>

MY DEAR LORD:

Strawberry Hill, June 6, 1756.

I AM not sorry to be paving my way to Wentworth Castle<sup>3</sup> by a letter, where I suppose you are by this time, and for which I waited: it is not that I stayed so long before I executed my embassy *auprès de Milord* Tylney. He has but one pair of gold pheasants at present, but promises my Lady Strafford the first fruits of their loves. He gave me hopes of some pied peacocks sooner, for which I asked directly, as one must wait for the lying-in of the pheasants. If I go on *negotiating* so successfully, I may hope to arrive at a peerage a little sooner than my uncle has.

As your lordship, I know, is so good as to interest yourself in the calamities of your friends, I will, as shortly as I can, describe and grieve your heart with a catastrophe that has happened to two of them. My Lady Ailesbury, Mr. Conway, and Miss Rich passed two days last week at Strawberry Hill. We were returning from Mrs. Clive's through the long field, and had got over the high stile that comes into the road; that is, three of us. It had rained, and the stile was wet. I could not let Miss Rich straddle across so damp a palfrey, but took her in my arms to lift her over. At that instant I saw a coach and six come thundering down the hill from my house; and hurrying to set down my charge, and stepping backwards, I missed the first step, came down headlong with the nymph in my arms; but turning quite round as we rushed to the ground,

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Potter, in a letter to Mr. Pitt, of the 4th of June, says, "Upon the death of the Chief Justice, all the Attorney-General's private friends thought the office, on every account, so fit for him, that it would be infatuation to decline it, and that the Attorney-General himself was of the same opinion, but the Duke of Newcastle was frightened at the thoughts of what was to become of the House of Commons."—*Chatham Correspondence*, vol. i., p. 159.—WRIGHT.

<sup>2</sup> This is the first of fifty-four letters addressed by Walpole (between 1756 and 1790) to his friend and neighbour at Twickenham, William Wentworth, second Earl of Strafford, of the second creation. Lord Strafford married Lady Anne Campbell, youngest daughter of John, the great Duke of Argyle, and died in 1791. His house at Twickenham faced the river, and stood between the church and what is now Orleans house.—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>3</sup> In Yorkshire, now (1857) the seat of Frederick Vernon Wentworth, Esq., who inherited it through Mrs. Kaye, sister of the last Earl of Strafford, who died without issue in 1799.—CUNNINGHAM.



the first thing that touched the earth was Miss Rich's head. You must guess in how improper a situation we fell; and you must not tell my Lady Strafford before anybody that every petticoat, &c. in the world were canted—high enough indeed! The coach came on, and never stopped. The apprehension that it would run over my Chloe made me lie where I was, holding out my arm to keep off the horses, which narrowly missed trampling us to death. The ladies, who were Lady Holderness, Miss Pelham, and your sister Lady Mary Coke, stared with astonishment at the theatre which they thought I had chosen to celebrate our loves; the footmen laughed; and you may imagine the astonishment of Mr. Conway and Lady Ailesbury, who did not see the fall, but turned and saw our attitude. It was these spectators that amazed Miss Pelham, who described the adventure to Mrs. Pitt, and said, "What was most amazing, there were Mr. Conway and Lady Ailesbury looking on!" I shall be vexed to have told you this long story, if Lady Mary has writ it already; only tell me honestly if she has described it as decently as I have.

If you have not got the new Letters and Memoirs of Madame Maintenon, I beg I may recommend them for your summer reading. As far as I have got, which is but into the fifth volume of the Letters, I think you will find them very curious, and some very entertaining. The fourth volume has persuaded me of the sincerity of her devotion; and two or three letters at the beginning of my present tome have made me even a little jealous for my adored Madame de Sévigné. I am quite glad to find that they do *not* continue equally agreeable. The extreme misery to which France was reduced at the end of Queen Anne's war, is more striking than one could conceive. I hope it is a debt that they are not going to pay, though the news that arrived on Wednesday have but a black aspect. The consternation on the behaviour of Byng,<sup>1</sup> and on the amazing council of war at Gibraltar,<sup>2</sup> is extreme: many think both next to impossibilities. In the meantime we fear the loss of Minorca. I could not help smiling t'other day at two passages in Madame Maintenon's Letters

<sup>1</sup> The Hon. John Byng, fourth son of Admiral Byng; a distinguished officer, who, for his eminent services, was created, in 1721, Viscount Torrington.—WRIGHT.

<sup>2</sup> A council of war was held at Gibraltar, to decide upon a request made by Admiral Byng for a reinforcement of troops from that garrison for the defence of Minorca; where M. de la Galissonière, with thirteen sail of the line and several transports, had, towards the end of April, landed a large body of land-forces under the command of the Duc de Richelieu.—WRIGHT.

relating to the Duc de Richelieu, when he first came into the world :  
 " Jamais homme n'a mieux réussi à la cour, la première fois qu'il y  
 a paru : ce'est réellement une très-jolie créature ! " Again :—  
 " C'est la plus aimable poupée qu'on puisse voir. " How mortifying  
 that this " jolie poupée " should be the avenger of the Valoises !

Adieu ! my lord. I don't believe that a daughter of the Duke of  
 Argyll will think that the present I have announced in the first  
 part of my letter balances the inglorious article in the end. I wish  
 you would both renew the breed of heroes, which seems scarcer than  
 that of gold pheasants ! Your most faithful Servant.

## 470. TO JOHN CHUTE, ESQ.

MY DEAR SIR :

Arlington Street, June 8, 1756.

PRAY have a thousand masses said in your divine chapel *d*  
*l'intention* of your poor country. I believe the occasion will disturb  
 the founder of it, and make him shudder in his shroud for the  
 ignominy of his countrymen. By all one learns, Byng, Fowke, and  
 all the officers at Gibraltar, were infatuated ! They figured Port-  
 Mahon lost, and Gibraltar a-going ! a-going ! Lord Effingham,  
 Cornwallis, Lord Robert Bertie, all, all signed the council of war,  
 and are in as bad odour as possible. The King says it will be his  
 death, and that he neither eats nor sleeps—all our trust is in  
 Hanoverians.

The Prince has desired to be excused living at Kensington, but  
 accepts of 40,000*l.* a year ; 5,000*l.* is given to Prince Edward, and  
 an establishment is settling ; but that too will meet with difficulties.  
 I will be more circumstantial when we meet.<sup>1</sup>

My uncle [*old* Horace] has chose no motto nor supporters yet :  
 one would think there were fees to pay for them ! Mr. Fox said to  
 him, " Why don't you take your family motto ? " He replied,  
 " Because my *nephew* would say, I think I speak as well as my  
 brother. " *I believe he means me.* I like his awe. The Duke of  
 Richmond, taking me for his son, reproached himself to Lady  
 Caroline Fox for not wishing me joy. She is so sorry she undeceived

<sup>1</sup> " June 6. I heard that a message in writing had been sent to the Prince, from  
 the King, offering him an allowance of 40,000*l.* a year, and an apartment in the  
 palaces of Kensington and St. James's. The answer was full of high gratitude for  
 the allowance, but declining the apartment, on account of the mortification it would  
 be to his mother ; though it is well known that he does not live with her, either in  
 town or country. " *Dodington*, p. 345.—WRIGHT.



him! Charles Townshend has turned his artillery upon his own court: he says, "Silly fellow for silly fellow, I don't see why it is not as well to be governed by my uncle with a blue riband, as by my cousin with a green one."

I have passed to-day one of the most agreeable days of my life; your righteous spirit will be offended with me—but I must tell you: my Lord and Lady Bath carried my Lady Hervey and me to dine with my Lady Allen<sup>1</sup> at Blackheath. What added to the oddness of the company in which I found myself was her sister Mrs. Cleveland, whose bitterness against my father and uncle for turning out her husband you have heard—but she is very agreeable. I had a little private satisfaction in very naturally telling my Lord Bath how happy I have made his old printer, Franklyn. The Earl was in extreme good-humour, repeated epigrams, ballads, anecdotes, stories, which, as Madame Sévigné says, puts one in mind "*de sa défunte veine*." The Countess was not in extreme good-humour, but in the best-humoured ill-humour in the world; contested everything with great drollery, and combated Mrs. Cleveland on Madame Maintenon's character, with as much satire and knowledge of the world as ever I heard in my life. I told my Lord Bath General Wall's foolish vain motto, "*Aut Cæsar aut nihil*." He replied, "He is an impudent fellow: he should have taken '*Murus aheneus*.'" Dodington has translated well the motto on the caps of the Hanoverians, "*Vestigia nulla retrorsum*." *They never mean to go back again.*

Saunders, the new admiral, told the King yesterday in a very odd phrase, that they *should screw his heart out*, if Byng is not now in the harbour of Mahon. The world condemns extremely the rashness of superseding admirals on no information but from our enemies. The ministry tremble for Thursday se'nnight (*inter alia*), when the King is to desire the Parliament to adjourn again. I believe altogether it will make a party. Adieu!

471. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

*Arlington Street, June 14, 1756.*

OUR affairs have taken a strange turn, my dear Sir, since I wrote to you last at the end of May; we have been all confusion, conster-

<sup>1</sup> Dame Mary Allen, wife of Sir Joseph Allen. She died June 27, 1758, and was buried at Greenwich.—CUNNINGHAM.

nation, and resentment! At this moment we are all perplexity! When we were expecting every instant that Byng would send home Marshal Richelieu's head to be placed upon Temple-bar, we were exceedingly astonished to hear that the governor and garrison of Gibraltar had taken a panic for themselves, had called a council of war, and in direct disobedience to a positive command, had refused Byng a battalion from thence. This council was attended, and their resolution signed, by all the chief officers there, among whom are some particular favourites, and some men of the first quality. Instead of being shocked at this disappointment, Byng accompanied it with some wonderfully placid letters, in which he notified his intention of retiring under the cannon of Gibraltar, in case he found it dangerous to attempt the relief of Minorca! These letters had scarce struck their damp here, before D'Abreu, the Spanish minister, received an account from France, that Galissonière had sent word that the English fleet had been peeping about him, with exceeding caution, for two or three days; that on the 20th of May they had scuffled for about three hours, that night had separated them, and that to his great astonishment, the English fleet, of which he had not taken one vessel, had disappeared in the morning. If the world was scandalised at this history, it was nothing to the exasperation of the court, who, on no other foundation than an enemy's report, immediately ordered Admiral Hawke and Saunders [created an admiral on purpose] to bridle and saddle the first ship at hand, and post away to Gibraltar, and to hang and drown Byng and West, and then to send them home to be tried for their lives: and not to be too partial to the land, and to be as severe upon good grounds as they were upon scarce any, they dispatched Lord Tyrawley and Lord Panmure upon the like errand over the Generals Fowke and Stuart. This expedition had so far a good effect, that the mob itself could not accuse the ministry of want of rashness; and luckily for the latter, in three days more the same canal confirmed the disappearance of the English fleet for four days after the engagement—but behold! we had scarce had time to jumble together our sorrow for our situation, and our satisfaction for the dispatch we had used to repair it, when yesterday threw us into a new puzzle. Our spies, the French, have sent us intelligence that Galissonière is disgraced, recalled, and La Motte sent to replace him, and that Byng has reinforced the garrison of St. Philip's<sup>1</sup> with—150 men! You, who are

<sup>1</sup> In the month of June, 1756, the Marshal de Richelieu, at the head of sixteen



nearer the spot, may be able, perhaps, to unriddle or unravel all this confusion; but you have no notion how it has put all our politics a-ground!

This is not our only quandary! A message of 40,000*l.* a year, with an intention of an establishment for a court, and an invitation of coming to live at Kensington, has been sent to Leicester-fields. The money was very kindly received—the proposal of leaving our lady-mother [the Princess Dowager of Wales] refused in most submissive terms. It is not easy to enforce obedience; yet it is not pleasant to part with our money for nothing—and yet it is thought that will be the consequence of this ill-judged step of authority. My dear child, I pity you who are to represent and to palliate all the follies of your country!

My uncle [*old* Horace] has got his peerage; but just when the patent was ready, my Lord Privy Seal Gower went out of town, on which the old baby wrote him quite an abusive letter, which my Lord Gower answered with a great deal of wit and severity. Lord Ilchester<sup>1</sup> and Lord Falconberg<sup>2</sup> are created earls.

General Isemberg of the Hessians has already diverted us: he never saw the tide till he came to Southampton; he was alarmed, and seeing the vessel leaning on the shore, he sent for his master of the horse, and swore at him for overturning the ship in landing the horses. Another of them has challenged a Hampshire justice, for committing one of his soldiers; but hitherto both Hessians and Hanoverians are rather popular.

Your brother, whom, if anything, I think better, is set out this morning for Bristol. You cannot pray more for its restoring his health than I do. I have just received yours of May 28th, to which I make no answer, as all the events I have mentioned are posterior to your accounts. Adieu! my dear Sir.

thousand men, landed in Minorca, and almost immediately obtained possession of the whole island, as well as of the fortress of St. Philip and Port-Mahon, the population joining him; and the garrison, commanded by General Blakeney, being very weak, and not having received the expected succours from Admiral Byng.—DOVER.

<sup>1</sup> Stephen, first Earl of Ilchester, eldest surviving son of Sir Stephen Fox. His titles were given him, with remainder, in failure of issue male of himself, to his younger brother Henry Fox.—DOVER.

<sup>2</sup> Thomas Belasyse, fourth Viscount and first Earl of Fauconberg. He died in 774.—DOVER.



## 472. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

*June 18.*

THE two drawings of the Vine and Strawberry, which you desired, are done and packed up in a box; tell me how I must send them. The confusion about the Ministry is not yet settled; at least it was not at noon to-day; but, for fear that confusion should ever finish, all the three factions are likely to come into place together. Poor Mr. Chute has had another bad fit; he took the air yesterday for the first time. I came to town but last night, and return to my *château* this evening, knowing nothing but that we are on the crisis of battles and ministries. Adieu!

P. S. I just hear that your cousin Halifax has resigned, on Pitt's not letting him be secretary of state for the West Indies.

## 473. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

*Strawberry Hill, July 11, 1756.*

I RECEIVE with great satisfaction all your thanks for my anxiety about your brother: I love you both so much, that nothing can flatter me more, than to find I please the one by having behaved as I ought to the other—oh, yes! I could be much more rejoiced, if this other ceased to want my attentions. Bristol began to be of service to him, but he has caught cold there, and been out of order again: he assures me it is over. I will give you a kind of happiness: since he was there, he tells me, that if he does not find all the benefit he expects, he thinks of going abroad. I press this most eagerly, and shall drive it on; for I own if he stays another winter in England, I shall fear this disorder will fix irremovably. I will give you a commission, which, for his sake, I am sure, you will be attentive to execute in the perfectest manner. Mr. Fox wants four vases of the Volterra alabaster, of four feet high each. I choose to make over any merit in it to you, and though I hate putting you to expense, at which you always catch so greedily, when it is to oblige, yet you shall present these. Choose the most beautiful patterns, look to the execution, and send them with rapidity, with such a letter as your turn for doing civil things immediately dictates.

There is no describing the rage against Byng; for one day we

believed him a real Mediterranean Byng.<sup>1</sup> He has not escaped a sentence of abuse, by having involved so many officers in his disgrace and his councils of war: one talks coolly of their being broke, and that is all. If we may believe report, the siege is cooled into a blockade, and we may still save Minorca, and, what I think still more of, dear old Blakeney.<sup>2</sup> What else we shall save or lose I know not. The French, we hear, are embarked at Dunkirk—rashly, if to come hither; if to Jersey or Guernsey, uncertain of success—if to Ireland, *ora pro nobis!* The Guards are going to encamp. I am sorry to say, that with so much serious war about our ears, we can't help playing with crackers. Well, if the French do come, we shall at least have something for all the money we have laid out on Hanoverians and Hessians! The latter, on their arrival, asked *bonnement* where the French camp was. They could not conceive being sent for if it was no nearer than Calais.

The difficulties in settling the Prince's family are far from surmounted; the Council met on Wednesday night to put the last hand to it, but left it as unsettled as ever.

Pray do dare to tell me what French and Austrians say of their treaty: we are angry—but when did subsidies purchase gratitude? I don't think we have always found that they even purchased temporary assistance. France declared, Sweden and Denmark allied to France, Holland and Austria neuter, Spain not quite to be depended on, Prussia—how sincerely reconciled! Would not one think we were menaced with a league of Cambray? When this kind of situation was new to me, I did not like it—I have lived long enough, and have seen enough, to consider all political events as mere history, and shall go and see the camps with as unthinking curiosity as if I were a simpleton or a new general. Adieu!

474. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

*Strawberry Hill, July 12, 1756.*

WHEN I have told you that Mr. Müntz has finished the drapery of your picture, and the copy of it, and asked you whither and how they must be sent, I think I have done all the business of my

<sup>1</sup> His father, Lord Torrington, had made a great figure there against the Spaniards.—WALPOLE.

<sup>2</sup> It was at that time believed that General Blakeney had acted with great spirit; but it appeared afterwards that he had been confined to his bed, and had not been able to do anything.—WALPOLE.



J. Kneass, del.

W. Goussier, sc.

GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ:

FROM THE ORIGINAL FORMERLY AT STRAWBERRY HILL.

Printed by Richard Bentley, 167.





letter; except telling you, that if you think of conveying them through Moreland, he has gone a soldiering. All the world is going the same road, except Mr. Müntz, who had rather be knocked on the head for fame, than paint for it. He goes to-morrow to Kingston, to see the great drum pass by to Cobham, as women go to take a last look of their captains. The Duke of Marlborough and his grandfather's triumphal car<sup>1</sup> are to close the procession. What would his grandame, if she were alive, say to this pageant? If the war lasts, I think well enough of him to believe he will earn a sprig; but I have no passion for trying on a crown of laurel, before I had acquired it. The French are said to be embarked at Dunkirk—lest I should seem to know more than any minister, I will not pretend to guess whither they are bound. I have been but one night in town, and my head sung ballads about Admiral Byng all night, as one is apt to dream of the masquerade minuet: the streets swarm so with lampoons, that I began to fancy myself a minister's son again.

I am going to-morrow to Park-place; and the first week in August into Yorkshire. If I hear that you are at Greatworth, that is, if you will disclose your motions to me for the first fortnight of that month, I will try if I cannot make it in my road either going or coming. I know nothing of roads, but Lord Strafford is to send me a route, and I should be glad to ask you how you do for one night—but don't expect me, don't be disappointed about me, and of all things don't let so uncertain a scheme derange the least thing in the world that you have to do. There are going to be as many camps and little armies, as when England was a Heptarchy. Adieu!

## 475. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

*Strawberry Hill, July 24, 1756.*

BECAUSE you desire it, I begin a letter to-day, but I don't think I shall be able to fill to the bottom of this side. It is in answer to your long one of the 3rd.—In answer?—no; you must have patience till next session before your queries can be resolved, and then I believe you will not be very communicative of the solutions. In short, all your questions of, Why not Byng sent sooner? Why not with more ships? Why was Minorca not supported earlier? All

<sup>1</sup> For the story of the Duchess of Marlborough and the Duke's triumphal car, see *Walpole's Reminiscences*, vol. i. p. cxliii.—CUNNINGHAM.



these are questions which all the world is asking as well as you, and to which all the world does not make such civil answers as you must, and to which I shall make none, as I really know none.<sup>1</sup> The clamour is extreme, and I believe how to reply in Parliament will be the chief business that will employ our Ministry for the rest of the summer—perhaps some such home and personal considerations were occupying their thoughts in the winter, when they ought to have been thinking of the Mediterranean. We are still in the dark; we have nothing but the French accounts of the surrender of St. Philip's: we are humbled, disgraced, angry. We know as little of Byng, but hear that he sailed with the reinforcement before his successor reached Gibraltar. If shame, despair, or any human considerations can give courage, he will surely contrive to achieve some great action, or to be knocked on the head—a cannon-ball must be a pleasant quietus, compared to being torn to pieces by an English mob or a House of Commons. I know no other alternative, but withdrawing to the Queen of Hungary, who would fare little better if she were obliged to come hither—we are extremely disposed to massacre somebody or other, to show we have any courage left. You will be pleased with a cool sensible speech of Lord Granville to Colorado, the Austrian minister, who went to make a visit of excuses. My Lord Granville interrupted him, and said, "Sir, this is not necessary; I understand that the treaty is only of neutrality; but what grieves me is, that our people will not understand it so: and the prejudice will be so great, that when it shall become necessary again, as it will do, for us to support your mistress, nobody will then dare to be a Lord Granville."

I think all our present hopes lie in Admiral Boscawen's intercepting the great Martinico fleet of a hundred and fifty sail, convoyed by five men-of-war; Boscawen has twenty. I see our old friend Prince Beauvau behaved well at Mahon. Our old diversion, the Countess,<sup>2</sup> has exhibited herself lately to the public exactly in a style

<sup>1</sup> "However the case may be with regard to Byng," writes Mr. George Grenville to Mr. Pitt, on the first intelligence of the disaster, "what can be the excuse for sending a force, which at the utmost is scarcely equal to the enemy, upon so important and decisive an expedition? Though, in the venality of this hour, it may be deemed sufficient to throw the whole blame upon Byng, yet I will venture to say, the other is a question that, in the judgment of every impartial man, now and hereafter, will require a better answer, I am afraid, than can be given. I believe he was not reckoned backward in point of personal courage, which makes this affair the more extraordinary, and induces me to wait for his own account of it, before I form an opinion of it." *Chatham Correspondence*, vol. i. p. 163.—WRIGHT.

<sup>2</sup> Of Pomfret.—WALPOLE.

you would guess. Having purchased and given her Lord's collection of statues to the University of Oxford, she has been there at the public act to receive adoration. A box was built for her near the Vice-Chancellor, where she sat three days together for four hours at a time to hear verses and speeches, to hear herself called Minerva; nay, the public orator had prepared an encomium on her beauty, but being struck with her appearance, had enough presence of mind to whisk his compliments to the beauties of her mind. Do but figure her; her dress had all the tawdry poverty and frippery with which you remember her, and I dare swear her tympany, scarce covered with ticking, produced itself through the slit of her scowered damask robe. It is amazing that she did not mash a few words of Latin, as she used to fricasee French and Italian! or that she did not torture some learned simile, like her comparing the tour of Sicily, the surrounding the triangle, to squaring the circle; or as when she said it was as difficult to get into an Italian coach, as for Cæsar to take Attica, which she meant for Utica. Adieu! I trust by his and other accounts that your brother mends.

P. S. The letters I mentioned to you, pretended to be Bower's, are published, together with a most virulent pamphlet, but containing affidavits, and such strong assertions of facts, as have staggered a great many people. His escape and account of himself in Italy is strongly questioned. I own I am very impatient for the answer he has promised. I admire his book so much, and see such malice in his accusers, that I am strongly disposed to wish and think him a good man. Do, for my private satisfaction, inquire and pick up all the anecdotes you can relating to him, and what is said and thought of him in Italy. One accusation I am sure is false, his being a plagiarist; there is no author from whom he could steal that ever wrote a quarter so well.

476. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

*Arlington Street, August 28, 1756.*

As you were so kind as to interest yourself about the issue of my journey, I can tell you that I did get to Strawberry on Wednesday night, but it was half an hour past ten first—besides floods the whole day, I had twenty accidents with my chaise, and once saw one of the postilions with the wheel upon his body; he came off



with making his nose bleed. My castle, like a little ark, is surrounded with many waters, and yesterday morning I saw the Blues wade half way up their horses through Teddington-lane.

There is nothing new but what the pamphlet shops produce; however it is pleasant to have a new print or ballad every day—I never had an aversion to living in a *Fronde*. The enclosed cards are the freshest treason; the portraits by George Townshend are droll—the other is a dull obscure thing as can be. The “Worlds” are by Lord Chesterfield on Decorum, and by a friend<sup>1</sup> of yours and mine, who sent it before he went to Jersey; but this is a secret: they neglected it till now, so preferable to hundreds they have published—I suppose Mr. Moore finds, what everybody else has found long, that he is a-ground. I saw Lovel to-day; he is very far advanced, and executes to perfection; you will be quite satisfied; I am not discontent with my own design, now I see how well it succeeds. It will certainly be finished by Michaelmas, at which time I told him he might depend on his money, and he seemed fully satisfied. My compliments to your brother, and adieu!

477. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

*Arlington Street, August 29, 1756.*

A JOURNEY of amusement into Yorkshire would excuse my not having writ to you above this month, my dear Sir; but I have a better reason,—nothing has happened worth telling you. Since the conquest of Minorca, France seems to have taken the wisest way for herself, and a sure one too of ruining us, by sitting still, and yet keeping us upon our guard, at an outrageous expense. Gazettes of all countries announce, as you say, almost a league of Cambray against us; but the best heads think, that after all Europe has profited of our profusion, they will have the sense only to look on, while France and we contend which shall hereafter be the Universal Merchant of Venal Princes. If *we* reckon at all upon the internal commotions in France, *they* have still a better prospect from ours: we ripen to faction fast. The dearness of corn has even occasioned insurrections: some of these the Chief Justice Willes has quashed stoutly. The rains have been excessive just now, and must occasion more inconveniences. But the warmth on the loss of Minorca has opened every sluice of opposition that has been so long dammed up. Even Jaco-

<sup>1</sup> Richard Bentley.—CUNNINGHAM.

bitism perks up those fragments of asses' ears which were not quite cut to the quick. The city of London and some counties have addressed the King and their members on our miscarriages. Sir John Barnard, who endeavoured to stem the torrent of the former, is grown almost as unpopular as Byng. That poor simpleton, confined at Greenwich, is ridiculously easy and secure, and has even summoned on his behalf a Captain Young, his warmest accuser. Fowke, who of two contradictory orders chose to obey the least spirited, is broke. Pamphlets and satirical prints teem; the courts are divided; the ministers quarrel—indeed, if they agreed, one should not have much more to expect from them! the fair situation!

I do not wonder that you are impertinenced by Richecourt;<sup>1</sup> there is nothing so catching as the insolence of a great proud woman<sup>2</sup> by a little upstart minister: the reflection of the sun from brass makes the latter the more troublesome of the two.

Your dear brother returns from Bristol this week; as I fear not much recovered, I shall have good reason to press his going abroad, though I fear in vain. I will tell you faithfully, after I have seen him a few days, what I think of him.

I never doubt your zeal in executing any commission I give you. The bill shall be paid directly; it will encourage me to employ you; but you are generally so dilatory in that part of the commission, that I have a thousand times declined asking your assistance. Adieu! my dear Sir.

478. TO RICHARD BENTLEY, ESQ.

*Wentworth Castle, August, 1756.*

I ALWAYS dedicate my travels to you. My present expedition has been very amusing, sights are thick sown in the counties of York and Nottingham; the former is more historie, and the great lords live at a prouder distance: in Nottinghamshire there is a very Heptarchy of little kingdoms<sup>3</sup> elbowing one another, and the barons of them want nothing but small armies to make inroads into one another's parks, murder deer, and massacre park-keepers. But to

<sup>1</sup> Count Richecourt, a Lorrainer, prime minister at Florence for the Great Duke.—WALPOLE. See vol. ii. p. 165, p. 180, and p. 265.—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>2</sup> The Empress Queen, wife of the Great Duke.—WALPOLE.

<sup>3</sup> "The Dukeries," so called from the princely estates of the Dukes of Norfolk, Kingston, Portland, and Newcastle (Worksop, Thoresby, Welbeck, and Clumber), immediately adjoining one another.—CUNNINGHAM.



come to particulars: the Great Road as far as Stamford is superb; in any other country it would furnish medals, and immortalise any drowsy monarch in whose reign it was executed. It is continued much farther, but is more rumbling. I did not stop at Hatfield and Burleigh to see the palaces of my great-uncle-ministers, having seen them before. Bugden palace<sup>1</sup> surprises one prettily in a little village; and the remains of Newark castle, seated pleasantly, began to open a vein of historic memory. I had only transient and distant views of Lord Tyrconnel's at Belton [in Lincolnshire], and of Belvoir. The borders of Huntingdonshire have churches instead of milestones, but the richness and extent of Yorkshire quite charmed me. Oh! what quarries for working in Gothic!

This place is one of the very few that I really like; the situation, woods, views, and the improvements, are perfect in their kinds; nobody has a truer taste than Lord Strafford. The house is a pompous front screening an old house; it was built by the last lord<sup>2</sup> on a design of the Prussian architect Bott, who is mentioned in the King's *Mémoires de Brandenburg*, and is not ugly: the one pair of stairs is entirely engrossed by a gallery of 180 feet, on the plan of that in the Colonna palace at Rome: it has nothing but four modern statues and some bad portraits, but, on my proposal, is going to have books at each end. The hall is pretty, but low; the drawing-room handsome; there wants a good eating-room and staircase: but I have formed a design for both, and I believe they will be executed—that my plans should be obeyed when yours are not! I shall bring you a ground-plot for a Gothic building, which I have proposed that you should draw for a little wood, but in the manner of an ancient market-cross. Without doors all is pleasing: there is a beautiful (artificial) river, with a fine semicircular wood overlooking it, and the temple of Tivoli placed happily on a rising towards the end. There are obelisks, columns, and other buildings, and, above all, a handsome castle in the true style, on a rude mountain, with a court and towers: in the castle-yard, a statue of the late lord who built it. Without the park is a lake on each side, buried in noble woods. Now contrast all this, and you may have some idea of Lord Rockingham's.<sup>3</sup> Imagine a most extensive and most beautiful modern

<sup>1</sup> In Huntingdonshire, and long the palace of the Bishops of Lincoln.—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>2</sup> Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford (died 1739), the correspondent of Pope.—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>3</sup> Wentworth House (properly Wentworth Woodhouse) in Yorkshire, a few miles



front erected before the great Lord Strafford's old house, and this front almost blocked up with hills, and everything unfinished round it, nay within it. The great apartment, which is magnificent, is untouched: the chimney-pieces lie in boxes unopened. The park is traversed by a common road between two high hedges—not from necessity. Oh! no; this lord loves nothing but horses, and the enclosures for them take place of everything. The bowling-green behind the house contains no less than four obelisks, and looks like a Brobdingnag nine-pin-alley: on a hill near, you would think you saw the York-buildings water-works<sup>2</sup> invited into the country. There are temples in corn-fields; and in the little wood, a window-frame mounted on a bunch of laurel, and intended for an hermitage. In the inhabited part of the house, the chimney-pieces are like tombs: and on that in the library is the figure of this lord's grandfather, in a night-gown of plaster and gold. Amidst all this litter and bad taste, I adored the fine Vandyck of Lord Strafford and his secretary,<sup>3</sup> and could not help reverencing his bed-chamber. With all his faults and arbitrary behaviour, one must worship his spirit and eloquence: where one esteems but a single royalist, one need not fear being too partial. When I visited his tomb in the church (which is remarkably neat and pretty, and enriched with monuments) I was provoked to find a little mural cabinet, with his figure three feet high kneeling. Instead of a stern bust (and his head would furnish a nobler than Bernini's Brutus) one is peevish to see a plaything that might have been bought at Chenevix's. There is a tender inscription to the second Lord Strafford's wife, written by himself; but his genius was fitter to coo over his wife's memory than to sacrifice to his father's.

Well! you have had enough of magnificence: you shall repose in a desert. Old Wortley Montagu<sup>4</sup> lives on the very spot where the dragon of Wantley did, only I believe the latter was much better lodged: you never saw such a wretched hovel; lean, unpainted, and half its nakedness barely shaded with harateen stretched till it cracks. Here the miser hoards health and money, his only two

south of Wentworth Castle, now (1857) the seat of Earl Fitzwilliam, nephew of the minister Lord Rockingham. The "beautiful modern front" was erected by the first Marquis of Rockingham.—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>1</sup> Charles Watson Wentworth, the minister Marquis of Rockingham, great grandson and representative of the famous Earl of Strafford.—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>2</sup> In London, at the foot of Buckingham Street in the Strand.—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>3</sup> The Wentworth House Vandyck of Strafford and his secretary, is the original of many repetitions. The finest duplicate is at Blenheim.—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>4</sup> Lady Mary's husband. (He died in 1761). Wharnccliffe Lodge in Wharnccliffe Chase was built by Sir Thomas Wortley, who died in 1514.—CUNNINGHAM.

objects: he has chronicles in behalf of the air, and battens on tokay, his single indulgence, as he has heard it is particularly salutary. But the savageness of the scene would charm your Alpine taste: it is tumbled with fragments of mountains, that look ready laid for building the world. One scrambles over a huge terrace, on which mountain ashes and various trees spring out of the very rocks; and at the brow is the den, but not spacious enough for such an inmate. However, I am persuaded it furnished Pope with this line, so exactly it answers to the picture:—

“On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes.”

I wanted to ask if Pope had not visited Lady Mary Wortley here during their intimacy, but could one put that question to *Avidien* himself? There remains an ancient odd inscription here, which has such a whimsical mixture of devotion and romanticness that I must transcribe it:—

Pray for the saule of  
Thomas Wryttelay, Knight  
for the Kyngys bode to Edward  
the forthe, Rychard therd, Hare the VII and Hare VIII.  
hows saule God pardon. Wyche  
Thomas cawsyd a loge to be made  
hon this crag ne mydys of  
Wanclife, for his plesor to her the  
hartes bel, in the yere of owr  
Lord a thousand cccccx.<sup>1</sup>

It was a chase, and what he meant to hear was the noise of the stags.

During my residence here I have made two little excursions, and I assure you it requires resolution; the roads are insufferable: they mend them—I should call it spoil them—with large pieces of stone. At Pomfret I saw the remains of that memorable castle “where Rivers, Vaughan, and Grey lay shorter by the head;” and on which Gray says—

“And thou, proud boy, from Pomfret's walls shalt send  
A groan, and envy oft thy happy grandsire's end!”<sup>2</sup>

The ruins are vanishing, but well situated; there is a large demolished church, and a pretty market-house. We crossed a Gothic

<sup>1</sup> I have copied the inscription in the text from Hunter's ‘South Yorkshire,’ ii. 329.—WALPOLE. The transcriber of his letter had very carelessly copied the quaint old spelling.—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>2</sup> “August 14, 1654.—Passed through Pontefract; the castle was now demolishing by the rebels: it stands on a mount, and makes a goodly show at a distance.” *Evelyn*.—WRIGHT.



bridge of eight arches at Ferrybridge, where there is a pretty view and went to a large old house of Lord Huntingdon's at Ledstone, which has nothing remarkable but a lofty terrace, a whole-length portrait of his grandfather in tapestry, and the having belonged to the great Lord Strafford. We saw [Kippax Park] that monument of part of poor Sir John Bland's extravagance, his house and garden, which he left orders to make without once looking at either plan. The house is a bastard Gothic, but of not near the extent I had heard. We lay at Leeds, a dingy large town; and through very bad black roads (for the whole country is a colliery, or a quarry), we went to Kirkstall abbey, where are vast Saxon<sup>1</sup> ruins, in a most picturesque situation, on the banks of a river that falls in a cascade among rich meadows, hills, and woods: it belongs to Lord Cardigan: his father pulled down a large house here, lest it should interfere with the family seat, Deane. We returned through Wakefield, where is a pretty Gothic chapel on a bridge, erected by Edward IV. in memory of his father, who lived at Sandal castle just by, and perished in the battle here. There is scarce anything of the castle extant, but it commanded a rich prospect.

By permission from their graces of Norfolk, who are at Tunbridge, Lord Strafford carried us to Worksop,<sup>2</sup> where we passed two days. The house is huge, and one of the magnificent works of old Bess of Hardwicke, who guarded the Queen of Scots here for some time in a wretched little bed-chamber within her own lofty one:—there is a tolerable little picture of Mary's needlework. The great apartment is vast and triste, the whole leanly furnished: the great gallery, of above two hundred feet, at the top of the house, is dividen into a library, and into nothing. The chapel is decent. There is no prospect, and the barren face of the country is richly furred with ever-green plantations, under the direction of the late Lord Petre.

On our way we saw Kiveton, an ugly neglected seat of the Duke of Leeds, with noble apartments and several good portraits. Oh! portraits! I went to Welbeck. It is impossible to describe the bales of Cavendishes, Harleys, Holleses, Veres, and Ogles: every chamber is tapestried with them; nay, and with ten thousand other fat morsels; all their histories inscribed; all their arms, crests,

<sup>1</sup> The supposed Saxon of Walpole's period is the Norman of the nineteenth century—the days of Britton, Willis, and Parker.—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>2</sup> The mansion at Worksop, mentioned in this letter, was nearly destroyed by fire in 1761; a part (now, 1857, the property of the Duke of Newcastle) has been converted into a mansion, and let to Lord Foley.—CUNNINGHAM.

devices, sculptured on chimneys of various English marbles in ancient forms (and, to say truth, most of them ugly). Then such a Gothic hall, with pendent fret-work in imitation of the old, and with a chimney-piece extremely like mine in the library. Such water-colour pictures! such historic fragments! In short, such and so much of everything I like, that my party thought they should never get me away again. There is Prior's portrait,<sup>1</sup> and the Column and Verelst's flower on which he wrote; and the authoress Duchess of Newcastle in a theatric habit, which she generally wore,<sup>2</sup> and, consequently, looking as mad as the present Duchess; and dukes of the same name, looking as foolish as the present Duke; and Lady Mary Wortley,<sup>3</sup> drawn as an authoress, with rather better pretensions; and cabinets and glasses wainscotted with the Greendale oak,<sup>4</sup> which was so large that an old steward wisely cut a way through it to make a triumphal passage for his lord and lady on their wedding, and only killed it! But it is impossible to tell you half what there is. The poor woman who is just dead<sup>5</sup> passed her whole widowhood, except in doing ten thousand right and just things, in collecting and monumenting the portraits and relics of all the great families from which she descended, and which centered in her. The Duke and Duchess of Portland<sup>6</sup> are expected there to-morrow, and we saw dozens of cabinets and coffers with the seals not yet taken off. What treasures to revel over! The horseman Duke's<sup>7</sup> manège is converted into a lofty stable, and there is still a grove or two of magnificent oaks that have escaped all these great families, though the last Lord Oxford cut down above an hundred thousand pounds' worth. The place has little pretty, distinct from all these reverend circumstances.

<sup>1</sup> There are two portraits of Prior; one by Rigaud, painted in 1699—the other by Richardson, and engraved by Vertue.—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>2</sup> There is a good duplicate of this full length by Lely, at Wentworth Castle.—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>3</sup> This portrait of Lady Mary is not now (1857) at Welbeck. The only portrait here of Lady Mary is the small exquisite enamel by Zincke, dated 1738, and engraved by Vertue. The picture mentioned by Walpole is at Wortley Hall: by Rosca, painted in 1739, and presented by Lady Mary herself to the Countess of Oxford.—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>4</sup> Welbeck, which I had the pleasure of seeing in 1856, contains several drawings of the Greendale oak. To the student of English history the portraits at Welbeck will supply a lasting treat.—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>5</sup> Henrietta Cavendish Holles, Countess of Oxford, daughter of John Holles, Duke of Newcastle and widow of Edward Harley, second Earl of Oxford, of the Harley family. She died December 10, 1755.—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>6</sup> The Duchess of Portland was the daughter and sole heir of Edward Harley, second Earl of Oxford. Through her (by the families Cavendish and Holles) Welbeck passed to the Bentincks, Dukes of Portland.—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>7</sup> William Cavendish, Earl, Marquis, and Duke of Newcastle, the patron of two generations of poets, including Ben Jonson and Dryden.—CUNNINGHAM.



## 479. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

*Strawberry Hill, Sept. 19, 1756.*

I PROMISED you an account of your brother as soon as he should return from Bristol, but I deferred it for a week, till I could see him reposed and refreshed, and could judge more fairly. I do think him much mended; I do not say recovered. He looks with colour again, and has got a little flesh, and is able to do much more than before he went. My Lord Radnor thinks he has a great appetite; I did not perceive it when he dined with me. His breath is better, though sometimes troublesome, and he brought back a great cough, which, however, is much abated. I think him so much better, that I ventured to talk very freely to him upon his own state; and though I allowed him mended, I told him plainly that I was convinced his case would be irrecoverable, if he did not go abroad. At times he swears he will, if he falls back at all; at others he will not listen to it, but pleads the confusion of his affairs. I wish there is not another more insurmountable cause, the fury, who not only torments him in this world, but is hurrying him into the next. I have not been able to prevail with him to pass one day or two here with me in tranquillity. I see his life at stake; I feel for him, for you, for myself; I am desperate about it, and yet know no remedy! I can only assure you that I will not see it quietly; nor would anything check me from going the greatest lengths with your sister, whom I think effectually, though perhaps not maliciously, a most wicked being, but that I always find it recoils upon your brother. Alas! what signifies whether she murders him from a bad heart or a bad temper?

Poor Mr. Chute, too, has been grievously ill with the gout—he is laid up at his own house, whither I am going to see him.

I feel a little satisfaction that you have an opportunity of returning Richecourt's insults: who thought that the King of Prussia would ever be a rod in our hands? For my part, I feel quite pleasant, for whether he demolishes the Queen, or the Queen him, can one but find a loophole to let out joy? Lord Stormont's *valet de chambre* arrived three days ago, with an account of his being within four leagues of Dresden.<sup>2</sup> He laughs at the King of Poland

<sup>1</sup> British Minister at Vienna.—WALPOLE.

<sup>2</sup> This was the King of Prussia's irruption into Saxony, which was the commencement of the terrible Seven Years' War.—DOVER.

with so much good breeding, and abuses Count Bruhl<sup>1</sup> with so much contempt, that one reconciles to him very fast: however, I don't know what to think of his stopping in Saxony. He assures us that the Queen has not 55,000 men, nor magazines, nor money; but why give her time to get away? As the chance upon the long run must be so much against him, and as he has three times repeated his offers of desisting if the Empress-Queen will pawn her honour (counters to which I wonder he of all Kings would trust) that she will not attack him, one must believe that he thinks himself reduced to this step: but I don't see how he is reduced to involve the Russian Empress in the quarrel too. He affirms that both intended to demolish him—but I think I would not accuse both till at least I had humbled one. We are much pleased with this expedition, but at best it ensures the duration of the war—and I wish we don't attend more to that on the Continent than to that on our element, especially as we are discouraged a little on the latter. You reproach me for not telling you more of Byng—what can I tell you, my dear child, of a poor simpleton who behaves arrogantly and ridiculously in the most calamitous of all situations? He quarrels with the Admiralty and Ministry every day, though he is trying all he can to defer his trial. After he had asked for and had had granted a great number of witnesses, he demanded another large set: this has been refused him: he is under close confinement, but it will be scarce possible to try him before the Parliament meets.

The rage of addresses did not go far: at present everything is quiet. Whatever ministerial politics there are, are in suspense. The rains are begun, and I suppose will soon disperse our camps. The Parliament does not meet till the middle of November. Admiral Martin, whom I think you knew in Italy, died here yesterday, unemployed. This is a complete abridgment of all I know, except that, since Colonel Jefferies arrived, we think still worse of the land-officers on board the fleet, as Boyd passed from St. Philip's to the fleet easily and back again. Jefferies (strange that Lord Tyrawley should not tell him) did not know till he landed here what succour had been intended—he could not refrain from tears. Byng's brother did die immediately on his arrival.<sup>2</sup> I shall

<sup>1</sup> Prime minister to Augustus, King of Poland and Elector of Saxony.—WALPOLE.

<sup>2</sup> Edward Byng, youngest brother of the Admiral. He was bred up in the army. On the Admiral being brought home a prisoner, he went, on the 28th of July, to visit him at Portsmouth: overcome by the fatigue of the journey, in which he had made great expedition, he was on the next morning seized with convulsions and died.—WRIGHT.



like to send you Prussian journals, but am much more intent on what relates to your brother. Adieu!

## 480. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

*Strawberry Hill, Oct. 14, 1756.*

I SHALL certainly not bid for the chariot for you: do you estimate an old Dowager's new machine but at ten pounds? You could scarce have valued herself at less! it is appraised here at fifty. There are no family pictures but such as you might buy at any sale, that is, there are three portraits without names. If you had offered ten pounds for a set of Pelhams, perhaps I should not have thought you had underpriced them.

You bid me give you some account of myself; I can in a very few words: I am quite alone; in the morning I view a new pond I am making for gold fish, and stick in a few shrubs or trees, wherever I can find a space, which is very rare: in the evening I scribble a little; all this mixed with reading; that is, I can't say I read much, but I pick up a good deal of reading. The only thing I have done that can compose a paragraph, and which I think you are Whig enough to forgive me, is, that on each side of my bed I have hung MAGNA CHARTA, and the Warrant for King Charles's execution, on which I have written Major Charta; as I believe, without the latter, the former by this time would be of very little importance. You will ask where Mr. Bentley is; confined with five sick infantas, who live in spite of the epidemic distemper, and as if they were infantas, and in bed himself with a fever and the same sore throat, though he sends me word he mends.

The King of Prussia has sent us over a victory, which is very kind, as we are not likely to get any of our own—not even by the secret expedition, which you apprehend, and which I believe still less than I did the invasion—perhaps indeed there may be another port on the coast of France which we hope to discover, as we did one in the last war. By degrees, and somehow or other, I believe, we shall be fully acquainted with France. I saw the German letter you mention, think it very mischievous, and very well written for the purpose.

You talk of being better than you have been for many months; pray, which months were they, and what was the matter with you? Don't send me your fancies; I shall neither pity nor comfort you.

You are perfectly well, and always were ever since I knew you, which is now—I won't say how long, but within this century. Thank God you have good health, and don't call it names.

John and I are just going to Garrick's [at Hampton] with a grove of cypresses in our hands, like the Kentish men at the Conquest. He has built a temple to his master Shakspeare, and I am going to adorn the outside, since his modesty would not let me decorate it within, as I proposed, with these mottoes:

*Quod spiro et placeo, si placeo, tuum est.*

That I spirit have and nature,  
That sense breathes in ev'ry feature,  
That I please, if please I do,—  
Shakspeare,—all I owe to you.

481. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

*Twickenham, Monday.*

You are desired to have business to hinder you from going to Northampton, and you are desired to have none to hinder you from coming to Twickenham. The autumn is in great beauty; my Lord Radnor's baby-houses lay eggs every day, and promise new swarms; Mrs. Chandler treads, but don't lay; and the neighbouring dowagers order their visiting coaches before sunset—can you resist such a landscape? only send me a line that I may be sure to be ready for you, for I go to London now and then to buy coals.

I believe there cannot be a word of truth in Lord Granville's going to Berlin; by the clumsiness of the thought, I should take it for ministerial wit—and so, and so.

The Twickenham Alabouches say that Legge is to marry the eldest Pelhamine infant; he loves a minister's daughter—I shall not wonder if he intends it, but can the parents? Mr. Conway mentioned nothing to me but of the prisoners of the last battle, and I hope it extends no farther, but I vow I don't see why it should not. Adieu!

482. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

*Strawberry Hill, Oct. 17, 1756.*

LENTULUS (I am going to tell you no old Roman tale; he is the King of Prussia's aid-de-camp) arrived yesterday, with ample con-



firmation of the victory in Bohemia.<sup>1</sup>—Are not you glad that we have got a victory that we can at least call *Cousin*? Between six and seven thousand Austrians were killed: eight Prussian squadrons sustained the *acharnement*, which is said to have been extreme, of thirty-two squadrons of Austrians: the pursuit lasted from Friday noon till Monday morning; both our countrymen, Brown and Keith,<sup>2</sup> performed wonders—we seem to flourish much when transplanted to Germany—but Germans don't make good manure here! The Prussian King writes that both Brown and Piccolomini are too strongly intrenched to be attacked. His Majesty ran to this victory; not à la Molwitz.<sup>3</sup> He affirms having found in the King of Poland's cabinet ample justification of his treatment of Saxony—should not one query whether he had not these proofs<sup>4</sup> in his hands antecedent to the cabinet? The Dauphiness<sup>5</sup> is said to have flung herself at the King of France's feet and begged his protection for her father; that he promised “qu'il le rendroit au centuple au Roi de Prusse.”

Peace is made between the courts of Kensington and Kew: Lord Bute, who had no visible employment at the latter, and yet whose office was certainly no *sinécure*, is to be Groom of the Stole<sup>6</sup> to the Prince of Wales; which satisfies. The rest of the family will be named before the birth-day—but I don't know how, as soon as one wound is closed, another breaks out! Mr. Fox, extremely discontent at having no power, no confidence, no favour, (all entirely engrossed by the old monopolist,<sup>7</sup>) has asked leave to resign. It is not yet

<sup>1</sup> This was the battle of Lowositz, gained by the King of Prussia over the Austrians, commanded by Marshal Brown, on the 1st of October, 1756.—DOVER.

<sup>2</sup> Brother of the Earl Marshal.—WALPOLE.

<sup>3</sup> The King of Prussia was said to have fled from his first battle, though it proved a victory.—WALPOLE.

<sup>4</sup> He had procured copies of all Count Bruhl's despatches by bribing a secretary.—WALPOLE.

<sup>5</sup> The second wife of the Dauphin was daughter of Augustus, King of Poland.—WALPOLE.

<sup>6</sup> Upon this appointment Edward Wortley Montagu thus writes to [his wife] Lady Mary:—“I have something to mention that I believe will be agreeable to you: I mean some particulars relating to Lord Bute. He stood higher in the late Prince of Wales's favour than any man. His attendance was frequent at Leicester-house, where this young Prince has resided, and since his father's death has continued without intermission, till new officers were to be placed under him. It is said that another person was to be groom of the stole, but that the Prince's earnest request was complied with in my lord's favour. It is supposed that the governors, preceptors, &c., who were about him before will be now set aside, and that my lord is the principal adviser. This young Prince is supposed to know the true state of the country, and to have the best inclinations to do all in his power to make it flourish.”—WRIGHT.

<sup>7</sup> The Duke of Newcastle.—WALPOLE.

granted. If Mr. Pitt will—or can, accept the seals, probably Mr. Fox will be indulged,—if Mr. Pitt will not, why then, it is impossible to tell you what will happen.<sup>1</sup> Whatever happens on such an emergency, with the Parliament so near, with no time for considering measures, with so bad a past, and so much worse a future, there certainly is no duration or good in prospect. Unless the King of Prussia will take our affairs at home as well as abroad to nurse, I see no possible recovery for us—and you may believe, when a doctor like him is necessary, I should be full as willing to die of the distemper.

Well! and so you think we are undone!—not at all; if folly and extravagance are symptoms of a nation's being at the height of their glory, as after-observers pretend that they are forerunners of its ruin, we never were in a more flourishing situation. My Lord Rockingham and my nephew Lord Orford have made a match of five hundred pounds, between five turkeys and five geese, to run from Norwich to London.<sup>2</sup> Don't you believe in the transmigration of souls? And are not you convinced that this race is between Marquis Sardanapalus and Earl Heliogabalus? And don't you pity the poor Asiatics and Italians who comforted themselves on their resurrection with their being geese and turkeys?

Here's another symptom of our glory! The Irish Speaker Mr. Ponsonby<sup>3</sup> has been *reposing* himself at *Newmarket*: George Selwyn, seeing him toss about bank-bills at the hazard-table said, "How easily the Speaker passes the money-bills!"

You, who live at Florence among vulgar vices and tame slavery, will stare at these accounts. Pray be acquainted with your own country, while it is in its lustre. In a regular monarchy the folly of the Prince gives the tone; in a downright tyranny, folly dares give itself no airs; it is in a wanton overgrown commonwealth that whim and debauchery intrigue best together. Ask me which of these governments I prefer—oh! the last—only I fear it is the least durable.

I have not yet thanked you for your letter of September 18th, with the accounts of the Genoese treaty and of the Pretender's quarrel with the Pope—it is a squabble worthy a Stuart. Were he,

<sup>1</sup> "Oct. 19. Mr. Pitt was sent for to town, and came. He returned, rejecting all terms, till the Duke of Newcastle was removed."—*Dodington*, p. 346.—WRIGHT.

<sup>2</sup> The morris dance from London to Norwich—Kemp's Nine Days' Wonder (1600)—is nothing to the tom-foolery of this fit.—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>3</sup> The Right. Hon. John Ponsonby, brother of Lord Besborough.—DOVER.



here, as absolute as any Stuart ever wished to be, who knows with all his bigotry but he might favour us with a reformation and the downfall of the mass? The ambition of making a Duke of York vice-chancellor of holy church would be as good a reason for breaking with holy church, as Harry the Eighth's was for quarrelling with it, because it would not excuse him from going to bed to his sister after it had given him leave.

I wish I could tell you that your brother mends! indeed I don't think he does: nor do I know what to say to him; I have exhausted both arguments and entreaties, and yet if I thought either would avail, I would gladly recommence them. Adieu!

## 483. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

*Arlington Street, Oct. 28, 1756.*

CAN you recommend one a First Minister? We want one so much, that we do not insist upon his having a character from his last place: there will be good vails.<sup>1</sup>—But I forget; one ought to condole with you; the Duke of Newcastle is your cousin, and as I know by experience how much one loves one's relations, I sympathise with you! But, alas! all first ministers are mortal; and, as Sir Jonathan Swift<sup>2</sup> said, crowned heads and cane heads, good heads and no heads at all, may all come to disgrace. My father, *who had no capacity*, and the Duke of Newcastle, *who has so much*, have equally experienced the mutability of this world. Well-a-day, well-a-day! his grace is gone! He has bid adieu to courts, retires to a hermitage, and will let his beard grow as long as his Duchess's.

And so you are surprised! and the next question you will ask will be who succeeds? Truly that used to be a question the easiest in the world to be resolved upon change of ministers. It is now the most unanswerable. I can only tell you that all the atoms are dancing, and as atoms always do, I suppose, will range themselves into the most durable system imaginable. Beyond the past hour I know not a syllable; a good deal of the preceding hours—a volume would not contain it. There is some notion that the Duke of Bedford and your cousin Halifax are to be the secretaries of state—as

<sup>1</sup> The servants of the minister—Duke of Newcastle grew rich through vails.—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>2</sup> Walpole knights Dean Swift, in imitation of an ancient custom of calling clergymen Sir Reverend, &c.—CUNNINGHAM.

Witwou'd says, they will sputter at one another like roasted apples.

The Duchess of Hamilton has brought her beauty to London at the only instant when it would not make a crowd. I believe we should scarce stare at the King of Prussia, so much are we engrossed by this ministerial ferment.

I have been this morning to see your monument;<sup>1</sup> it is not put together, but the parts are admirably executed: there is a helmet that would tempt one to enlist. The inscription suits wonderfully, but I have overruled the gold letters, which not only are not lasting, but would not do at all, as they are to be cut in statuary marble. I have given him the arms, which certainly should be in colours: but a shield for your sister's would be barbarous tautology. You see how arbitrary I am, as you gave me leave to be. Adieu!

484. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

*Arlington Street, Nov. 4, 1756.*

I DESIRED your brother last week to tell you that it was in vain for me to write while everything was in such confusion. The chaos is just as far from being dispersed now; I only write to tell you what has been its motions. One of the Popes, I think, said soon after his accession, he did not think it had been so easy to govern. What would he have thought of such a nation as this, engaged in a formidable war, without any government at all, literally, for above a fortnight! The foreign ministers have not attempted to transact any business since yesterday fortnight. For God's sake, what do other countries say of us?—but hear the progress of our inter-ministerium.

When Mr. Fox had declared his determination of resigning, great offers were sent to Mr. Pitt; his demands were much greater, accompanied with a total exclusion of the Duke of Newcastle. Some of the latter's friends would have persuaded him, as the House of Commons is at his devotion, to have undertaken the government against both Pitt and Fox; but fears preponderated. Yesterday se'nnight his grace declared his resolution of retiring, with all that satisfaction of mind which must attend a man whom not one man of sense will trust any longer. The King sent for Mr. Fox, and bid him try if Mr. Pitt would join him. The latter, without any hesita-

<sup>1</sup> To the memory of his sister, Miss Harriet Montagu.—WRIGHT.



tion, refused. In this perplexity the King ordered the Duke of Devonshire to try to compose some Ministry for him, and sent him to Pitt, to try to accommodate with Fox.<sup>1</sup> Pitt, with a list of terms a little modified, was ready to engage, but on condition that Fox should have no employment in the cabinet. Upon this plan negotiations have been carrying on for this week. Mr. Pitt and Mr. Legge, whose whole party consists of from twelve to sixteen persons, exclusive of Leicester-house, (of that presently,) concluded they were entering on the government as Secretary of State and Chancellor of the Exchequer; but there is so great unwillingness to give it up totally into their hands, that all manner of expedients have been projected to get rid of their proposals, or to limit their power. Thus the case stands at this instant: the Parliament has been put off for a fortnight, to gain time; the Lord knows whether that will suffice to bring on any sort of temper! In the meantime the government stands still; pray Heaven the war may too! You will wonder how fifteen or sixteen persons can be of such importance. In the first place, their importance has been conferred on them, and has been notified to the nation by these concessions and messages; next, Minorea is gone; Oswego gone; the nation is in a ferment; some very great indiscretions in delivering a Hanoverian soldier from prison by a warrant from the Secretary of State have raised great difficulties; instructions from counties, boroughs, especially from the city of London, in the style of 1641, and really in the spirit of 1715<sup>2</sup> and 1745, have raised a great flame; and lastly, the countenance of Leicester-house, which Mr. Pitt is supposed to have,<sup>3</sup> and which Mr. Legge thinks he has, all these tell Pitt that he may command such numbers without doors as may make the majorities within the House tremble.

Leicester-house is by some thought inclined to more pacific measures. Lord Bute's being established Groom of the Stole has

<sup>1</sup> "The Duke of Devonshire advised his Majesty to comply with Pitt's demands, whereupon the administration was formed; on which account the Duke was unjustly censured by some unreasonable friends; for he joined Pitt rather than Fox, not from any change of friendship, or any partiality in Pitt's favour, but because it was more safe to be united with him who had the nation of his side, than with the man who was the most unpopular; a reason which will have its proper weight with most ministers."—*Waldegrave's Memoirs*, p. 87.—WRIGHT.

<sup>2</sup> Meaning that the Jacobites excited the clamour.—WALPOLE.

<sup>3</sup> Lord Temple, in a letter to Mr. Pitt, of the 11th, says, "Lord Bute used expressions so transcendently obliging to me, and so decisive of the determined purpose of Leicester-house towards us, in the present or any future day, that your own lively imagination cannot suggest to you a wish beyond them."—*Chatham Correspondence*, vol. i. p. 191.—WRIGHT.

satisfied. They seem more occupied in disobliging all their new court than in disturbing the King's. Lord Huntingdon, the new Master of the Horse to the Prince, and Lord Pembroke, one of his Lords, have not been spoken to. Alas! if the present storms should blow over, what seeds for new! You must guess at the sense of this paragraph, which it is difficult, at least improper, to explain to you; though you could not go into a coffee-house here where it would not be interpreted to you. One would think all those little politicians had been reading the Memoirs of the minority of Louis XIV.

There has been another great difficulty: the season obliging all camps to break up, the poor Hanoverians have been forced to continue soaking in theirs. The county magistrates have been advised that they are not obliged by law to billet foreigners on public-houses, and have refused. Transports were yesterday ordered to carry away the Hanoverians! There are eight thousand men taken from America; for I am sure we can spare none from hence. The negligence and dilatoriness of the ministers at home, the wickedness of our West Indian governors, and the little-minded quarrels of the regulars and irregular forces, have reduced our affairs in that part of the world to a most deplorable state. Oswego, of ten times more importance even than Minorca, is so annihilated that we cannot learn the particulars.

My dear Sir, what a present and future picture have I given you! The details are infinite, and what I have neither time, nor, for many reasons, the imprudence to send by the post: your good sense will but too well lead you to develop them. The crisis is most melancholy and alarming. I remember two or three years ago I wished for more active times, and for events to furnish our correspondence. I think I could write you a letter almost as big as my Lord Clarendon's History. What a bold man is he who shall undertake the administration! How much shall we be obliged to him! How mad is he, whoever is ambitious of it! Adieu!

485. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

*Arlington Street, Nov. 6, 1756.*

AFTER an inter-ministerium of seventeen days, Mr. Pitt has this morning accepted the Government as Secretary of State; the Duke of Newcastle and Mr. Fox being both excluded. The Duke of Devonshire is to be at the head of the Treasury; the Chancellor



[Hardwicke] retires; the seals to be in commission. Remnants of both administrations must be preserved, as Mr. Pitt has not wherewithal to fill a quarter of their employments. Did you ever expect to see a time when he would not have *cousins* enough? It will take some days to adjust all that is to follow. You see that, unless Mr. Pitt joins with either Fox or Newcastle, his ministry cannot last six months; I would bet that the *lightness* of the latter emerged first. George Selwyn, hearing some people at Arthur's t'other night lamenting the distracted state of the country, joined in the discourse with the whites of his eyes and his prim mouth,<sup>1</sup> and fetching a deep sigh, said, "Yes, to be sure it is terrible! There is the Duke of Newcastle's faction, and there is Fox's faction, and there is Leicester-house! between two factions and one faction we are torn to pieces!"

Thank you for your Exchequer-ward wishes for me, but I am apt to think that I have enough from thence already: don't think my horns and hoofs are growing, when I profess indifference to my interest. Disinterestedness is no merit in me, it happens to be my passion. It certainly is not impossible that your two young lords may appear in the new system. Mr. [Gilly] Williams is just come from his niece, Lady North's<sup>2</sup>, and commends her husband exceedingly. He tells me that the plump Countess<sup>3</sup> is in terrors lest Lord Coventry should get a divorce from his wife [Maria Gunning] and Lord Bolingbroke<sup>4</sup> should marry her. 'Tis a well imagined panic!

Mr. Mann, I trust, does not grow worse; I wish I could think he mended. Mr. B.[entley] is sitting in his chimney corner literally with five girls; I expect him to meet me to-morrow at Strawberry. As no provision is made for the great Cû in this new arrangement, it is impossible but he may pout a little. My best compliments to your brothers and sisters. Adieu! Will this find you at Greatworth?

<sup>1</sup> Look at Sir Joshua Reynolds's portrait of Selwyn, in the Strawberry Hill Conversation Piece (now in Mr. Labouchere's possession, and of which an engraving appears in this edition), then think of this description of Selwyn by Walpole, and the man stands before you.—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>2</sup> Anne, daughter and heir of George Speke, of White Lackington, in the county of Somerset, to whom Lord North (the future Prime Minister) was this year married — CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>3</sup> Katherine, daughter and coheir of Sir Robert Furness, Bart., widow of Lewis Watson, first Earl of Rockingham, and third wife of Francis North, Earl of Guilford (father of the Minister, Lord North). See vol. ii. p. 257. She died in 1776.—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>4</sup> *Ante*, vol. ii. p. 369.—CUNNINGHAM.

## 486. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

*Arlington Street, Nov. 13, 1756.*

YOUR brother has told you that Mr. Pitt accepts your Southern Province, yielding to leave Lord Holderness in the Northern. I don't know what calm you at this distance may suppose this will produce; I should think little; for though the Duke of Newcastle resigned on Thursday, and Mr. Fox resigns to-day, the chief friends of each remain in place; and Mr. Pitt accedes with so little strength, that his success seems very precarious. If he Hanoverizes, or checks any inquiries, he loses his popularity, and falls that way; if he humours the present rage of the people, he provokes two powerful factions. His only chance seems to depend on joining with the Duke of Newcastle, who is most offended with Fox: but after Pitt's personal exclusion of his Grace, and considering Pitt's small force, it may not be easy for him to be accepted there. I foresee nothing but confusion: the new system is composed of such discordant parts that it can produce no harmony. Though the Duke of Newcastle, the Chancellor [Hardwicke], Lord Anson, and Fox quit, yet scarce one of their friends is discarded. The very cement seems disjunctive; I mean the Duke of Devonshire, who takes the Treasury. If he acts cordially, he disobliges his intimate friend Mr. Fox; if he does not, he offends Pitt. These little reasonings will give you light, though very insufficient for giving you a clear idea of the most perplexed and complicate situation that ever was. Mr. Legge returns to be Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Sir George Lyttelton is indemnified with a peerage.<sup>1</sup> The Duke of Newcastle has got his dukedom entailed on Lord Lincoln. The seals are to be in commission, if not given to a lord keeper. Your friend Mr. Dodington is out again for about the hundred and fiftieth time. The rest of the list is pretty near settled; you shall have it as soon as it takes place. I should tell you that Lord Temple is First Lord of the Admiralty.

Being much too busy to attend to such trifles as a war and America, we know mighty little of either. The massacre at Oswego happily

<sup>1</sup> My good friends were pleased to say they would *annihilate* me; but my *annihilation* is a peerage, given me by the King, with the most gracious expressions of favour, esteem, and approbation of my services, that my heart could desire.—*Lyttelton to his Brother, Nov. 25, 1756.*—CUNNINGHAM.



proves a romance: part of the two regiments that were made prisoners there are actually arrived at Plymouth, the provisions at Quebec being too scanty to admit additional numbers. The King of Prussia is gone into winter quarters, but disposed in immediate readiness. One hears that he has assured us, that if we will keep our fleet in good order, he will find employment for the rest of our enemies. Two days ago, in the midst of all the ferment at court, Colorado, the Austrian minister, abruptly demanded an audience, in which he demanded our quotas: I suppose the King told him that whenever he should have a ministry again, he would consult them. I will tell you my comment on this: the Empress-Queen, who is scrupulous on the ceremonial of mischief, though she so easily passes over the reality and ingratitude, proposes, I imagine, on a refusal which she deserves and has drawn upon her, to think herself justified in assisting France in some attempts on us from the coast of Flanders. I have received yours of October 23rd, and am glad the English showed a proper disregard of Richcourt. Thank you a thousand times for your goodness to Mr. and Mrs. Dick: it obliges me exceedingly, and I am sure will be most grateful to Lady Henry Beauclerc.

I don't know what to answer to that part about your brother: you think and argue exactly as I have done; would I had not found it in vain! but, my dear child, you and I have never been married, and are sad judges! As to your elder brother's interposition, I wish he had tenderness enough to make him arbitrary. I beg your pardon, but he is fitter to marry your sister than to govern her. Your brother Gal. certainly looks better; yet I think of him just as you do, and by no means trust to so fallacious a distemper. Indeed I tease him to death to take a resolution, but to no purpose. In short, my dear Sir, they are melancholy words, but I can neither flatter you publicly nor privately; England is undone, and your brother is not to be persuaded. Yet I hope the former will not be quite given up, and I shall certainly neglect nothing possible with regard to the latter. Adieu!

487. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

*Arlington Street, Nov. 25, 1756.*

You must tell me what or whose the verses are, that you demand; I know of none. I could send you reams of *tests*, *contests*, and such stupid papers, and bushels of more stupid cards. I know of nothing

good; nor of any news, but that the committee of creations is not closed yet. Mr. Obrien was yesterday created Irish Earl of Thomond. Mr. Pitt is to be wrapped up in flannel, and brought to town tomorrow to see King George II.; and I believe, to dissolve the new ministry, rather than to cement it. Mr. Fox has commenced hostilities, and has got the borough of Stockbridge from under Dr. Hay, one of the new Admiralty; this enrages extremely the new ministers, who, having neither members nor boroughs enough, will probably recur to their only resource, popularity.

I am exceedingly obliged to the Colonel, but is that new? to whom am I so much obliged? I will not trouble him with any commissions: the little money I have I am learning to save: the times give one a hint that one may have occasion for it.

I beg my best compliments to Mr. and Mrs. Wetenhall, and Mr. John Montagu. Don't you wish me joy of my Lord Hertford's having the garter? It makes me very happy. Adieu!

488. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

*Strawberry Hill, Nov. 29, 1756.*

No material event has yet happened under the new Administration; indeed it has scarce happened itself: your new master, Mr. Pitt, has been confined in the country with the gout, and came to town but within these two days. The world, who love to descry policy in everything, and who have always loved to find it in Mr. Pitt's illnesses, were persuaded that his success was not perfect enough, and that he even hesitated whether he should *consummate*. He is still so lame that he cannot go to court—to be sure the King must go to him! He takes the seals on Saturday; the Parliament meets on Thursday, but will adjourn for about ten days for the re-elections. The new Ministers are so little provided with interest in boroughs, that it is almost an administration out of Parliament. Mr. Fox has already attacked their seats, and has undermined Dr. Hay, one of the new Admiralty, in Stockbridge: this angers extremely. The Duke of Newcastle is already hanging out a white flag to Pitt; but there is so little disposition in that quarter to treat, that they have employed one Evans, a lawyer, to draw up articles of impeachment against Lord Anson. On the other hand they show great tenderness to Byng, who has certainly been most inhumanly and spitefully treated by Anson. Byng's trial is not yet appointed. Lord Effingham,



Cornwallis, and Stuart are arrived, and are to have their conduct examined this day se'nnight by three general officers. In the meantime the King, of his own motion, has given a red riband and an Irish barony to old Blakeney, who has been at court in a hackney-coach with a foot soldier behind it. As he has not only lost his government, but as he was bed-rid while it was losing, these honours are a little ridiculed: we have too many governors that will expect titles, if losses are pretensions! Mr. Obrien is made Earl of Thomond:<sup>1</sup> my Lady Townshend rejoices; she says he has family enough to re-establish the dignity of the Irish peerage, to which of late nothing but brewers and poulterers have been raised; that she expected every day to receive a bill from her fishmonger, signed Lord Mount-shrimp!<sup>2</sup>

I promised you a list of the changes when they should be complete. They are very conveniently ready to fill the rest of my letter.

		<i>In the room of</i>	
Duke of Devonshire,		Duke of Newcastle.	
Treasury.	{ +Mr. Legge,	Chanc. of Exchequer,	*Sir G. Lyttelton, a Peer.
	+Mr. Nugent,	Of the Old Treasury,	
	Lord Duncannon,		Mr. Furnese, dead.
	+Mr. J. Grenville,		*Mr. Obrien, Irish Earl.
	Mr. W. Pitt,	Secretary of State,	Mr. Fox.
	Lord Buckingham,	Lord of Bedchamber,	Lord Fitzwilliam, dead.
	*Mr. Edgcumbe,	Comptroller of Household,	Lord Buckingham.
	*Lord Berkeley of Stratton	Captain of Pensioners,	Late Lord Buckingham.
	*Lord Bateman,	Treasurer of Household,	Lord Berkeley.
	+Mr. G. Grenville,	Treasurer of the Navy,	*Mr. Dodington.
+Mr. Potter,	Joint Paymaster,	*Lord Darlington.	
+Mr. Martin,	Secretary of Treasury,	*Mr. West,	
+Sir R. Lyttelton,	Master of Jewel Office,	*Lord Breadalbane.	
*Lord Breadalbane,	Justice in Eyre,	*Lord Sandys.	
*Lord Sandys,	Speaker of House of Lords	*Lord Chancellor.	
Lord Ch. Jus. Willes,	{ Commissioners of the	{ Lord Chancellor.	
+Judge Wilmot,			Great Seal,
Baron Smyth,			
Admiralty.	+Lord Temple,		*Lord Anson.
	Admiral Boscawen, before.		
	+Admiral West,		*Admiral Rowley.
	+Dr. Hay,		Lord Duncannon.
	+Mr. Elliott,		*Lord Bateman.
	+Mr. Hunter,		Lord Hyde.
+John Pitt,	*Mr. Edgcumbe.		

<sup>1</sup> Percy Windham Obrien, second son of Sir William Windham, by a daughter of Charles, Duke of Somerset. The Earl of Thomond, who had married another daughter, left his estate to this Mr. Windham, his wife's nephew, on condition of his taking the name of Obrien.—WALPOLE.

<sup>2</sup> Lord Byron's imaginary Irish peer Lord Mount Coffee-house will occur to many readers.—CUNNINGHAM.



But John Pitt is to resign again, and be made Paymaster of the Marines, to make room for Admiral Forbes.

*In the room of*

+Charles Townshend,	{ Treasurer of the Cham- bers,	} ¶ Lord Hillsborough, English Baron.
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This last is not done; as Mr. Townshend cannot be re-chosen at Yarmouth, he only consents to accept, provided another borough can be found for him—this does not appear very easy.

The Duke of Newcastle has advertised in all the newspapers, that he retires without place or pension: here is a list of his disinterestedness. The reversion of his dukedom for Lord Lincoln: this is the only duchy bestowed by the present King: on my father's resignation, the new ministers did prevail to have dukedoms offered to Lord Northampton and Lord Ailesbury; but both declined, having no sons. Mr. Shelley, the Duke's nephew, has the reversion of Arundel's place: Mr. West has a great reversion for himself and his son: your little waxen friend, Tommy Pelham, has another reversion in the Customs. Jones, the Duke's favourite secretary, and nephew of the late Chancellor [Hardwicke], has another. Not to mention the English barony for Sir George Lyttelton, and the Irish earldom for Mr. Obrien. The Garters are given to the Duke of Devonshire, to Lord Carlisle, Lord Northumberland, and (to my great satisfaction) to Lord Hertford.

Oh! I should explain the marks: the \* signifies of the Newcastle and Hardwicke faction; the † of Pitt's; the ¶ of Fox's. You will be able by these to judge a little of how strange a medley the new Government is composed! consequently, how durable!

I was with your brother this morning at Richmond; he thinks himself better; I do not think him worse; but judge by your own feelings if that is enough to content me. Pray that your brother and your country may mend a little faster! I dread the winter for him, and the summer for England! Adieu!

P.S. Since I have finished this, I received yours of November 13th, with the account of Richcourt's illness. What! you are forced to have recourse to apoplexies and deaths for revolutions! We make nothing of changing our ministers at every fall of the leaf.

My Lord Huntingdon (who, by the way, loves you, and does you justice,) has told me one or two very good *bon-mots* of the Pope:<sup>1</sup> I

<sup>1</sup> Prospero Lambertini, called Benedict the Fourteenth.—WALPOLE.

have always had a great partiality for the good old man: I desire you will tell me any anecdotes or stories of him that you know: I remember some of his sayings with great humour and wit. You can never oblige me more than by anecdotes of particular people—but you are indeed always good in that and every other way.

## 489. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

*Strawberry Hill, Dec. 8, 1756.*

YOUR poor brother desires me to write to you to-day, as he is in bed and not able. He went to town last week, caught cold, and returned with a fever. He has been drinking tar-water since the middle of November, at the persuasion of your elder brother and his Richmond friends. Indeed he had gone through the whole course of drugs to no purpose. There is a great eruption to-day in most parts of his body, which they think will be of great service to him. In my own opinion, he is so weak, that I am in great apprehensions for him. He is very low-spirited, and yet thinks himself much better to-day. Your brother Ned was surprised at my being so alarmed, as they had considered this as a most fortunate crisis—but I have much difficulty in persuading myself to be so sanguine. As we have a recess for a few days, I shall stay here till Saturday, and see your brother again, and will tell you my opinion again. You see I don't deceive you: if that is any satisfaction, be assured that nobody else would give you so bad an account, as I find all his family have new hopes of him: would to God I had!

Our first day of Parliament<sup>1</sup> passed off harmoniously; but in the House of Lords there was an event. A clause of thanks for having sent for the Hanoverians had crept into the address of the Peers—by Mr. Fox's means, as the world thinks; Lord Temple came out of a sick bed to oppose it.<sup>2</sup> Next day there was an alarm of an intention

<sup>1</sup> "The Speech from the throne, by its style and substance, appeared to be the work of the new speech-maker: the militia, which his Majesty had always turned into ridicule, being strongly recommended, the late administration censured, and the uncourtly addresses of the preceding summer receiving the highest commendations." *Waldegrave*, p. 88.—WRIGHT.

<sup>2</sup> "The new Lord of the Admiralty [Temple] came, as he told the Lords, out of a sick bed, at the hazard of his life, (indeed, he made a most sorrowful appearance,) to represent to their lordships the fatal consequences of the intended compliment: he said, that the people of England would be offended even at the name of Hanover, or of foreign mercenaries, and added many other arguments, without mentioning the true reason of his disapprobation; namely, the Duke of Devonshire's having added this compli-



of instating the same clause in our address. Mr. Pitt went angry to Court, protesting that he would not take the seals, if any such motion passed: it was sunk. Next day he accepted—and the day after, Mr. Fox, extremely disgusted with the Duke of Devonshire for preferences shown to Mr. Pitt, retired into the country. The Parliament is adjourned for the re-elections; and Mr. Pitt, who has pleased in the closet, is again laid up with the gout. We meet on Monday, when one shall be able to judge a little better of the temper of the winter. The Duke of Bedford is to be Lord Lieutenant of Ireland—no measure of peace! Not to mention his natural warmth, everybody is sensible that he is only placed there to traverse Pitt.

Your brother and I are uneasy about your situation: when we are treated insolently at Leghorn, to what are we sunk! Can Mr. Pitt or the King of Prussia find a panacea for all our disgraces? Have you seen Voltaire's epigram?

"Rivaux du Vainqueur de l'Euphrate,  
L'Oncle et le Neveu;<sup>1</sup>  
L'un fait la guerre en pirate,  
L'autre en partie bleue."

It is very insipid! It seems to *me*<sup>2</sup> as if *Uncle and Nephew* could furnish a better epigram; unless their reconciliation deadens wit. Besides, I don't believe that *the Uncle* of these lines means at all to be like Alexander, who never was introduced more pompously for the pitiful end of supplying a rhyme.

Is it true what we see in the Gazettes, that the Pantheon is tumbled down? Am not I a very Goth, who always thought it a dismal clumsy performance, and could never discover any beauty in a strange mass of light poured perpendicularly into a circle of obscurity? Adieu! I wish you may hope more with your elder brother, than tremble with me!

ment without consulting him: and, having finished his oration, went out of the House with a thorough conviction that such weighty reasons must be quite unanswerable." *Waldegrave*, p. 89.—WRIGHT. "In all the journals of Parliament, there never was any instance of a Cabinet Counsellor having opposed any part of the address in return to the King's speech at the opening of a session, unless he was understood to be just going out... The King's speech was drawn by Mr. Pitt. It is an high style *ad populum*, and seems to promise great things." *Lord Wilton to his brother.—CUNNINGHAM.*

<sup>1</sup> George II. and the King of Prussia.—WALPOLE.

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Walpole had a great quarrel with his uncle Horatio.—WALPOLE.



## 490. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

*Arlington Street, Dec. 16, 1756.*

It will be easier for you, I fear, to guess, than for me to describe what I have felt for these last six days! Your dear brother is still alive; it is scarce possible he should be so when you receive this. I wrote to you this day se'nnight, the day after I saw him last. On that day and Friday I received favourable messages. I went myself on Saturday, as I had promised him—how shocked I was at seeing your brother Ned and a lawyer come to the chaise: the former told me that Poor Gal. had desired the lawyer to settle his affairs, which were then in agitation: you may imagine I did not choose to add the tender sensations of seeing me, to what he was then feeling! I saw our doom too plainly, though your brother Ned still had hopes. Every day confirmed my fears: however, I could not bear my anxiety, and went to Richmond to-day, with as much horror as persons must go to execution, yet determined to see Gal. if I found that he had expressed the least desire of it.—Alas! he has scarce had moments of sense since Sunday morning—how can I bring myself to say of so dreadful a situation, that it is my greatest consolation! But I could not support the thought of his remaining sensible of death with all those anxious attentions about him which have composed his whole life! Oh! my dear child, what rash wretches are heroes, compared to this brother of yours! Nothing ever equalled his cool solicitude for his family and friends. What an instance am I going to repeat to you! His most unhappy life was poisoned by the dread of leaving his children and fortune to be torn to pieces by his frantic wife, whose settlements entitled her to thirds. On Friday, perceiving her alarmed by his danger, he had the amazing presence of mind and fortitude to seize that only moment of tenderness, and prevailed on her to accept a jointure. He instantly dispatched your brother Ned to London for his lawyer, and by five o'clock on Saturday, after repeated struggles of passion on her side, the whole was finished.—Dear Gal. he could not speak, but he lifted up his hands in thanks! While he had any sense, it was employed in repeated kindnesses, particularly to your brother James—he had ordered a codicil, but they have not found a sufficient interval to get it signed!

My dearest Sir, what an afflicting letter am I forced to write to

you ! but I flatter myself, you will bear it better from me, than from any other person : and affectionate as I know you, could I deprive you or myself of the melancholy pleasure of relating such virtues ? My poorest, yet best consolation is, that, though I think his obstinacy in not going abroad, and ill management, may have hurried his end, yet nothing could have saved him ; his lungs are entirely gone. But how will you be amazed at what I am going to tell you ! His wretched wife is gone mad—at least your brother Ned and the physician are persuaded so—I cannot think so well of her.—I see her in so diabolic a light, that I cannot help throwing falsehood into the account—but let us never mention her more. What little more I would say, for I spare your grief rather than indulge my own, is, that I beseech you to consider me as more and more your friend ; I adored Gal. and will heap affection on that I already have for you. I feel your situation, and beg of you to manage me with no delicacy, but confide all your fears and wishes and wants to me—if I could be capable of neglecting you, write to Gal.'s image that will for ever live in a memory most grateful to him.

You will be little disposed or curious to hear politics ; yet it must import you always to know the situation of your country, and it never was less settled. Mr. Pitt is not yet able to attend the House, therefore no inquiries are yet commenced. The only thing like business has been the affair of preparing quarters for the Hessians, who are soon to depart ; but the Tories have shown such attachment to Mr. Pitt on this occasion, that it is almost become a Whig point to detain them. The breach is so much widened between Mr. Pitt and Mr. Fox, and the latter is so warm, that we must expect great violences. The Duke of Newcastle's party lies quiet ; one of the others must join it. The new Ministers have so little weight, that they seem determined at least not to part with their popularity : the new Secretary of State [Pitt] is to attack the other (Lord Holderness) on a famous letter of his sent to the mayor of Maidstone, for releasing a Hanoverian soldier committed for theft. You may judge what harmony there is !

Adieu, my dear Sir ! How much I pity you, and how much you ought to pity me ! Imitate your brother's firmness of mind, and bear his loss as well as you can. You have too much merit not to be sensible of his, and then it will be impossible for you to be soon comforted.



## 491. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

*Arlington Street, Dec. 23, 1756.*

I KNOW I can no more add to your concern than to my own, by giving you the last account of your dear brother, who put a period to our anxious suspense in the night between the 20th and 21st. For the last five days he had little glimmerings of amendment, that gave hopes to some of his friends, terror to me, who dreaded his sensibility coming to itself! When I had given up his life, I could not bear the return of his tenderness! Sure he had felt enough for his friends—yet he would have been anxious for them if he had recovered his senses. He has left your brothers Edward, James, and Foote,<sup>1</sup> his executors; to his daughters 7500*l.* a-piece, and the entail of his estate in succession—to a name [his wife] I beg we may never mention, 700*l.* a-year, 4000*l.* and his furniture, &c. Your brother James, a very worthy man, though you never can have two Gals. desired me to give you this account—how sad a return for the two letters I have received from you this week! Be assured, my dear Sir, that nothing could have saved his life. For your sake and my own I hurry from this dreadful subject—not for the amusement of either, or that I have anything to tell you: my letter shall be very short, for I am stabbing you with a dagger used on myself!

Mr. Pitt has not been able to return to Parliament for the gout, which has prevented our having one long day; we adjourn to-morrow for a fortnight; yet scarce to meet then for business, as a call of the House is not appointed till the 20th of January; very late indeed, were any inquiries probable: this advantage I hope will be gained, that our new Ministers will have a month's time to think of their country.

Adieu! my dear Sir, this letter was necessary for me to write—I find it as necessary to finish it.

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Foote married the second sister of Mr. Mann; as his brother, a clergyman, afterwards did the third.—WALPOLE.



## 492. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

*Arlington Street, Jan. 6, 1757.*

I LIVE in dread of receiving your unhappy letters ! I am sensible how many, many reasons you have to lament your dear brother ; yet your long absence will prevent the loss of him from leaving so sharp a sting as it would have done had you seen as much of him as I have of late years ! When I wrote to you, I did not know his last instance of love to you ;<sup>1</sup> may you never have occasion to use it !

I wish I could tell you any politics to abstract your thoughts from your concern ; but just at present all political conversation centres in such a magazine of abuse, as was scarce ever paralleled. Two papers, called the "Test" and "Contest," appear every Saturday, the former against Mr. Pitt, the latter against Mr. Fox, which make me recollect "Fogs" and "Craftsmen" as harmless libels. The authors are not known ; Dodington<sup>2</sup> is believed to have the chief hand in the "Test,"<sup>3</sup> which is much the best, unless virulence is to bestow the laurel. He has been turned out by the opposite faction, and has a new opportunity of revenge, being just become a widower.<sup>4</sup> The best part of his fortune is entailed on Lord Temple if he has no son ; but I suppose he would rather marry a female hawker than not propagate children and lampoons. There is another paper, called "The Monitor,"<sup>5</sup> written by one Dr. Shebbeare, who made a pious resolution of writing himself into a place or the pillory,<sup>6</sup> but having miscarried in both views, is wreaking his resentment on the late Chancellor [Hardwicke], who might have gratified him in either of his objects. The Parliament meets to-morrow, but as Mr. Pitt cannot yet walk, we are not likely soon to have any business.

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Galfridus Mann left an annuity to his brother Sir Horace, in case he were recalled from Florence.—WALPOLE.

<sup>2</sup> This report was not confirmed.—WALPOLE.

<sup>3</sup> "The Test" was written principally by Arthur Murphy. It forms a thin folio volume.—WRIGHT.

<sup>4</sup> By the death of Mrs. Beghan, see vol. i. p. 216 ; vol. ii. 450 ; and Richard Grenville to George Grenville, Nov. 22, 1742.—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>5</sup> "The Monitor" was commenced in August 1755, and terminated in July 1759. It is said to have been planned by Alderman Beckford.—WRIGHT.

<sup>6</sup> He did write himself into a pillory before the conclusion of that reign, and into a pension at the beginning of the next, for one and the same kind of merit,—writing against King William and the Revolution.—WALPOLE. Dr. Johnson and Dr. Shebbeare were pensioned much about the same time. A good saying was then current, that the King had pensioned a He Bear and a She Bear.—CUNNINGHAM.

Admiral Byng's trial has been in agitation above these ten days, and is supposed an affair of length: I think the reports are rather unfavourable to him, though I do not find that it is believed he will be capitally punished. I will tell you my sentiments, I don't know whether judicious or not: it may perhaps take a great deal of time to prove he was not a coward; I should think it would not take half an hour to prove he had behaved bravely.

Your old royal guest King Theodore is gone to the place which it is said levels kings and beggars; an unnecessary journey for him, who had already fallen from the one to the other: I think he died somewhere in the liberties of the Fleet.<sup>1</sup>

Lord Lyttelton has received his things, and is much content with them: this leads me to trouble you with another, I hope trifling, commission; will you send me a case of the best drams for Lord Hertford, and let me know the charge?

You must take this short letter only as an instance of my attention to you; I would write, though I knew nothing to tell you.

## 493. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

*Arlington Street, Jan. 17, 1757.*

I AM still, my dear Sir, waiting for your melancholy letters, not one of which has yet reached me. I am impatient to know how you bear your misfortune, though I tremble at what I shall feel from your expressing it! Except good Dr. Cocchi, what sensible friend have you at Florence to share and moderate your unhappiness?—but I will not renew it: I will hurry to tell you anything that may amuse it—and yet what is that anything? Mr. Pitt, as George Selwyn says, has again taken to his *Lit de Justice*; he has been once with the King,<sup>2</sup> but not at the House; the day before yesterday the gout flew into his arm, and has again laid him up: I am so particular in this, because all our transactions, or rather our inactivity, hang upon the progress of his distemper. Mr. Pitt and everything else have been forgot for these five days, obscured by

<sup>1</sup> Walpole erected a monument to his memory in the churchyard of St. Anne's, Soho, where he is buried.—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>2</sup> "The King became every day more and more averse to his new ministers. Pitt, indeed, had not frequent occasions of giving offence, having been confined by the gout the greater part of the winter; and when he made his appearance he behaved with proper respect, so that the King, though he did not like his long speeches, always treated him like a gentleman." *Waldegrave*, p. 93.—WRIGHT.



the news of the assassination of the King of France.<sup>1</sup> I don't pretend to tell you any circumstances of it, who must know them better than, at least as well as, I can; war and the sea don't contribute to dispel the clouds of lies that involve such a business. The letters of the Foreign Ministers, and ours from Brussels, say he has been at council; in the city he is believed dead: I hope not! We should make a bad exchange in the Dauphin. Though the King is weak and irresolute, I believe he does not want sense: weakness, bigotry, and some sense, are the properest materials for keeping alive the disturbances in that country, to which this blow, if the man was anything but a madman, will contribute. The despotic and holy stupidity<sup>2</sup> of the successor would quash the Parliament at once. He told his father about a year ago, that if he was king the next day, and the Pope should bid him lay down his crown, he would. They tell or make a good answer for the father, "And if he was to bid you take the crown from *me*, would you?" We have particular cause to say masses for the father: there is invincible aversion between him and the young Pretender, whom, it is believed, nothing could make him assist. You may judge what would make the Dauphin assist him! he was one day reading the reign of Nero; he said, "*Ma foi, c'étoit le plus grand scélérat qui fût jamais; il ne lui manquoit que d'être Janseniste.*" I am grieving for my favourite<sup>3</sup> the Pope, whom we suppose dead, at least I trust he was superannuated when they drew from him the late Bull enjoining the admission of the Unigenitus on pain of damnation; a step how unlike all the amiable moderation of his life! In my last I told you the death of another monarch, for whom in our time you and I have interested ourselves, King Theodore. He had just taken the benefit of the act of insolvency, and went to the Old Bailey for that purpose: in order to it, the person applying gives up all his effects to his creditors: his Majesty was asked what effects he had? He replied nothing but the kingdom of Corsica—and it is actually registered for the benefit of the creditors. You may get it intimated to the Pretender, that if he has a mind to heap titles upon the two or three

<sup>1</sup> By Damien:

"Luke's iron crown, and Damien's bed of steel."—*Goldsmith*.—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>2</sup> The Dauphin, son of Louis XV., had been bred a bigot; but, as he by no means wanted sense, he got over the prejudices of his education, and before he died had far more liberal sentiments.—WALPOLE.

<sup>3</sup> Prospero Lambertini, by the name of Benedict XIV. For Walpole's inscription on his picture, see *Works*, vol. i. p. 218; and also *post*, letter to Sir Horace Mann of the 20th of June, in this year.—WRIGHT.



medals that he coins, he has nothing to do but to pay King Theodore's debts, and he may have very good pretensions to Corsica. As soon as Theodore was at liberty, he took a chair and went to the Portuguese minister, but did not find him at home: not having sixpence to pay, he prevailed on the chairmen to carry him to a tailor he knew in Soho,<sup>1</sup> whom he prevailed upon to harbour him; but he fell sick the next day, and died in three more.

Byng's trial continues; it has gone ill for him, but mends; it is the general opinion that he will come off for some severe censure.

Bower's first part of his reply is published: he has pinned a most notorious falsehood about a Dr. Aspinwall on his enemies, which must destroy their credit, and will do him more service than what he has yet been able to prove about himself. They have published another pamphlet against his History, but so impertinent and scurrilous and malicious, that it will serve him more than his own defence: they may keep the old man's life so employed as to prevent the prosecution of his work, but nothing can destroy the merit of the three volumes already published, which in every respect is the best written history I know: the language is the purest, the compilation the most judicious, and the argumentation the soundest.

The famous Miss Elizabeth Villiers Pitt<sup>2</sup> is in England; the only public place in which she has been seen is the Popish Chapel; her only exploit, endeavours to wreak her malice on her brother William, whose kindness to her has been excessive. She applies to all his enemies, and, as Mr. Fox told me, has even gone so far as to send a bundle of his letters to the author of the "Test," to prove that Mr. Pitt has cheated her, as she calls it, of a hundred a-year, and which only prove that he once allowed her two, and after all her wickedness still allows her one. How she must be vexed that she has no way of setting the gout more against him! Adieu! tell me if you receive all my letters.

## 494. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

*Arlington Street, Jan. 30, 1757.*

LAST night I received your most melancholy letter of the 8th of this month, in which you seem to feel all or more than I apprehended.

<sup>1</sup> King Theodore was buried in the churchyard of St. Anne's, Soho.—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>2</sup> Sister of William Pitt, afterwards Earl of Chatham.—WALPOLE. See vol. ii. p. 479. Let me add here that the Mrs. Pitt of vol. ii. p. 367 is this Elizabeth Pitt, not her sister Anne Pitt. She married John Hannam, Esq., and died 14 Feb. 1770.—CUNNINGHAM.

As I trust to time and the necessary avocation of your thoughts, rather than to any arguments I could use for your consolation, I choose to say as little more as possible on the subject of your loss. Your not receiving letters from your brothers as early as mine was the consequence of their desiring me to take that most unwelcome office upon me : I believe they have both written since, though your eldest brother has had a severe fit of the gout : they are both exceedingly busied in the details necessarily fallen upon them. That would be no reason for their neglecting you, nor I am persuaded will they : they shall certainly want no incitements from me, who wish and will endeavour as much as possible to repair your loss, alas ! how inadequately ! Your brother James has found great favour from the Duke.<sup>1</sup> Your brother Ned, who is but just come to town from his confinement, tells me that your nephew will be in vast circumstances ; above an hundred thousand pounds, besides the landed estate and debts ! These little details related, I had rather try to amuse you, than indulge your grief and my own ; your dear brother's memory will never be separated from mine ; but the way in which I shall show it, shall be in increased attention to you : he and you will make me perpetually think on both of you !

All England is again occupied with Admiral Byng ; he and his friends were quite persuaded of his acquittal. The court-martial, after the trial was finished, kept the whole world in suspense for a week ; after great debates and divisions amongst themselves, and despatching messengers hither to consult lawyers whether they could not mitigate the article of war, to which a negative was returned, they pronounced this extraordinary sentence on Thursday : they condemn him to death for *negligence*, but acquit him of *disaffection* and *cowardice* (the other heads of the article), specifying the testimony of Lord Robert Bertie in his favour, and unanimously recommending him to mercy ; and accompanying their sentence with a most earnest letter to the Lords of the Admiralty to intercede for his pardon, saying, that finding themselves tied up from moderating the article of war, and not being able in conscience to pronounce that he had done all he could, they had been forced to bring him in guilty, but beg he may be spared. The discussions and differences of opinions on this sentence is incredible. The Cabinet Council, I believe, will be to determine whether the King shall pardon him or

<sup>1</sup> From the Duke of Cumberland, commander-in-chief of the army. Mr. Galfridus and James Mann were clothiers to many regiments.—WALPOLE.



not: some who wish to make him the scape-goat for their own neglects, I fear, will try to complete his fate, but I should think the new administration will not be biassed to blood by such interested attempts. He bore well his unexpected sentence, as he has all the outrageous indignities and cruelties heaped upon him. Last week happened an odd event, I can scarce say in his favour, as the world seems to think it the effect of the arts of some of his friends: Voltaire sent him from Switzerland an accidental letter of the Duc de Richelieu, bearing witness to the Admiral's good behaviour in the engagement.<sup>1</sup> A letter of a very different cast, and of great humour, is showed about, said to be written to Admiral Boscawen from an old tar, to this effect:

"SIR,—I had the honour of being at the taking of Port Mahon, for which one gentleman [Byng, Lord Torrington] was made a lord; I was also at the losing of Mahon, for which another gentleman [Lord Blakeney] has been made a lord: each of those gentlemen performed but one of those services; surely I, who performed both, ought at least to be made a lieutenant. Which is all from your honour's humble servant," &c.<sup>2</sup>

Did you hear that after their conquest, the French ladies wore little towers for *pompons*, and called them *des Mahonnoises*? I suppose since the attempt on the King, all their fashions will be *à l'assassin*. We are quite in the dark still about that history: it is one of the bad effects of living in one's own time, that one never knows the truth of it till one is dead!

Old Fontenelle is dead at last; they asked him as he was dying, "s'il sentoit quelque mal?" He replied, "Oui, je sens le mal d'être." My uncle [*old Horace*], a young creature compared to Fontenelle, is grown something between childish and mad, and raves about the melancholy situation of politics: one should think he did

<sup>1</sup> Voltaire's letter to Admiral Byng was written in English, and is as follows:—"Aux Délices, près de Genève. Sir, though I am almost unknown to you, I think 'tis my duty to send you the copy of the letter which I have just received from the Marshal Duc de Richelieu; honour, humanity, and equity order me to convey it into your hands. The noble and unexpected testimony from one of the most candid as well as the most generous of my countrymen, makes me presume your judges will do you the same justice." Sir John Barrow, in his *Life of Lord Anson*, proves that these letters got into the hands of those who were not friendly to the Admiral, and he suspects that they never reached the unfortunate person for whose benefit they were intended.—WRIGHT.

<sup>2</sup> It is now generally believed that Byng was brave but incapable. He might have done more than he did; but this was occasioned not by his want of courage, but by his want of ability. He was cruelly sacrificed to the fury of the people, and to the popularity of the ministry.—DOVER.



not much despair of his country, when at seventy-eight he could practise such dirty arts to intercept his brother's estate from his brother's grandchildren !<sup>1</sup> a conclusion how unlike that of the honest good-humoured Pope ! I am charmed with his *bon-mot* that you sent me. *Apropos* ! Mr. Chute has received a present of a diamond mourning ring from a cousin ; he calls it *l'anello del Piscatore*.<sup>2</sup>

Mr. Pitt is still confined, and the House of Commons little better than a coffee-house. I was diverted the other day with Père Brumoy's translation of Aristophanes : the Harangueses, or female orators, who take the government upon themselves instead of their husbands, might be well applied to our politics : Lady Hester Pitt, Lady Caroline Fox, and the Duchess of Newcastle, should be the heroines of the piece ; and with this advantage, that as Lysistrata is forced to put on a beard, the Duchess has one ready grown.

Sir Charles Williams is returning, on the bad success of our dealings with Russia. The French were so determined to secure the Czarina, that they chose about seven of their handsomest young men to accompany their ambassador. How unlucky for us, that Sir Charles was embroiled with Sir Edward Hussey Montagu, who could alone have outweighed all the seven ! Sir Charles's daughter, Lady Essex, has engaged the attentions of Prince Edward,<sup>3</sup> who has got his liberty ;<sup>4</sup> and seems extremely disposed to use it, and has great life and good-humour. She has already made a ball for him. Sir Richard Lyttelton was so wise as to make her a visit, and advise her not to meddle with politics ; that the Princess would conclude it was a plan laid for bringing together Prince Edward and Mr. Fox !<sup>5</sup> As Mr. Fox was not just the person my Lady Essex was thinking of *bringing together* with Prince Edward, she replied very cleverly,

<sup>1</sup> On the plea that Sir Robert Walpole had at *one* time an intention of joining with him in a joint entail of their estates (Houghton and Woolterton) *old* Horace worked on his grand-nephew, the Earl of Orford (a libertine, and unmarried), to transfer at his death the Houghton estates to the Woolterton branch of the Walpole family, thus robbing his nephew Horace, who, as fourth Earl of Orford, inherited Houghton, and his relatives the Cholmondeleys, who now possess it. Horace wrote bitterly to his uncle on the subject, and so did Lord Malpas.—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>2</sup> The Pope's seal with a ring, which is called *the Fisherman's ring*. Mr. Chute, who was unmarried, meant that his cousin was *fishing* for his estate.—WALPOLE.

<sup>3</sup> The future Duke of York (brother of George III.), with whom Lady Mary Coke thought herself in love ; and who, upon the death of the Duke, put on widow's weeds.—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>4</sup> Sir Charles, always half-insane, even in his cleverest moods, died by his own hand, 2 Nov., 1759. His daughter, Lady Essex, was a lively tattle like himself. See *ante*, vol. ii. p. 512, for the story of Nugent.—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>5</sup> Sir Charles Williams was a particular friend of Mr. Fox.—WALPOLE.

"And my dear Sir Richard, let me advise you not to meddle with politics neither." Adieu!

## 495. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

*Strawberry Hill, Feb. 13, 1757.*

I AM not surprised to find you still lamenting your dear brother; but you are to blame, and perhaps I shall be so, for asking and giving any more accounts of his last hours. Indeed, after the fatal Saturday, on which I told you I was prevented seeing him by his being occupied with his lawyer, he had scarce an interval of sense—and no wonder! His lawyer has since told me, that nothing ever equalled the horrid indecencies of your sister-in-law on that day. Having yielded to the settlement for which he so earnestly begged, she was determined to make him purchase it, and in transports of passion and avarice, kept traversing his chamber from the lawyer to the bed, whispering her husband, and then telling the lawyer, who was drawing the will, "Sir, Mr. Mann says I am to have this, I am to have that!" The lawyer at last, offended to the greatest degree, said, "Madam, it is Mr. Mann's will I am making, not yours!"—but here let me break it off; I have told you all I know, and too much. It was a very different sensation I felt, when your brother Ned told me that he had found seven thousand pounds in the stocks in your name. As Mr. Chute and I know how little it is possible for you to lay up, we conclude that this sum is amassed for you by dear Gal's industry and kindness, and by a silent way of serving you, without a possibility of his wife or any one else calling it in question.

What a dreadful catastrophe is that of Richcourt's family! What a lesson for human grandeur! Florence, the scene of all his triumphs and haughtiness, is now the theatre of his misery and misfortunes!

After a fortnight of the greatest variety of opinions, Byng's fate is still in suspense. The Court and the Ministry have been most bitter against him; the new Admiralty most good-natured; the King would not pardon him. They would not execute the sentence, as many lawyers are clear that it is not a legal one.<sup>1</sup> At last the

<sup>1</sup> Walpole, in his *Memoires*, vol. ii. p. 152, says, that Mr. Pitt moved the King to mercy, but was cut very short; nor did his Majesty remember to ask his usual question, "whether there were any favourable circumstances."—WRIGHT.



Council has referred it to the twelve Judges to give their opinion : if not a favourable one, he dies ! He has had many fortunate chances ; had the late Admiralty continued, one knows how little any would have availed him. Their bitterness will always be recorded against themselves : it will be difficult to persuade posterity that all the shame of last summer was the fault of Byng ! Exact evidence of whose fault it was, I believe posterity will never have : the long-expected inquiries are begun, that is, some papers have been moved for, but so coldly, that it is plain George Townshend and the Tories are unwilling to push researches that must necessarily re-unite Newcastle and Fox. In the mean time, Mr. Pitt stays at home, and holds the House of Commons in *commendam*. I do not augur very well of the ensuing summer ; a detachment is going to America under a commander whom a child might outwit, or terrify with a pop-gun ! The confusions in France seem to thicken with our mismanagements : we hear of a total change in the Ministry there, and of the disgrace both of Machault and D'Argenson, the chiefs of the Parliamentary and Ecclesiastic factions. That the King should be struck with the violence of their parties, I don't wonder : it is said, that as he went to hold the *lit de Justice*, no mortal cried *Vive le Roi !* but one old woman, for which the mob knocked her down, and trampled her to death.

My uncle [*old Horace*] died yesterday was se'nnight ; his death I really believe hastened by the mortification of the money vainly spent at Norwich. I neither intend to spend money, nor to die of it, but, to my mortification, am forced to stand for Lynn,<sup>1</sup> in the room of his son.<sup>2</sup> The corporation still reverence my father's memory so much, that they will not bear distant relations, while he has sons living. I was reading the other day a foolish book called "*L'Histoire des quatre Cicérons :*" the author, who has taken Tully's son for his hero, says, he piqued himself on out-drinking Antony, his father's great enemy. Do you think I shall ever pique myself on being richer than my Lord Bath !

Prince Edward's pleasures continue to furnish conversation : he has been rather forbid by the Signora Madre to make himself so common ; and he has been rather encouraged by his grandfather [George II.] to disregard the prohibition. The other night the Duke

<sup>1</sup> Horace was at this time M.P. for Castle Rising in Norfolk.—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>2</sup> In Feb. 1757 I vacated my seat for Castle Rising in order to be chosen for Lynn. *Walpole's Short Notes*, vol. i. p. lxxviii.—CUNNINGHAM.



and he were at a ball at Lady Rochford's:<sup>1</sup> she and Lady Essex were singing in an inner chamber when the Princes entered, who insisting on a repetition of the song, my Lady Essex, instead of continuing the same, addressed herself to Prince Edward in this ballad of Lord Dorset—

“ False friends I have as well as you,  
Who daily counsel me  
Fame and ambition to pursue,  
And leave off loving Thee—”

It won't be unamusing, I hope it will be no more than amusing, when all the Johns of Gaunt, and Clarences, and Humphrys of Gloucester, are old enough to be running about town, and furnishing histories. Adieu!

496. TO JOHN CHUTE, ESQ.

*Sunday night, very late, Feb. 27, 1757.*

I SHOULD certainly have been with you to-night, as I desired George Montagu to tell you, but every six hours produce such new wonders, that I do not know when I shall have a moment to see you. Will you, can you believe me, when I tell you that the four persons of the Court-Martial whom Keppel named yesterday to the House as commissioning him to ask for the bill, now deny they gave him such commission, though Norris, one of them, was twice on Friday with Sir Richard Lyttelton, and once with George Grenville for the same purpose! I have done nothing but traverse the town to-night from Sir Richard Lyttelton's to the Speaker's, to Mr. Pitt's, to Mr. Fox's, to Dodington's, to Lady Hervey's, to find out and try how to defeat the evil of this, and to extract, if possible, some good from it. Alas! alas! that what I meant so well, should be likely only to add a fortnight to the poor man's misery! Adieu!

<sup>1</sup> Lucy Young, wife of William Henry, Earl of Rochford [vol. i. p. 167].—WALPOLE. I am going to a ball at Lady Rochford's, where the Duke [of Cumberland] is to be and Prince Edward, by his grandfather's orders, who says he shall see the world to learn something, for he can learn nothing at home. —*Rigby to the Duke of Bedford, Feb. 7, 1757.*—CUNNINGHAM.

## 497. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

*Arlington Street, March 3, 1757.*

I HAVE deferred writing to you till I could tell you something certain of the fate of Admiral Byng: no history was ever so extraordinary, or produced such a variety of surprising turns. In my last I told you that his sentence was referred to the twelve Judges. They have made law of that of which no man else could make sense. The Admiralty immediately signed the warrant for his execution on the last of February—that is, three signed: Admiral Forbes positively refused, and would have resigned sooner. The Speaker would have had Byng expelled the House, but his tigers were pitiful. Sir Francis Dashwood tried to call for the Court-Martial's letter, but the tigers were not so tender as that came to. Some of the Court-Martial grew to feel as the execution advanced: the city grew impatient for it. Mr. Fox tried to represent the new Ministry as compassionate, and has damaged their popularity. Three of the Court-Martial applied on Wednesday last to Lord Temple to renew their solicitation for mercy. Sir Francis Dashwood moved a repeal of the bloody twelfth article: the House was savage enough; yet Mr. Dodington softened them, and not one man spoke directly against mercy. They had nothing to fear: the man,<sup>1</sup> who, of all defects, hates cowardice and avarice most, and who has some little objection to a mob in St. James's-street, has magnanimously forgot all the services of the great Lord Torrington. On Thursday seven of the Court-Martial applied for mercy: they were rejected. On Friday a most strange event happened. I was told at the House that Captain Keppel and Admiral Norris desired a bill to absolve them from their oath of secrecy, that they might unfold something very material towards saving the prisoner's life. I was out of Parliament myself during my re-election; but I ran to Keppel: he said he had never spoken in public, and could not, but would give authority to anybody else. The Speaker was putting the question for the orders of the day, after which no motion could be made: it was Friday, the House would not sit on Saturday, the execution was fixed for Monday. I felt all this in an instant, dragged Mr. Keppel to Sir Francis Dashwood, and he on the floor before he had taken his place, called out to the Speaker,

<sup>1</sup> The King.—WALPOLE.

and though the orders were passed, Sir Francis was suffered to speak. The House was wonderously softened: pains were taken to prove to Mr. Keppel that he might speak, notwithstanding his oath; but he adhering to it, he had time given him till next morning to consider and consult some of his brethren who had commissioned him to desire the bill. The next day the King sent a message to our House, that he had respited Mr. Byng for a fortnight, till the bill could be passed, and he should know whether the Admiral was unjustly condemned. The bill was read twice in our House that day, and went through the committee; Mr. Keppel affirming that he had something, in his opinion, of weight to tell, and which it was material his Majesty should know, and naming four of his associates who desired to be empowered to speak. On Sunday all was confusion again, on news that the four disclaimed what Mr. Keppel had said for them. On Monday, he told the House that in one he had been mistaken; that another did not declare off, but wished all were to be compelled to speak; and from the two others he produced a letter upholding him in what he had said. The bill passed by 153 to 23. On Tuesday it was treated very differently by the Lords. The new Chief Justice [Murray] and the late Chancellor [Hardwicke] pleaded against Byng like little attorneys, and did all they could to stifle truth. That all was a good deal. They prevailed to have the whole Court-Martial at their bar. Lord Hardwicke urged for the intervention of a day, on the pretence of a trifling cause of an Irish bankruptcy then depending before the Lords, though Lord Temple showed them that some of the captains and admirals were under sailing orders for America. But Lord Hardwicke and Lord Anson were expeditious enough to do what they wanted in one night's time; for the next day, yesterday, every one of the Court-Martial defended their sentence, and even the three conscientious said not one syllable of their desire of the bill, which, was accordingly unanimously rejected, and with great marks of contempt for the House of Commons.

This is as brief and as clear an abstract as I can give you of a most complicated affair, in which I have been a most unfortunate actor, having to my infinite grief, which I shall feel till the man is at peace, been instrumental in protracting his misery a fortnight, by what I meant as the kindest thing I could do. I never knew poor Byng enough to bow to; but the great doubtfulness of his crime and the extraordinariness of his sentence, the persecution of his enemies, who sacrifice him for their own guilt and the rage of a blinded nation,



have called forth all my pity for him. His enemies triumph ; but who can envy the triumph of murder ?

Nothing else material has happened, but Mr. Pitt's having moved for a German subsidy, which is another matter of triumph to the late Ministry. He and Mr. Fox have the warmest altercations every day in the House.

We have had a few French symptoms ; papers were fixed on the Exchange, with these words, "Shoot Byng, or take care of your King ;" but this storm, which Lord Anson's creatures and protectors have conjured up, may choose itself employment when Byng is dead.

#### 498. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

*Arlington Street, March 17, 1757.*

ADMIRAL BYNG's tragedy was completed on Monday—a perfect tragedy, for there were variety of incidents, villainy, murder, and a hero ! His sufferings, persecutions, aspersions, disturbances, nay, the revolutions of his fate, had not in the least unhinged his mind ; his whole behaviour was natural and firm. A few days before, one of his friends standing by him, said, " Which of us is tallest ? " He replied, " Why this ceremony ? I know what it means ; let the man come and measure me for my coffin." He said, that being acquitted of cowardice, and being persuaded on the coolest reflection that he had acted for the best, and should act so again, he was not unwilling to suffer. He desired to be shot on the quarter-deck, not where common malefactors are ; came out at twelve, sat down in a chair, for he would not kneel, and refused to have his face covered, that his countenance might show whether he feared death ; but being told that it might frighten his executioners, he submitted,<sup>1</sup> gave the signal at once, received one shot through the head, another through the heart, and fell. Do cowards live or die thus ? Can that man want spirit who only fears to terrify his executioners ? Has the *depen* Duke of Newcastle lived thus ? Would my Lord Hardwicke die thus, even supposing he had nothing on his conscience ?

This scene is over ! what will be the next is matter of great uncertainty. The new ministers are well weary of their situation ; without credit at court, without influence in the House of Commons,

<sup>1</sup> Admiral Byng, on the morning of his execution, took his usual draught for the ~~common~~ — *Commons*.

undermined everywhere, I believe they are too sensible not to desire to be delivered of their burthen, which those who increase yet dread to take on themselves. Mr. Pitt's health is as bad as his situation; confidence between the other factions almost impossible; yet I believe their impatience will prevail over their distrust. The nation expects a change every day, and being a nation, I believe, desires it; and being the English nation, will condemn it the moment it is made. We are trembling for Hanover, and the Duke [of Cumberland] is going to command the army of observation. These are the politics of the week: the diversions are balls, and the two Princes frequent them; but the eldest nephew [afterwards George III.] remains shut up in a room, where, as desirous as they are of keeping him, I believe he is now and then incommode. The Duke of Richmond has made two balls on his approaching wedding with Lady Mary Bruce, (Mr. Conway's daughter-in-law): it is the perfectest match in the world; youth, beauty, riches, alliances, and all the blood of all the kings from Robert Bruce to Charles II. They are the prettiest couple in England, except the father-in-law and mother.

As I write so often to you, you must be content with shorter letters, which, however, are always as long as I can make them. *This* summer will not contract our correspondence. Adieu! my dear Sir.

## 499. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

*Arlington Street, April 7, 1757.*

You will receive letters by this post that will surprise you; I will try to give you a comment to them; an exact explication I don't know who could give you. You will receive the orders of a new master,<sup>1</sup> Lord Egremont. I was going on to say that the Ministry is again changed, but I cannot say *changed*, it is only dismissed—and here is another inter-ministerium.

The King has never borne Lord Temple,<sup>2</sup> and soon grew displeased

<sup>1</sup> Lady Mary Bruce was only daughter of Charles, last Earl of Ailesbury, by Caroline, his third wife, daughter of General John Campbell, afterwards Duke of Argyll. Lady Ailesbury married to her second husband, Colonel Henry Seymour Conway, only brother of Francis, Earl of Hertford.—WALFOLK.

<sup>2</sup> That is a new Secretary of State in the room of Pitt.—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>3</sup> "To Lord Temple the King had the strongest aversion, his lordship having a pert familiarity, which is not always agreeable to his Majesty; besides, in the affair of Admiral Byng, he had used some insolent expressions, which his Majesty could never forgive. Pitt, he said, made him long speeches, which probably might be very fine

with Mr. Pitt: on Byng's affair it came to aversion. It is now given out that both I have mentioned have personally affronted the King. On the execution, he would not suffer Dr. Hay of the Admiralty to be brought into Parliament, though he had lost his seat on coming into his service. During this squabble negotiations were set on foot between the Duke of Newcastle and Mr. Fox, and would have been concluded if either of them would have risked being hanged for the other. The one most afraid broke off the treaty; need I say it was the Duke? While this was in agitation, it grew necessary for the Duke [of Cumberland] to go abroad and take the command of the Army of Observation. He did not care to be checked there by a hostile ministry at home: his father was as unwilling to be left in their hands. The drum was beat for forces; none would list. However, the change must be made. The day before yesterday Lord Temple was dismissed, with all his Admiralty but Boscawen, who was of the former, and with an offer to Mr. Elliot to stay, which he has declined. The new admirals are Lord Winchelsea, Rowley again, Moyston, Lord Carysfort, Mr. Sandys, and young Hamilton of the Board of Trade.<sup>2</sup> It was hoped that this disgrace would drive Mr. Pitt and the rest of his friends to resign—for that very reason they would not. The time pressed; to-day was fixed for the Duke's departure, and for the recess of Parliament during the holidays. Mr. Pitt was dismissed, and Lord Egremont has received the seals to-day. Mr. Fox has always adhered to being only Paymaster; but the impossibility of finding a Chancellor of the Exchequer, which Lord Duplin of the Newcastle faction, and Dodington of Mr. Fox's, have refused, has, I think, forced Mr. Fox to resolve to take that post himself. However, that and everything else is unsettled, and Mr. Fox is to take nothing till *the Inquiries* are over. The Duke of Devonshire remains in the Treasury, declaring that it is only for a

but were greatly beyond his comprehension, and that his letters were affected, formal, and pedantic: but as to Temple, he was so disagreeable a fellow, there was no bearing him."—*Waldegrave's Memoirs*, p. 93.—WRIGHT.

<sup>1</sup> "I told his Majesty that the Duke of Newcastle was quite doubtful what part he should take, being equally balanced between fear on one side and love of power on the other. To this the King replied, 'I know he is apt to be afraid, therefore go and encourage him; tell him I do not look upon myself as king whilst I am in the hands of these scoundrels; that I am determined to get rid of them at any rate; that I expect his assistance, and that he may depend on my favour and protection.'"—*Waldegrave*, p. 96.—WRIGHT.

<sup>2</sup> The new admiralty *actually* consisted of the following:—Lord Winchelsea, Admiral Sir W. Rowley, K.B., Hon. Edward Boscawen, Gilbert Elliot, Esq., John Proby, first Lord Carysfort, Savage Mostyn, Esq., and the Hon. Edward Sandys, afterwards second Lord Sandys.—DOVER.



short time, and till they can fix on somebody else. The Duke of Newcastle keeps aloof, professing no connexion with Mr. Pitt; Lord Hardwicke is gone into the country for a fortnight. The stocks fall, the foreign ministers stare; Leicester-house is going to be very angry, and I fear we are going into great confusion. As I wish Mr. Fox so well, I cannot but lament the undigested rashness of this measure.

Having lost three packet-boats lately, I fear I have missed a letter or two of yours: I hope this will have better fortune; for, almost unintelligible as it is, you will want even so awkward a key.

Mr. Fox was very desirous of bargaining for a peerage for Lady Caroline; the King has positively refused it, but has given him the reversion for three lives of Clerk of the Pells in Ireland, which Dodington has now. Mr. Conway is made Groom of the Bedchamber to the King.

A volume on all I have told you would only perplex you more; you will have time to study what I send you now. I go to Strawberry Hill to-morrow for the holidays: and till they are over, certainly nothing more will be done. You did not expect this new confusion, just when you was preparing to tremble for the campaign. Adieu!

## 500. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

*Arlington Street, April 20, 1757.*

You will wonder that I should so long have announced my Lord Egremont to you for a master, without his announcing himself to you—it was no fault of mine; everything here is a riddle or an absurdity. Instead of coming forth Secretary of State, he went out of town, declaring he knew nothing of the matter. On that, it was affirmed that he had refused the seals. The truth is, they have never been offered to him in form. He had been sounded, and I believe was not averse, but made excuses that were not thought invincible. As we are in profound peace with all the world, and can do without any government, it is thought proper to wait a little, till what are called *the Inquiries* are over;<sup>1</sup> what they are, I will tell

<sup>1</sup> "April 6, Mr. Pitt dismissed. Mr. Fox and I were ordered from the King, by Lord Holderness, to come and kiss his hand as paymaster of the army, and treasurer of the navy. We wrote to the Duke of Cumberland our respectful thanks and acceptance of the offices; but we thought it would be more for his Majesty's service not to enter upon them publicly till *the Inquiry* was over."—*Dodington*, p. 352.—*WEIGHT.*

you presently. *A man*<sup>1</sup> who has hated and loved the Duke of Newcastle pretty heartily in the course of some years, is willing to wait, in hopes of prevailing on him to resume the seals—that Duke is the arbiter of England! Both the other parties are trying to unite with him. The King pulls him, the next reign (for you know his grace is very young) pulls him back. Present power tempts: Mr Fox's unpopularity terrifies—he will reconcile all by immediate duty to the King, with a salvo to the intention of betraying him to the Prince, to make his peace with the latter, as soon as he has made up with the former. Unless his grace takes Mr. Fox by the hand, the latter is in an ugly situation—if he does, is he in a beautiful one?

Yesterday began the famous and long-expected *Inquiries*.<sup>2</sup> The House of Commons in person undertakes to examine all the intelligence, letters, and orders, of the administration that lost Minorca. In order to this, they pass over a whole winter; then they send for cart-loads of papers from all the offices, leaving it to the discretion of the clerks to transcribe, insert, omit, whatever they please; and without inquiring what the accused ministers had left or secreted. Before it was possible for people to examine these with any attention, supposing they were worth any, the whole House goes to work, sets the clerk to reading such bushels of letters, that the very dates fill three-and-twenty sheets of paper; he reads as fast as he can, nobody attends, everybody goes away, and to-night they determined that the whole should be read through on to-morrow and Friday, that one may have time to digest on Saturday and Sunday what one had scarce heard, cannot remember, nor is it worth the while; and then on Monday, without asking any questions, examining any witnesses, authority, or authenticity, the Tories are to affirm that the ministers were very negligent; the Whigs, that they were wonderfully informed, discreet, provident, and active; and Mr. Pitt and his friends are to affect great zeal for justice, are to avoid provoking the Duke of Newcastle, and are to endeavour to extract from all the nothings they have not heard, something that is to lay all the guilt at Mr. Fox's door. Now you know very exactly what the *Inquiries* are—and this wise nation is gaping to see the chick which their old brood-hen the House of Commons will produce from

<sup>1</sup> The King.—WALPOLE.

<sup>2</sup> On the 19th of April, the House of Commons went into a committee on the state of the navy, and the causes which had led to the loss of the island of Minorca.—WRIGHT.



an egg laid in November, neglected till April, and then hatched in a quicksand !

The Common Council have presented gold boxes<sup>1</sup> with the freedom of their city to Mr. Pitt and Mr. Legge—no gracious compliment to St. James's. It is expected that the example will catch, but as yet, I hear of no imitations. Pamphlets, cards, and prints swarm again : George Townshend has published one of the latter, which is so admirable in its kind, that I cannot help sending it to you. His genius for likenesses in caricature is astonishing—indeed, Lord Winchelsea's figure is not heightened—you friends Dodington and Lord Sandwich are like ; the former made me laugh till I cried. The Hanoverian drummer, Ellis, is the least like, though it has much of his air. I need say nothing of the lump of fat<sup>2</sup> crowned with laurel on the altar. As Townshend's parts lie entirely in his pencil, his pen has no share in them ; the labels are very dull, except the inscription on the altar, which I believe is his brother Charles's. This print, which has so diverted the town, has produced to-day a most bitter pamphlet against George Townshend, called "The Art of Political Lying." Indeed, it is strong.

The Duke [of Cumberland], who has taken no English with him but Lord Albemarle, Lord Frederick Cavendish,<sup>3</sup> Lord George Lennox,<sup>4</sup> Colonel Keppel, Mr. West, and Colonel Carlton, all his own servants, was well persuaded to go by Stade ; there were French parties laid to intercept him on the other road.—It might have saved him an unpleasant campaign.—We have no favourable events, but that Russia, who had neither men, money, nor magazines, is much softened, and halts her troops.

The Duke of Grafton<sup>5</sup> still languishes : the Duke of Newcastle has so pestered him with political visits, that the physicians ordered him to be excluded : yet he forced himself into the house. The Duke's gentlemen would not admit him into the bedchamber, saying, his grace was asleep. Newcastle protested he would go in on tip-toe and only look at him—he rushed in, clattered his heels to waken

<sup>1</sup> Lady Hervey (Molly Lepel) in one of her letters says (alluding to these presentations) it *rains* gold boxes—an expression very much in Walpole's manner.—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>2</sup> The Duke of Cumberland.—WALPOLE.

<sup>3</sup> Third son of William, third Duke of Devonshire. He was made a field-marshal in 1796, and died in 1803.—DOVER.

<sup>4</sup> Second son of Charles, second Duke of Richmond. He died in March, 1805.—DOVER.

<sup>5</sup> Charles Fitzroy, second Duke of Grafton, K.G., lord chamberlain, and one of the godfathers of Horace Walpole. He died 6 May, 1757.—CUNNINGHAM.



him, and then fell upon the bed, kissing<sup>1</sup> and hugging him. Grafton waked; "God! what's here?"—"Only I, my dear lord"—Buss, buss, buss, buss!—"God! how can you be such a beast to kiss such a creature as I am, all over plaisters! get along, get along!" and turned about and went to sleep. Newcastle hurries home, tells the mad Duchess that the Duke of Grafton was certainly light-headed, for he had not known him, frightens her into fits, and then was forced to send for Dr. Shaw—for this Lepidus are struggling Octavius and Anthony!<sup>2</sup>

I have received three letters from you, one of March 25th, one of the second of this month inclosing that which had journeyed back to you unopened. I wish it lay in my way to send you early news of the destination of fleets, but I rather avoid secrets than hunt them. I must give you much the same answer with regard to Mr. Dick, whom I should be most glad to serve; but when I tell you that in the various revolutions of Ministries I have seen, I have never asked a single favour for myself or any friend I have; that whatever friendships I have with the man, I avoid all connexions with the Minister; that I abhor courts and levee-rooms and flattery; that I have done with all parties and only sit by and smile—(you would weep)—when I tell you all this, think what my interest must be! I can better answer your desiring me to countenance your brother James, and telling me it will cost me nothing.—My God! if you don't believe my affection for you, at least believe in the adoration I have for dear Gal.'s memory—that, alas! cannot now be counterfeited! If ever I had a friend, if ever there was a friend, he was one to me; if ever there were love and gratitude, I have both for him—before I received your letter, James was convinced for all this—but my dear child, you let slip an expression which sure I never deserved—but I will say no more of it.—Thank you for the verses on Buondelmonti<sup>3</sup>—I did not know he was dead—for the prayer for Richcourt, for the Pope's letter, and for the bills of lading for the liqueurs.

You will have heard all the torments exercised on that poor wretch Damien, for attempting the least bad of all murders, that of a King.

\* <sup>1</sup> "I have heard much of the Duke of Newcastle's kisses, but never had one from him till to-day; and I thought his Majesty and Lord Bute would have kissed me too, I was so received by them both at St. James's.—*Richard Rigby to the Duke of Bedford, April 24, 1761.*—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>2</sup> *Lepidus*, Duke of Newcastle; *Octavius* and *Anthony*, Pitt and Fox.—DOVER.

<sup>3</sup> A Florentine abbé and wit; author of several poetical pieces.—WRIGHT.

They copied with a scrupulous exactness horrid precedents, and the dastardly monarch permitted them ! I don't tell you any particulars, for in time of war, and at this distance, how to depend on the truth of them ?

This is a very long letter, but I will not make excuses for long ones and short ones too—I fear you forgive the long ones most easily !

## 501. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

*Arlington Street, May 5, 1757.*

You may expect what you please of new ministries, and revolutions, and establishments ; we are a grave people, and don't go so rashly to work—at least when we have demolished anything rashly, we take due time before we repair it. At a distance you may be impatient. We, the most concerned, wait very tranquilly to see the event of chaos. It was given out, that nothing would be settled till the Inquiries were at an end.—The world very obediently stayed for the time appointed. The Inquiries are at an end, yet nothing is in more forwardness. Foreign nations may imagine (but they must be at a great distance !) that we are so wise and upright a people, that every man performs his part, and thence everything goes on in its proper order without any government—but I fear, our case is like what astronomers tell us, that if a star was to be annihilated, it would still shine for two months. The Inquiries have been a most important and dull farce, and very fatiguing ; we sat six days till past midnight. If you have received my last letter, you have already had a description of what passed just as I foresaw. Mr. Pitt broke out a little the second day, and threatened to secede, and tell the world the iniquity of the majority ; but recollecting that the majority might be as useful as the world, he recomposed himself, professed meaning no personalities, swallowed all candour as fast as it was proposed to him, swallowed camels and haggled about gnats, and in a manner let the friends of the old Ministry state and vote what resolutions they pleased. They were not modest, but stated away ; yet on the last day of the committee, on their moving that no greater force could have been sent to the Mediterranean than was under Byng, the triumphant majority shrank to one of seventy-eight, many absenting themselves, and many of the independent sort voting with the minority. This alarmed so much, that the pre-determined vote



of acquittal or approbation was forced to be dropped, and to their great astonishment the late Cabinet is not thanked parliamenterially for having lost Minorca. You may judge what Mr. Pitt might have done, if he had pleased; when, though he starved his own cause, so slender an advantage was obtained against him. I retired before the vote I have mentioned; as Mr. Fox was complicated in it, I would not appear against him, and I could not range myself with a squadron who I think must be the jest of Europe and posterity.

It now remains to settle some ministry: Mr. Pitt's friends are earnest, and some of them trafficking for an union with Newcastle. He himself, I believe, maintains his dignity, and will be sued to, not sue. The Duke of Newcastle, who cannot bear to resign the last twilight of the *old sun*, would join with Fox; but the Chancellor, who hates him, and is alarmed at his unpopularity, and at the power of Pitt with the people, holds back. Bath, Exeter, Yarmouth, and Worcester, have followed the example of London, and sent their freedoms to Pitt and Legge: I suppose Edinburgh will, but instead of giving, will ask for a gold box in return. Here are some new epigrams on the present politics:

TO THE NYMPH OF BATH.

Mistaken Nymph, thy gifts withhold;  
Pitt's virtuous soul despises gold;  
Grant him thy boon peculiar, health;  
He'll guard, not covet, Britain's wealth.

ANOTHER.

The two great rivals London might content,  
If what he values most to each she sent;  
Ill was the franchise coupled with the box;  
Give Pitt the freedom, and the gold to Fox.

ON DR. SHEBBEAR ABUSING HUME CAMPBELL FOR BEING A PROSTITUTE ADVOCATE.

'Tis below you, dear Doctor, to worry an elf,  
Who you know will defend anything, but himself.

The two first are but middling, and I am bound to think the last so, as it is my own. Shebbear is a broken Jacobite physician, who has threatened to write himself into a place or the pillory: he has just published a bitter letter to the Duke of Newcastle, which occasioned the above two lines.

The French have seized in their own name the country of Bentheim, a purchase of the King's, after having offered him the most insulting neutrality for Hanover, in the world; they proposed putting a garrison



into the strongest post [Hamelen] he has, with twenty other concessions. We have rumours of the Prince of Bevern having beaten the Austrians considerably.

I believe, upon review, that this is a mighty indefinite letter; I would have waited for certainties, but not knowing how long that might be, I thought you would prefer this parenthesis of politics.

Lord Northumberland's great gallery<sup>1</sup> is finished and opened; it is a sumptuous chamber, but might have been in a better taste. He is wonderfully content with his pictures, and gave me leave to repeat it to you. I rejoiced, as you had been the negotiator—as you was not the painter, you will allow me not to be so profuse of my applause. Indeed I have yet only seen them by candle-light. Mengs's School of Athens pleased me: Pompeo's two are black and hard; Mazucci's Apollo, *fade* and without beauty; Costanza's piece is abominable. Adieu! till a ministry.

502. TO MR. GRENVILLE.<sup>2</sup>

DEAR SIR:

*Arlington Street, May 13, 1757.*

I FLATTER myself that you have goodness enough for me, to excuse the liberty I am now taking.

The ridiculous situation of this country for some months drew from me yesterday the enclosed thoughts,<sup>3</sup> which I beg you will be so good as to run over and return.

As it certainly was my intention, so it has been my endeavour, to offend no man or set of men: it most assuredly was my desire to give no umbrage to you or your friends, and therefore I will beg you freely to tell me, if there is the least expression which can be disagreeable to you or them.

The paper is a summary of melancholy truths, but which, as my nature is rather inclined to smile, I have placed in a ridiculous light. If it should not displease your good heart, or divert Mrs. Grenville<sup>4</sup> for a moment, I should be happy; but I must

<sup>1</sup> At Northumberland House, in London.—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>2</sup> The right honourable George Grenville, brother of Lord Temple, and on the resignation of Lord Bute in 1763, First Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer. He died 13 Nov. 1770. Walpole was never very friendly with him. We shall see that Walpole's affection for his cousin Conway was the cause.—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>3</sup> A letter from Xo Ho.—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>4</sup> Elizabeth, daughter of Sir William Wyndham, and sister to the Earl of Egremont. She died in December, 1769.—CUNNINGHAM.

beg the return of the enclosed copy, as I go out of town early to-morrow.

I am, &c.,

HOR. WALPOLE.

503. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

*Arlington Street, May 19, 1757.*

WE are not yet arrived at having a ministry, but we have had two or three alarms of one. On Monday, the Duke of Devonshire, impatient for a plaything, took the chamberlain's staff and key—these were reckoned certain prognostics; but they were only symptoms of his childishness. Yesterday it was published that Mr. Pitt's terms were so extravagant, that the Duke of Newcastle could not comply with them—and would take the whole himself—perhaps leave some little trifle for Mr. Fox—to-day all is afloat again, and all negotiations to re-commence. Pitt's demands were, that his grace should not meddle in the House of Commons, nor in the Province of Secretary of State, but stick to the Treasury, and even there to be controlled by a majority of Mr. Pitt's friends—they were certainly great terms, but he has been taught not to trust to less. But it is tautology to dwell on these variations; the inclosed<sup>1</sup> is an exact picture of our situation—and is perhaps the only political paper ever written, in which no man of any party can dislike or deny a single fact. I wrote it in an hour and half, and you will perceive that it must be the effect of a single thought.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Letter from Xo Ho, a Chinese philosopher at London, to his friend Lien-Chi at Pekin.—WALPOLE. Folio, 1757, reprinted in 'The Fugitive Pieces,' 1758, 12mo, with this note: "This piece was written May 12, 1757, was sent to the press next day, and went through five editions in a fortnight."—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>2</sup> Walpole sent it to Mr. Fox for his opinion, who replied by letter (first printed in Mahon's 'Hist. of England,' iv. xix. ed. 1853):

MR. FOX TO WALPOLE.

DEAR SIR:

*Burlington Street, May 13, 1757.*

I EITHER don't understand the line I have marked, or it says nothing particular—"Vassals airy"—where are vassals either of the Crown or of the Nobles?

I think you might work more into this very pretty plan, and I wish you would, what is *there* being so pretty. I can have no objection to your showing this. If the third and least party and "Lord Gawkee" had been a little worse treated, I should have liked it better. I would not have them *very* ill-treated neither. Adieu. You



We had big letters yesterday of a total victory of the King of Prussia over the Austrians,<sup>1</sup> with their army dispersed and their general wounded and prisoner—I don't know how, but it is not confirmed yet. You must excuse the brevity of my English letter, in consideration of my Chinese one. Adieu!

Xo Ho.

504. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

May 27, 1757.

I HAVE ticketed you with numbers 58321, 58322, 58323, 58324, 58325, 58326; I think you bespoke six. I do not send them by post, unless you order it; but I have writ your name on each, lest in case of accident my executors should put them into my auction, for which you are so impatient, and then you would have to buy them over again.

I am glad you like Xo Ho: I think everybody does, which is strange, considering it has no merit but truth. Mrs. Clive cried out like you, "Lord! you will be sent to the Tower!" "Well," said I coolly, "my father was there before me."

Lord Abercorn's picture is extremely like; he seems by the Vandyke habit to be got back into his own times; but nothing is finished yet, except the head.

You will be diverted with a health which my Lady Townshend gave at supper with the Prince t'other night: "'Tis a health you will all like," she said.—"Well! what is it?"—"The three *P's*."<sup>2</sup>—The boy coloured up to the eyes.—After keeping them in suspense

may have time for any addition you please to make, for, by what I learn at the Emperor's country house [Kensington Palace], Lien-Chi may answer Xoho's letter before the new ministry will be formed.

Pray let me have a copy.

Yours ever,

H. Fox.

<sup>1</sup> This was the battle of Prague, gained by the King of Prussia on the 6th of May, 1757, over the forces of the Empress-Queen, commanded by Prince Charles of Lorraine.  
—DOVER.

<sup>2</sup> The following epigram (much in Lady Townshend's vein) was copied by Lady Temple from Owen's 'Weekly Chronicle' for Nov., 1761, and sent to Earl Temple:—

No letters more full or expressive can be,  
Than once so respectable W. P.;  
The first stands for Wisdom, War, Wonder, and Wit,  
The last points out Peerage and Pension and Pitt.

—CUNNINGHAM.



some time, she named Pitt, Peace, and Plenty. The Princess has given Home, the author of *Douglas*, a hundred a year. Prince and Princess Edward continue to entertain themselves and Ranelagh every night.

I wish your brother and all heirs to estates joy, for old Schutz<sup>1</sup> is dead, and cannot wriggle himself into any more wills. The ministry is not yet hatched; the King of Prussia is conquering the world; Mr. Chute has some murmurs of the gout: and I am yours ever.

505. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

*Arlington Street, June 1, 1757.*

AFTER a vacancy of full two months, we are at last likely to have a ministry again—I do not promise you a very lasting one. Last Wednesday the conferences broke off between the Duke of Newcastle and Mr. Pitt; the latter demanding a full restoration of his friends, with the Admiralty and a peerage for Mr. Legge, the blue riband and, I believe, Ireland for Lord Temple, and Mr. Grenville for Chancellor of the Exchequer, with stipulations that no more money should be sent this year to Germany. The last article, the Admiralty, and especially the Exchequer, were positively refused; and on Friday the Duke went to the King, and consented to be sole minister, insisting that Mr. Fox should be nothing but Paymaster, not Cabinet Councillor, and have no power; Sir Thomas Robinson to be again Secretary of State, and Sir George Lee Chancellor of the Exchequer. For form, he was to retire to Claremont for a few days, to take advice of his oracle, whose answer he had already dictated. Lord Hardwicke refuses the seals; says, he desires nobody should be dismissed for him; if President or Privy Seal should by any means be vacant, he will accept either, but nothing till Lord Anson is satisfied, for whom he asks Treasurer of the Navy. The Duke goes to Kensington to-morrow, when all this is to be declared—however, till it is, I shall doubt it. Lord Lincoln and his principal friends are vehement against it; and indeed his grace seems to be precipitating his own ruin. If Mr. Fox could forgive all that is past, which he by no means intends, here are new provocations added—will they invite Mr. Fox's support? Not to mention what unpopular

<sup>1</sup> Augustus Schutz, Esq., Keeper of the Privy Purse and Master of the Robes to George II.: died 26 May, 1757.—CUNNINGHAM.

German steps the Duke must take to recover the King's favour, who is now entirely Fox's; the latter is answerable for nothing, and I believe would not manage inquiries against his grace as Mr. Pitt has—leniently. In short, I think the month of October will terminate the fortune of the house of Pelham for ever—his supporters are ridiculous; his followers will every day desert to one or other of the two Princes' of the blood, who head the other factions. Two parts in three of the cabinet, at least half, are attached to Mr. Fox; there the Duke will be overborne; in Parliament will be deserted. Never was a plan concerted with more weakness!

I inclose a most extraordinary print.<sup>1</sup> Mr. Fox has found some caricaturist equal to George Townshend, and who manages royal personages with at least as little ceremony. I have written "Lord Lincoln" over the blue riband, because some people take it for him—likeness there is none: it is certain Lord Lincoln's mother was no whore; she never recovered the death of her husband. The line that follows "son of a whore" seems but too much connected with it; and at least the "could say more" is not very merciful. The person of Lord Bute, not his face, is ridiculously like; Newcastle, Pitt, and Lord Temple are the very men. It came out but to-day, and shows how cordial the new union is. Since the Ligue against Henry III. of France, there never was such intemperate freedom with velvet and ermine; never, I believe, where religion was not concerned.

What a King is our Prussian! how his victories come out doubled and trebled above their very fame! My Lady Townshend says, "Lord! how all the Queens will go to see this Solomon! and how they will be disappointed!" How she of Hungary is disappointed! We hear that the French have recalled their green troops, which had advanced for show, and have sent their oldest regiments against the Duke [of Cumberland]. Our foreign affairs are very serious, but I don't know whether I do not think that our domestic tend to be more so! Adieu!

<sup>1</sup> The Prince of Wales, who espoused Mr. Pitt; and the Duke of Cumberland, Mr. Fox.—WALPOLE.

<sup>2</sup> This relates to a print that made much noise, called 'The Turnstile.' The uncertain figure pretended to be Lord Lincoln, but was generally thought to mean the Prince of Wales, whom it resembled; but in the second impression a little demon was inserted, to imply "The Devil over Lincoln." Yet that evasion did not efface the first idea.—WALPOLE.



## 506. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

*Arlington Street, June 2, 1757.*

THE Ministry is to be settled to-day ; there are different accounts how : some say, that the Duke of Newcastle is to take orders and to have the reversion of the bishopric of Winchester ; that Mr. Pitt is to have a regiment and to go serve in Germany with the Duke ; that Mr. Fox is to have Sir William Irby's place,<sup>1</sup> and be Chamberlain to the Princess ; that my Lord Bute is to be divorced and marry Princess Emily ; and that my Lord Darlington is to be first minister. Others say, that the Duke of Newcastle is to be sole minister, having broken with Mr. Pitt ; that Sir Thomas Robinson is to be again Secretary of State, Sir George Lee Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Mr. Fox Paymaster, but with no place in the cabinet, nor any power. I believe the Duke himself has said this ; but, as I think the former establishment would be the less ridiculous of the two, I intend to believe that.

I send you your tickets and a curious new print. The blue riband in the corner, and the line that explains it, but leaves it still in the dark, makes much noise. I choose to think it my Lord Lincoln ; for, having a tenderness for royalties, I will not suppose, as most do, that it points higher. The rest are certainly admirable : the times are very entertaining ; one cannot complain that no wit is stirring, as one used to do. I never thought I should feel glad for the death of poor Mr. Pelham ; but really it has opened such scenes of amusement, that I begin to bear it better than I did. I rejoice to hear that your brother is accommodated, though not by my means. The Duke of Bedford might have reflected, that what I asked was a very trifle, or that I should never have asked it : nay, that if I could have asked a favour of consequence, I should not have applied to himself, but to those who govern him,—to the Duchess and Rigby.

I certainly am glad of rain, but could wish it was boiled a little over the sun first : Mr. Bentley calls this the *hard summer*, and says he is forced to buy his fine weather at Newcastle. Adieu !

P. S. Pray acknowledge the receipt of your tickets. I don't

<sup>1</sup> Vice-chamberlain to the Princess of Wales.—WALPOLE.



know how you came not to see the advertisements of *Xo Ho*, which have been in continually; four editions were published in twelve days.

## 507. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

*Arlington Street, June 9, 1757.*

I MUST write you a very different story from my last. The day before yesterday the Duke of Newcastle, who had resumed conferences with Mr. Pitt by the intervention of Lord Bute, though they could not agree on particulars, went to Kensington, and told the King he could not act without Mr. Pitt and a great plan of that connection. The King reproached him with his breach of promise; it seems the King is in the wrong, for Lord Lincoln and that court reckon his grace as white as snow, and as steady as virtue itself. Mr. Fox went to court, and consented to undertake the whole—but it is madness! Lord Waldegrave,<sup>1</sup> a worthy man as ever was born, and sensible, is to be the first Lord of his Treasury. Who is to be his anything else I don't know, for by to-morrow it will rain resignations as it did in the year '46. Lord Holderness has begun, and gave up to-day; the Dukes of Rutland and Leeds and all the Pelhamites are to follow immediately: the standard of opposition is, I believe, ready painted, and is to be hung out at Leicester-house by the beginning of the week. I grieve for Mr. Fox, and have told him so; I see how desperate his game is, but I shall not desert him, though I mean nor meant to profit of his friendship. So many places will be vacant, that I cannot yet guess who will be to fill them. Mr. Fox will be Chancellor of the Exchequer, and, I think Lord Egremont one of the secretaries of state. What is certain, great clamour, and I fear, great confusion, will follow. You shall know more particulars in a few days, but at present I have neither time for, nor knowledge of, more. Adieu!

## 508. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

*Arlington Street, June 14, 1757.*

THIS is Tuesday; I wrote to you but on Thursday, and promised to write again in a few days—a week cannot pass without a new

<sup>1</sup> James, second earl Waldegrave, and first husband of Maria, Duchess of Gloucester.  
—WALPOLE.

revolution. On Friday Mr. Fox found that his kissing hands was to be a signal for the resignations: Lord Rockingham and Lord Coventry were the most eager to give up. The Duke of Newcastle, transported that his breach of promise and ingratitude to the King produced such noble mischief, endeavoured to spread the flame as wide as possible. On Saturday, Mr. Fox and Lord Waldegrave represented the ugly situation of their affairs, and advised against persisting, yet offering to proceed if commanded. The Chief Justice, who was to carry the Exchequer seal that morning, enforced this—"Well," said the King, "go tell the others to make what Ministry they can; I only insist on two things, that Lord Winchilsea remain where he is, and that Fox be Paymaster." These two preliminaries would be enough to prevent the whole, if there were no other obstacles. Lord Winchilsea, indeed, would not act with Newcastle and Pitt, if they would consent; but there are twenty other impediments; Leicester-house can never forgive or endure Fox; and if they could, his and Winchilsea's remaining would keep their friends from resigning, and then how would there be room for Newcastle's zealots or Pitt's martyrs? But what I take to be most difficult of all, is the accommodation between the chiefs themselves; his Grace's head and heart seem to be just as young and as old as ever they were; this triumph will intoxicate him; if he could not agree with Pitt, when his prospect was worst, he will not be more firm or more sincere when all his doublings have been rewarded. If his vain-glory turns his head, it will make no impression on Pitt, who is as little likely to be awed by another's pageant, as to be depressed by his own slender train. They can't agree—but what becomes of us? There are three factions, just strong enough to make everything impracticable.

The willing victim, Lord Holderness, is likely to be the most real victim. His situation was exactly parallel to Lord Harrington's<sup>1</sup> with the addition of the latter's experience. Both, the children of fortune, unsupported by talents, fostered by the King's favour, without connections or interest, deserted him to please this wayward Duke, who, to recover a little favour in the cabinet, sacrificed the

<sup>1</sup> William Stanhope, Earl of Harrington, who, though a younger brother, had been raised to an earldom, to be Lord Lieutenant of Ireland and Secretary of State, had been the first man to resign his place in 1746, when the King, his master and benefactor, had a mind to remove the Pelhams and make Lord Granville prime minister. He was afterwards sacrificed by the Pelhams to please the King. Lord Holderness was born to an earldom, but having little fortune or parts, had been promoted by the Duke of Newcastle to great posts.—WALPOLE.



first to the King's resentment, and has prepared to treat the other in the same manner, by protesting that he did not ask the compliment. But no matter for him! I have already told you, and I repeat, that I see no end to these struggles without great convulsions. The provocations, and consequently the resentments, increase with every revolution. Blood royal is mixed in the quarrels: two factions might cease by the victory of either; here is always a third ready to turn the scale. Happily the people care or interest themselves very little about all this—but they will be listed soon, as the chiefs grow so much in earnest, and as there are men of such vast property engaged on every side—there is not a public pretence on any. The scramble is avowedly for power—whoever remains master of the field at last, I fear, will have power to use it!

This is not the sole uneasiness at Kensington; they know the proximity of the French army to the Duke, and think that by this time there may have been an action: the suspense is not pleasant: the event may have great consequences even on these broils at home. For the King of Prussia, he is left to the coffee-houses. Adieu! I can scarce steal a day for Strawberry; if one leaves London to itself for four and twenty hours, one finds it topsy-turvy.

## 509. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

*Strawberry Hill, June 20, 1757.*

I RENOUNCE all prophesying; I will never suppose that I can foresee politically; I can foresee nothing, whatever I may foretell. Here is a Ministry formed of *all* the people who for these ten weeks have been giving each other exclusion! I will now not venture even to pronounce that they cannot agree together. On Saturday last, the 18th, Lord Hardwicke carried to Kensington the result of the last negotiations between Newcastle and Pitt, and the latter followed and actually kissed hands again for the seals.<sup>1</sup> Here is the arrangement as far as I know it, the most extraordinary part of which is, that they

<sup>1</sup> "On the day they were all to kiss hands I went to Kensington, to entertain myself with the innocent, or, perhaps, ill-natured amusement of examining the different countenances. The behaviour of Pitt and his party was decent and sensible; they had neither the insolence of men who had gained a victory, nor were they awkward and disconcerted, like those who come to a place where they know they are not welcome: but as to the Duke of Newcastle, and his friends the resigners, there was a mixture of fear and of shame on their countenances: they were real objects of compassion."—*Lord Waldegrave's Memoires*, p. 138.—WRIGHT.



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suffer Mr. Fox to be Paymaster—oh! no, it is more extraordinary that he will submit to be so. His grace returns to the Treasury, and replaces there his singular good friend Mr. Legge. Lord Holderness comes to life again as Secretary of State: Lord Anson reassumes the Admiralty, not with the present board, nor with his own, but with Mr. Pitt's, and this by Mr. Pitt's own desire. The Duke of Dorset retires with a pension of 4000*l.* a-year, to make room for Lord Gower, that he may make room for Lord Temple. Lord George Sackville forces out Lord Barrington from Secretary at War, who was going to resign with the rest, for fear Mr. Fox should, and that this plan should not, take place. Lord Hardwicke, *young disinterested creature!* waits till something drops. Thus far all was smooth; but even this perfection of harmony and wisdom meets with rubs. Lord Halifax had often and lately been promised to be erected into a Secretary of State for the West Indies. Mr. Pitt says, "No, I will not part with so much power." Lord Halifax resigned on Saturday, and Lord Duplin succeeds him. The two Townshends are gone into the country in a rage; Lord Anson is made the pretence: Mr. Fox is the real sore to George, Lord G. Sackville to Charles. Sir George Lee, who resigned his Treasurership to the Princess against Mr. Pitt, and as the world says, wanting to bring Lord Bute into Doctors' Commons,<sup>1</sup> is succeeded by Lord Bute's brother Mackenzie; but to be sure, all this, in which there is no intrigue, no change, no policy, no hatred, no jealousy, no disappointment, no resentment, no mortification, no ambition, will produce the utmost concord! It is a system formed to last; and to be sure it will! In the mean time, I shall bid adieu to politics; my curiosity is satisfied for some months, and I shall betake myself to employments I love better, and to this place which I love best of all. Here is the first fruit of my retirement; behind a bas-relief in wax of the present Pope I have writ the following inscription:

Prospero Lambertini  
Bishop of Rome  
by the name of Benedict XIV.  
Who, though an absolute Prince,  
reigned as harmlessly  
as a Doge of Venice.  
He restored the lustre of the Tiara  
by those arts alone,  
by which alone He obtained it,  
his Virtues.

<sup>1</sup> Meaning the offence he took at Lord Bute's favour. Sir George Lee was a civilian.  
—WALPOLE.



Beloved by Papists,  
esteemed by Protestants :  
A Priest without insolence or interest ;  
A Prince without favourites ;  
A Pope without nepotism ;  
An Author without vanity ;  
In short, a Man  
whom neither Wit nor Power  
could spoil.  
The Son of a favourite Minister,  
but One, who never courted a Prince,  
nor worshipped a Churchman,  
offers, in a free Protestant Country,  
this deserved Incense  
to the Best of the Roman Pontiffs.

If the good old soul is still alive, and you could do it unaffectedly and easily, you may convey it to him ; it must be a satisfaction to a good heart to know that in so distant a country, so detached from his, his merit is acknowledged, without a possibility of interest entering into the consideration. His death-bed does not want comfort or cheerfulness, but it may be capable of an expansion of heart that may still sweeten it ! Adieu !

## 510. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

*Strawberry Hill, July 3, 1757.*

I HAVE been under great uneasiness about you ; Coloredo, the Austrian minister, is recalled precipitately, with orders not to take leave : our papers joined Pucci<sup>1</sup> with him in this recall, but I do not find with any foundation. However, I cannot be easy while your situation is precarious. One should conceive that the advantages of the English trade to Tuscany would induce the Emperor to preserve a neutrality ; but what are good reasons against his wife's vengeance and obstinacy, and haughtiness ? Tell me immediately what you think or hear on this head ; what steps you would take ; whither you would retire if this should happen ; whether you would not come home to watch over your own interest and return, or whether you would be more in the way by remaining in Italy. I know not what to advise ; I don't even know how this letter is to get to you, and how our correspondence will continue ; at least, it must be very irregular, now all communication is cut off through the Empress's dominions. I am in great solicitude !

<sup>1</sup> Resident from Florence. He was here for fifty years, and said he had seen London twice built. This meant, that houses are run up so slightly that they last but few years.—WALPOLE.

Had this recall happened a week later I should not have wondered; it was haughty, indeed, at the time it was dictated; but two days ago we heard of the reversal of all the King of Prussia's triumphs; of his being beat by Count Daun; of the siege of Prague being raised; of Prince Charles falling on their retreat and cutting off two thousand: we would willingly not believe to the extent of all this,<sup>1</sup> yet we have known what it is to have our allies or ourselves beaten! The Duke has been forced to pass the Weser, but writes that the French are so distressed for provisions that he hopes to repass it.

I notified to you the settlement of the Ministry, and, contrary to late custom, have not to unnotify it again. However, it took ten days to complete, after an *inter-ministerium* of exactly three months. I have often called this *the age of abortions*; for the present, the struggles of the three factions, that threatened such disturbances, have gone off like other forebodings. I think I told you in my last the chief alterations; the King would not absolutely give the Secretary at War to Lord George Sackville; Lord Barrington remains: the Duke of Dorset would not take a pension *eo nomine*; his Cinqueports are given to him for life, with a salary of four thousand pounds a-year. Lord Cholmondeley, who is removed for Potter, has a pension equal to his place. Mr. Mackenzie is not Treasurer to the Princess, as I told you. One of the most extraordinary parts of the new system is the advancement of Sir Robert Henley. He was made Attorney-General by Mr. Fox at the end of last year, and made as bad a figure as might be: Mr. Pitt insisting upon an Attorney-General of his own, Sir Robert Henley is made Lord Keeper!<sup>2</sup> The first mortification to Lord Holderness has been, that, having being promised a garter as well as Lord Waldegrave, and but one being vacant, that one, contrary to custom, has been given to the latter, with peculiar marks of grace. I now come to your letter of June 18th, and attribute to your distance, or to my imperfect representations of our actors and affairs, that you suppose our dissensions owing to French intrigues—we want no foreign causes; but in so precarious a

<sup>1</sup> The King of Prussia had been completely beaten at Kolin by the Austrians, commanded by Count Daun, on the 17th of June. He was in consequence obliged to retreat from Bohemia, and soon found himself, surrounded as he was by increasing and advancing enemies, in one of the most critical positions of his whole military life. From this he at length extricated himself, by means of the victories of Rosbach and Lissa.—DOVER.

<sup>2</sup> Afterwards created Lord Henley, and made lord chancellor, and finally elevated to be Earl of Northampton.—DOVER.



letter as this I cannot enter into farther explanations ; indeed the French need not be at any trouble to distract or weaken our councils !

I cannot be at peace while your fate is in suspense ; I shall watch every step that relates to it, but I fear absolutely impotent to be of any service to you : from Pucci's not being recalled, I would hope that he will not be. Adieu !

P. S. Lord Duplin is not yet first Lord of Trade ; there are negotiations for recovering Lord Halifax.

*July 5th.*

As I was sending this to London I received the newspapers of yesterday, and see that old Pucci is just dead. I cannot help flattering myself that this is a favourable event : they cannot recall no minister ; and when they do not, I think we shall not.

#### 511. TO THE EARL OF STRAFFORD.

MY DEAR LORD :

*Strawberry Hill, July 4, 1757.*

IT is well I have not obeyed you sooner, as I have often been going to do : what a heap of lies and contradictions I should have sent you ! What joint ministries and sole ministries ! What acceptances and resignations !—Viziers and bowstrings never succeeded one another quicker. Luckily I have stayed till we have got an administration that will last a little more than for ever. There is such content and harmony in it, that I don't know whether it is not as perfect as a plan which I formed for Charles Stanhope, after he had plagued me for two days for news. I told him the Duke of Newcastle was to take orders, and have the reversion of the bishoprick of Winchester ; that Mr. Pitt was to have a regiment, and go over to the Duke ; and Mr. Fox to be chamberlain to the Princess, in the room of Sir William Irby. Of all the new system I believe the happiest is Offley ; though in great humility he says he only takes the bed-chamber to accommodate. Next to him in joy is the Earl of Holderness—who has not got the garter. My Lord Waldegrave has ; and the garter by this time I believe has got fifty spots.<sup>1</sup>

Had I written sooner, I should have told your lordship, too, of the King of Prussia's triumphs—but they are addled too ! I hoped to have had a few bricks from Prague to send you towards building

<sup>1</sup> He was apt to be dirty.—WALFOLK.



Mr. Bentley's design, but I fear none will come from thence this summer. Thank God, the happiness of the menagerie does not depend upon administrations or victories! The happiest of beings in this part of the world is my Lady Suffolk: I really think her acquisition and conclusion of her law-suit will lengthen her life ten years. You may be sure I am not so satisfied, as Lady Mary [Coke] has left Sudbroke.

Are your charming lawns burnt up like our humble hills? Is your sweet river as low as our deserted Thames?—I am wishing for a handful or two of those floods that drowned me last year all the way from Wentworth Castle. I beg my best compliments to my lady, and my best wishes that every pheasant egg and peacock egg may produce as many colours as a harlequin-jacket.

*Tuesday, July 5th.*

Luckily, my good lord, my conscience had saved its distance. I had writ the above last night, when I received the honour of your kind letter this morning. You had, as I did not doubt, received accounts of all our strange histories. For that of the pretty Countess [of Coventry], I fear there is too much truth in all you have heard: but you don't seem to know that Lord Corydon and Captain Corydon<sup>1</sup> his brother have been most abominable. I don't care to write scandal; but when I see you, I will tell you how much the chits deserve to be whipped. Our favourite general [Conway] is at his camp: Lady Ailesbury don't go to him these three weeks. I expect the pleasure of seeing her and Miss Rich and Fred. Campbell here soon for a few days. I don't wonder your lordship likes St. Philippe better than Torcy:<sup>2</sup> except a few passages interesting to Englishmen, there cannot be a more dry narration than the latter. There is an addition of seven volumes of Universal History to Voltaire's Works, which I think will charm you: I almost like it the best of his works. It is what you have seen extended, and the *Memoirs of Louis XIV. refondues* in it. He is a little tiresome with contradicting La Beaumelle out of pique—and there is too much about Rousseau. Between La Beaumelle and Voltaire, one remains with scarce a fixed idea about that time. I wish they would produce their authorities and proofs; without which, I am grown to believe neither. From mistakes in the English part, I suppose there are great ones in the

<sup>1</sup> Lord Bolingbroke, and his brother, the Hon. Henry St. John.—WRIGHT. \*

<sup>2</sup> A translation of the 'Memoirs of the Marquis de Torcy,' secretary of state to Louis XIV., had just been published in London.—WRIGHT.

more distant histories; yet altogether it is a fine work. He is, as one might believe, worst informed on the present times.—He says eight hundred persons were put to death for the last Rebellion—I don't believe a quarter of the number were: and he makes the first Lord Derwentwater—who, poor man! was in no such high-spirited mood—bring his son, who by the way was not above a year and a half old, upon the scaffold to be sprinkled with his blood.—However, he is in the right to expect to be believed: for he believes all the romances in Lord Anson's Voyage, and how Admiral Almanzor made one man-of-war box the ears of the whole empire of China! —I know nothing else new but a new edition of Dr. Young's Works. If your lordship thinks like me, who hold that even in his most frantic rhapsodies there are innumerable fine things, you will like to have this edition. Adieu, once more, my best lord!

## 512. TO JOHN CHUTE, ESQ.

*Strawberry Hill, July 12, 1757.*

It would be very easy to persuade me to a *Vine-voyage*,<sup>1</sup> without your being so indebted to me, if it were possible. I shall represent my impediments, and then you shall judge. I say nothing of the heat of this magnificent weather, with the glass yesterday up to three-quarters of sultry. In all English probability this will not be a hinderance long: though at present, so far from travelling, I have made the tour of my own garden but once these three days before eight at night, and then I thought I should have died of it. For how many years we shall have to talk of the summer of fifty-seven! —But hear: my Lady Ailesbury and Miss Rich come hither on Thursday for two or three days: and on Monday next the *Officina Arbuteana* opens in form. The Stationers' Company, that is, Mr. Dodsley, Mr. Tonson, &c. are summoned to meet here on Sunday night. And with what do you think we open? *Cedite, Romani Impressores*—with nothing under *Graii Carmina*. I found him [Gray] in town last week: he had brought his two Odes to be printed. I snatched them out of Dodsley's hands, and they are to be the first fruits of my press. An edition of Hentznerus, with a version by Mr. Bentley and a little preface of mine, were prepared, but are to wait.—Now, my dear Sir, can I stir?

<sup>1</sup> To visiting Mr. Chute at his seat, the Vine, in Hampshire.—WALPOLE.



Not ev'n thy virtues, tyrant, shall avail !

Is not it the plainest thing in the world that I cannot go to you yet, but that you must come to me ?

I tell you no news, for I know none, think of none. Elzevir, Aldus, and Stephens are the freshest personages in my memory. Unless I was appointed printer of the Gazette, I think nothing could at present make me read an article in it. Seriously, you must come to us, and shall be witness that the first holidays we have I will return with you. Adieu !

513. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

*Strawberry Hill, July 16, 1757.*

You do me justice in believing that I enjoy your satisfaction ; I do heartily, and particularly on this point : you know how often I have wished this reconciliation : indeed you have taken the handsomest manner of doing it, and it has been accepted handsomely. I always had a good opinion of your cousin [Halifax] and I am not apt to throw about my esteem lightly. He has ever behaved with sense and dignity, and this country has more obligations to him than to most men living.

The weather has been so hot, and we are so unused to it, that nobody knew how to behave themselves : even Mr. Bentley has done shivering.

Elzevirianum opens to-day ; you shall taste its first fruits. I find people have a notion that it is very mysterious ; they don't know how I should abhor to profane Strawberry Hill with politics. Adieu.

514. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

*Strawberry Hill, Thursday, 17.*

I ONLY write you a line to tell you, that as you mention Miss Montagu's being well and alone, if she could like to accompany the Colonel<sup>1</sup> and you to Strawberry Hill and the Vine, the seneschals of those castles will be very proud to see her. I am sorry to be forced to say anything civil in a letter to you ; you deserve nothing but ill-usage for disappointing us so often, but we stay till we

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Montagu's brother.—CUNNINGHAM.



have got you into our power, and then—why then, I am afraid we shall still be what I have been so long.

## 515. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

*Strawberry Hill, July 25, 1757.*

THE Empress-Queen has not yet hurt my particular. I have received two letters from you within this week, dated July 2nd and 9th. Yet she has given up Ostend and Nieuport, and, I think, Furnes and Yprés, to the French. We are in a piteous way! The French have passed the Weser, and a courier yesterday brought word that the Duke was marching towards them, and within five miles: by this time his fate is decided. The world here is very inquisitive about a secret expedition<sup>1</sup> which we are fitting out: a letter is not a proper place to talk about it; I can only tell you, that be it whither it will, I do not augur well about it, and what makes me dislike it infinitely more, Mr. Conway is of it. I am more easy about your situation than I was, though I do not like the rejoicings ordered at Leghorn for the victory over the Prussians.

I have so little to say to-day that I should not have writ, but for one particular reason. The Mediterranean trade being arrived, I concluded the vases for Mr. Fox were on board it, but we cannot discover them. Unluckily it happens that the bill of lading is lost, and I have forgot in what ship they were embarked. In short, my dear Sir, I think that, as I always used to do, I gave the bill to your dearest brother, by which means it is lost. I imagine you have a duplicate; send it as soon as you can.

I thank you for what you have given to Mr. Phelps. I don't call this billet part of the acknowledgment. All the world is dispersed: the ministers are at their several villas; one day in a week serves to take care of a nation, let it be in as bad a plight as it will! We have a sort of Jewish superstition, and would not come to town on a Saturday or Sunday though it were to defend the Holy of Holies. Adieu!

<sup>1</sup> The expedition to Rochfort.—WALPOLE.

## 516. TO JOHN CHUTE, ESQ.

*Strawberry Hill, July 26, 1757.*

I LOVE to communicate my satisfactions to you. You will imagine that I have got an original portrait of John Guttemburg, the first inventor of printing, or that I have met with a little *boke* called *Eneydos*, which I am going to translate and print. No, no; far beyond any such thing! Old Lady Sandwich<sup>1</sup> is dead at Paris, and my Lord has given me her picture of Ninon l'Enclos; given it me in the prettiest manner in the world. I beg, if he should ever meddle in any election in Hampshire, that you will serve him to the last drop of your shrievalty. If you reckon by the thermometer of my natural impatience, the picture would be here already, but I fear I must wait some time for it.

The press goes on as fast as if I printed myself. I hope in a very few days to send you a specimen, though I could wish you was at the birth of the first produce. Gray has been gone these five days. Mr. Bentley has been ill, and is not recovered of the sweating-sickness, which I now firmly believe was only a hot summer like this, and England, being so unused to it, took it for a malady. Mr. Müntz is not gone; but pray don't think that I keep him: he has absolutely done nothing this whole summer but paste two chimney-boards. In short, instead of Claude Lorrain, he is only one of Bromwich's men.

You never saw anything so droll as Mrs. Clive's countenance, between the heat of the summer, the pride in her legacy,<sup>2</sup> and the efforts to appear concerned.

We have given ourselves for a day or two the air of an earthquake, but it proved an explosion of the powder-mills at Epsom. I asked Louis [his servant] if it had done any mischief: he said, "Only blown a man's head off;" as if that was a part one could spare!

P. S. I hope Dr. Warburton will not think I encroach either

<sup>1</sup> Daughter of the famous Wilmot Earl of Rochester.—WALPOLE. She survived her father seventy-seven years.—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>2</sup> A legacy of fifty pounds, left her by John Robarts [died 1757], the last Earl of Radnor of that family.—WALPOLE.



upon his commentatorship or private pretensions,<sup>1</sup> if I assume these lines of Pope, thus altered, for myself :

“Some have at first for wits, then poets pass'd ;  
Turn'd *printers* next, and proved plain fools at last.”

## 517. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

*Strawberry Hill, Aug. 4, 1757.*

MR. PHELPS (who is Mr. Phelps ?) has brought me the packet safe, for which I thank you. I would fain have persuaded him to stay and dine, that I might ask him more questions about you. He told me how low your ministerial spirits are : I fear the news that came last night will not exalt them. The French attacked the Duke for three days together, and at last defeated him. I find it is called at Kensington an encounter<sup>2</sup> of fourteen squadrons ; but any defeat must be fatal to Hanover. I know few particulars, and those only by a messenger dispatched to me by Mr. Conway on the first tidings : the Duke exposed himself extremely, but is unhurt, as they say all his small family are. In what a situation is our Prussian hero, surrounded by Austrians, French, and Muscovites — even impertinent Sweden is stealing in to pull a feather out of his tail ! What devout plunderers will every little Catholic prince of the empire become ! The only good I hope to extract out of this mischief is, that it will stifle our secret expedition, and preserve Mr. Conway from going on it. I have so ill an opinion of our secret expeditions, that I hope they will for ever remain so. What a melancholy picture is there of an old monarch at Kensington, who has lived to see such inglorious and fatal days ! Admiral Boscawen is disgraced. I know not the cause exactly, as ten miles out of town are a thousand out of politics. He is said to have refused to serve under Sir Edward Hawke in this armament. Shall I tell you what, more than distance, has thrown me out of attention to news ? A little packet which I shall give your brother for you, will explain it. In short, I am turned printer, and have converted a little cottage here into a printing-office. My abbey is a perfect college or academy. I keep a painter [Müntz] in the house, and a printer [Robinson] — not to mention Mr. Bentley, who is an academy him-

<sup>1</sup> See vol. i. p. lxxii. — CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>2</sup> The battle at Hastenbeck. — WALPOLE.



self. I send you two copies (one for Dr. Cocchi) of a very honourable opening of my press—two amazing Odes of Mr. Gray; they are Greek, they are Pindaric, they are sublime! consequently I fear a little obscure; the second particularly, by the confinement of the measure and the nature of prophetic vision, is mysterious. I could not persuade him to add more notes; he says whatever wants to be explained, don't deserve to be. I shall venture to place some in Dr. Cocchi's copy, who need not be supposed to understand Greek and English together, though he is so much master of both separately. To divert you in the mean time, I send you the following copy of a letter written by my printer<sup>1</sup> to a friend in Ireland. I should tell you that he has the most sensible look in the world; Garrick said he would give any money for four actors with such eyes—they are more Richard the Third's than Garrick's own; but whatever his eyes are, his head is Irish. Looking for something I wanted in a drawer, I perceived a parcel of strange romantic words in a large hand beginning a letter; he saw me see it, yet left it, which convinces me it was left on purpose: it is the grossest flattery to me, couched in most ridiculous scraps of poetry, which he has retained from things he has printed; but it will best describe itself:—

"Sir,

"I DATE this from shady bowers, nodding groves, and amaranthine shades—close by old Father Thames's silver side—fair Twickenham's luxurious shades—Richmond's near neighbour, where great George the King resides. You will wonder at my prolixity—in my last I informed you that I was going into the country to transact business for a private gentleman.—This gentleman is the Hon. Horatio Walpole, son to the late great Sir Robert Walpole, who is very studious, and an admirer of all the liberal arts and sciences; amongst the rest he admires printing. He has fitted out a complete printing-house at this his country seat, and has done me the favour to make me sole manager and operator (there being no one but myself). All men of genius resorts his house, courts his company, and admires his understanding—what with his own and their writings, I believe I shall be pretty well employed. I have pleased him, and I hope to continue so to do. Nothing can be more warm than the weather has been here this time past; they have in London, by the help of glasses, roasted in the Artillery-ground fowls and quarters of lamb. The coolest days that I have felt since May last, are equal to, nay, far exceed the warmest I ever felt in Ireland. The place I am in now is all my comfort from the heat—the situation of it is close to the Thames, and is Richmond Gardens (if you were ever in them) in miniature, surrounded by bowers, groves, cascades, and ponds, and on a rising ground, not very common in this part of the country—the building elegant, and the furniture of

<sup>1</sup> William Robinson, first printer to the press at Strawberry Hill.—WALPOLE.

a peculiar taste, magnificent and superb. He is a bachelor, and spends his time in the studious rural taste—not like his father, lost in the weather-beaten vessel of state—many people censured, but his conduct was far better than our late pilot's at the helm, and more to the interest of England—they follow his advice now, and court the assistance of Spain, instead of provoking a war, for that was ever against England's interest."

I laughed for an hour at this picture of myself, which is much more like to the studious magician in the enchanted opera of Rinaldo: not but Twickenham has a romantic genteelness that would figure in a more luxurious climate. It was but yesterday that we had a new kind of auction—it was of the orange-trees and plants of your old acquaintance, Admiral Martin. It was one of the warm days of this jubilee summer, which appears only once in fifty years—the plants were disposed in little clumps about the lawn; the company walked to bid from one to the other, and the auctioneer knocked down the lots on the orange tubs. Within three doors was an auction of China. You did not imagine that we were such a metropolis! Adieu!

## 518. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

*Strawberry Hill, Aug. 4, 1757.*

I SHALL to-morrow deliver to your agentess, Mrs. Moreland, something to send to you.

The Duke is beaten by the French; he and his family are safe; I know no more particulars—if I did, I should say, as I have just said to Mr. Chute, I am too busy about *something* to have time to write them. Adieu!

## 519. TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

*Strawberry Hill, August 14, 1757.*

YOU are too kind to me, and, if it were possible, would make me feel still more for your approaching departure.<sup>1</sup> I can only thank you ten thousand times; for I must not expatiate, both from the nature of the subject, and from the uncertainty of this letter reaching you. I was told yesterday, that you had hanged a French spy in the Isle of Wight; I don't mean you, but your government.

<sup>1</sup> On the expedition to Rochfort.—WALPOLE.



Though I wish no life taken away, it was some satisfaction to think that the French were at this hour wanting information.

Mr. Fox breakfasted here t'other day. He confirmed what you tell me of Lord Frederick Cavendish's account: it is universally said that the Duke failed merely by inferiority, the French soldiers behaving in general most scandalously. They had four-score pieces of cannon, but very ill-served. Marshal D'Estrées was recalled before the battle, but did not know it. He is said to have made some great mistakes in the action. I cannot speak to the truth of it, but the French are reported to have demanded two millions sterling of Hanover.

My whole letter will consist of hearsays; for, even at so little distance from town, one gets no better news than hawkers and pedlars retail about the country. From such I heard that George Haldane<sup>1</sup> is made governor of Jamaica, and that a Mr. Campbell, whose father lives in Sweden, is going thither to make an alliance with that country, and hire twelve thousand men. If one of my acquaintance, as an antiquary, were alive, Sir Anthony Shirley,<sup>2</sup> I suppose we should send him to Persia again for troops; I fear we shall get none nearer!

Adieu! my dearest Harry! Next to wishing your expedition still-born, my most constant thought is, how to be of any service to poor Lady Ailesbury, whose reasonable concern makes even that of the strongest friendship seem trifling. Yours most entirely.

520. TO GEORGE LORD LYTTTELTON.<sup>3</sup>

MY LORD:

*Strawberry Hill, August 25, 1757.*

It is a satisfaction one can't often receive, to show a thing of great merit to a man of great taste. Your Lordship's approbation is conclusive, and it stamps a disgrace on the age, who have not given themselves the trouble to see any beauties in these Odes of Mr. Gray. They have cast their eyes over them, found them obscure, and looked no further, yet perhaps no compositions ever

<sup>1</sup> Brigadier-general Haldane.—WALPOLE.

<sup>2</sup> Sir Thomas, Sir Anthony, and Sir Robert Shirley, were three brothers, all great travellers, and all distinguished by extraordinary adventures in the reigns of Queen Elizabeth and James I.—WALPOLE. At Petworth is a portrait of one of them in a Persian dress.—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>3</sup> Now first collected. From Phillimore's 'Memoirs and Correspondence of George Lord Lyttelton,' p. 563.—CUNNINGHAM.



had more sublime beauties than are in each. I agree with your Lordship in preferring the last upon the whole; the three first stanzas and half, down to *agonising King*, are in my opinion equal to anything in any language I understand. Yet the three last of the first Ode please me very near as much. The description of Shakespeare is worthy Shakespeare: the account of Milton's blindness, though perhaps not strictly defensible, is very majestic. The character of Dryden's poetry is as animated as what it paints. I can even like the epithet *Orient*; as the last is the empire of fancy and poesy, I would allow its livery to be erected into a colour. I think *blue-eyed Pleasures* is allowable: when Homer gave eyes of what hue he pleased to his Queen-Goddesses, sure Mr. Gray may tinge those of their handmaids.

In answer to your Lordship's objection to *many-twinkling*, in that beautiful epode, I will quote authority to which you will yield. As Greek as the expression is, it struck Mrs. Garrick, and she says, on that whole picture, that Mr. Gray is the only poet who ever understood dancing.

These faults I think I can defend, and can excuse others; even the great obscurity of the latter, for I do not see it in the first; the subject of it has been taken for music,—it is the Power and Progress of Harmonious Poetry. I think his objection to prefixing a title to it was wrong—that Mr. Cooke<sup>1</sup> published an ode with such a title. If the Louis the Great, whom Voltaire has discovered in Hungary, had not disappeared from history himself, would not Louis Quatorze have annihilated him? I was aware that the second would have darkneses, and prevailed for the insertion of what notes there are, and would have had more. Mr. Gray said, whatever wanted explanation did not deserve it, but that sentence was never so far from being an axiom as in the present case. Not to mention how he had shackled himself with strophe, antistrophe, and epode (yet acquitting himself nobly), the nature of prophecy forbade him naming his kings. To me they are apparent enough—yet I am far from thinking either piece perfect, though with what faults they have, I hold them in the first rank of genius and poetry. The second strophe of the first Ode is inexcusable, nor do I wonder your Lordship blames it; even when one does understand it, perhaps the last line is too turgid. I am not fond of the antistrophe that follows. In the second Ode he made some cor-

<sup>1</sup> Thomas Cooke, the translator of Hesiod.—CUNNINGHAM.

rections for the worse. *Brave Urien* was originally *stern*; brave is insipid and common-place. In the third antistrophe, *leave me unblest, unpitied*, stood at first, *leave your despairing Caradoc*. But the capital faults in my opinion are these—what punishment was it to Edward I. to hear that his grandson would conquer France? or is so common an event as Edward III. being deserted on his death-bed, worthy of being made part of a curse that was to avenge a nation. I can't cast my eye here, without crying out on those beautiful lines that follow, *Fair smiles the morn!* Though the images are extremely complicated, what painting in the whirlwind, likened to a lion lying in ambush for his evening prey, *in grim repose*. Thirst and hunger mocking Richard II. appear to me too ludicrously like the devils in "The Tempest," that whisk away the banquet from the shipwrecked Dukes. From thence to the conclusion of Queen Elizabeth's portrait, which he has faithfully copied from Speed, in the passage where she humbled the Polish Ambassador, I admire. I can even allow that image of Rapture hovering like an ancient grotesque, though it strictly had little meaning:—but there I take my leave—the last stanza has no beauties for me. I even think its obscurity fortunate, for the allusions to Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, are not only weak, but the two last returning again, after appearing so gloriously in the first Ode, and with so much fainter colours, enervate the whole conclusion.

Your Lordship sees that I am no enthusiast to Mr. Gray:<sup>1</sup> his great lustre hath not dazzled me, as his obscurity seems to have blinded his contemporaries. Indeed, I do not think that they ever admired him, except in his Churchyard, though the Eton Ode was far its superior, and is certainly not obscure. The Eton Ode is perfect: those of more masterly execution have defects, yet not to admire them is total want of taste. I have an aversion to tame poetry; at best, perhaps, the art is the sublimest of the *difficiles nugæ*; to measure or rhyme prose, is trifling without being difficult.

I am sensible that, encouraged by your Lordship's criticisms, I have indulged myself in it too much, and I would as willingly keep silence on the melancholy situation of our country, sunk—whither! But there is to me a private part in it, now become a public one,

<sup>1</sup> "I forgot to tell you that Clive admires Gray's Odes, but cannot bear his making the poet drown himself. We printed them, and our Press are her expressions with regard to Strawberry Hill."—*W. Whitehead to Lord Nuneham, Oct. 10, 1757, MS.—CUNNINGHAM.*



and one that should, and I will trust in God, may yet be reserved for the public in a happier light, on whom I cannot keep silence,—dear Mr. Conway. Your Lordship asks my opinion—alas! my Lord, you have spoken my opinion—is France so invulnerable? Can we afford to risk our best officers, our best ships, our best soldiers? What if they perish? Is our danger so remote that we must send for it, mark its route with our own best blood? I tremble as an Englishman, and more as a friend—what must poor Lady Aylesbury do, who sees the most reasonable system of happiness, and the most perfect in every shape that ever existed, exposed to such imminent peril? My heart bleeds for her. Adieu! my Lord, this is a theme that cuts short all other reflections! My best compliments to my Lady and the Dean [of Exeter]; I grieve for the health of the former.

There is a question I must still ask; how does King Henry?<sup>1</sup> I ask this as a reader, not as a printer; not as Elzevir Horace, as Mr. Conway calls me, but as

Your Lordship's Admirer,  
And obedient humble Servant.

521. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

*Strawberry Hill, August 25, 1757.*

I DID not know that you expected the pleasure of seeing the Colonel so soon. It is plain that *I* did *not* solicit leave of absence for him; make him my many compliments. I should have been happy to have seen you and Mr. John, but must not regret it, as you were so agreeably prevented. You are very particular, I can tell you, in liking Gray's Odes—but you must remember that the age likes Akenside, and did like Thomson! can the same people like both? Milton was forced to wait till the world had done admiring Quarles. Cambridge told me t'other night that my Lord Chesterfield had heard Stanley read them as his own, but that must have been a mistake of my Lord's deafness. Cambridge said, "Perhaps they are Stanley's; and not caring to own them, he gave them to Gray." I think this would hurt Gray's dignity ten times more than his poetry not succeeding. My humble share as his printer has been more favourably received. We proceed soberly.

<sup>1</sup> Alluding to Lyttelton's History of King Henry II. as yet (1757) unpublished.—  
CUNNINGHAM.



I must give you account of "*les amusements des eaux de Straberri.*" T'other day my Lady Rochford, Lady Townshend, Miss Bland,<sup>1</sup> and the knight of the garter dined here, and were carried into the printing-office, and were to see the man print. There were some lines ready placed, which he took off; I gave them to Lady Townshend; here they are—

The press speaks :

From me wits and poets their glory obtain ;  
Without me their wit and their verses were vain.  
Stop, Townshend, and let me but paint what you say ;  
You, the fame I on others bestow, will repay.

They then asked, as I foresaw, to see the man compose : I gave him four lines out of "The Fair Penitent," which he set; but while he went to place them in the press, I made them look at something else without their observing, and in an instant he whipped away what he had just set, and to their great surprise, when they expected to see *Were ye, ye fair*, he presented to my Lady Rochford the following lines :—

The press speaks :

In vain from your properest name you have flown,  
And exchanged lovely Cupid's for Hymen's dull throne ;  
By my art shall your beauties be constantly sung,  
And in spite of yourself you shall ever be *young*.

You may imagine, whatever the poetry was, that the gallantry of it succeeded. Poor Mr. Bentley has been at the extremity with a fever, and inflammation in his bowels; but is so well recovered that Mr. Müntz is gone to fetch him hither to-day. I don't guess what sight I have to come in Hampshire, unless it is Abbotstone. I am pretty sure I have none to come at the Vine, where I have done advising, as I see Mr. Chute will never execute anything. The very altarpiece that I sent for to Italy is not placed yet. But when he could refrain from making the Gothic columbarium for his family, which I propose, and Mr. Bentley had drawn so divinely, it is not probable he should do anything else. Adieu !

<sup>1</sup> Sister of Sir John Bland.—WRIGHT.

## 522. TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

*Strawberry Hill, Thursday, Sept. 2, 1757.*

Not being in town, there may be several more new productions, as the *Grubbæa frutex* blossoms every day; but I send you all I had gathered for myself, while I was there. I found the pamphlet much in vogue; and, indeed, it is written smartly. My Lady Townsend sends all her messages on the backs of these political cards; the only good one of which, the two heads facing one another, is her son George's. Charles met D'Abreu t'other day, and told him he intended to make a great many good speeches next winter; the first, said he, shall be to address the King not to send for any more foreign troops, but to send for some foreign ministers.

My Lord Chesterfield is relapsed: he sent Lord Bath word lately, that he was grown very lean and very deaf: the other replied, that he could lend him some fat, and should be very glad at any time to lend him an ear.

I shall go to town on Monday, and if I find any thing else new, I will pack it up with a flower picture for Lady Ailesbury, which I shall leave in Warwick-street, with orders to be sent to you. Adieu!

## 523. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

*Strawberry Hill, Sept. 3, 1757.*

HAVING intended a journey into Warwickshire to see Lady Hertford while my lord is in Ireland, and having accordingly ordered my letters thither, though without going, I did not receive yours of the 22nd till last week; and though you desired an immediate acknowledgment of it, I own I did defer till I could tell you that I had been at Linton,<sup>1</sup> from whence I returned yesterday. I had long promised your brother a visit; the immediate cause was very melancholy, and I must pass over it rapidly—in short, I am going to place an urn in the church there to our dear Gal! If I could have divested myself of that thought, I should have passed my time very happily; the house is fine, and stands like the citadel of Kent; the whole county is its garden. So rich a prospect scarce

<sup>1</sup> In Kent, the seat of Edward Louisa Mann, brother of Sir Horace.—WALPOLE.



wants my Thames. Mr. and Mrs. Foote<sup>1</sup> are settled there, two of the most agreeable and sensible people I ever met. Their eldest boy has the finest countenance in the world; your nephew Hory<sup>2</sup> was there too, and has a sweetness of temper as if begot between your brother and you, and not between him and his Tisiphone. Your eldest brother has not only established your sister Foote there, which looks well, but dropped very agreeable hints about Hory.

Your letter has confirmed my satisfaction about your situation, about which indeed I am easy. I am persuaded you will remain at Florence as long as King George has any minister there. I do not imagine that a recall obliges you to return home; whether you could get your appointments continued is very different. It is certainly far from unprecedented: nay, more than one have received them at home—but that is a favour far beyond my reach to obtain. Should there be occasion, you must try all your friends, and all that have professed themselves so; young Mr. Pelham<sup>3</sup> might do something. In the mean time, neglect none of the ministers. If you could wind into a correspondence with Colonel Yorke<sup>4</sup> at the Hague, he may be of great service to you. That family is very powerful: the eldest brother, Lord Royston,<sup>5</sup> is historically curious and political: if, without its appearing too forced, you could at any time send him uncommon letters, papers, manifestoes, and things of that sort, it might do you good service. My dear child, I can give you better advice than assistance; I believe I have told you before, that I should rather hurt you than serve you by acting openly for you.

I told you in my last Admiral Boscawen's affair too strongly: he is not disgraced nor dismissed, but seems to reckon himself both. The story is far from exactly known: what I can sift out is, that he indulged himself in a great latitude in a most profitable station, was recalled against his inclination for the present expedition; not being easily met, a second commander was appointed, whom it seems he did not much care to serve under at first. He does not serve at all, and his Boscawenhood is much more Boscawened; that is, surly in the deepest shade. The wind has blown so constantly west for near

<sup>1</sup> Sister of Sir Horace.—WALPOLE.

<sup>2</sup> Horace, only son of Galfridus Mann.—WALPOLE.

<sup>3</sup> Thomas, afterwards Lord Pelham.—WALPOLE.

<sup>4</sup> Sir Joseph Yorke, K.B., third son of the Chancellor Hardwicke; created Lord Dover in 1788, and died without issue in 1792.—WRIGHT.

<sup>5</sup> Afterwards second Earl of Hardwicke; better known as the editor of 'The Hardwicke State Papers,' 2 vols. 4to.—CUNNINGHAM.



three weeks, that we have not only received no mails from the continent, but the transports have been detained in the Downs, and the secret expedition has remained at anchor. I have prayed it might continue, but the wind has got to the east to-day. Having never been prejudiced in favour of this exploit, what must I think of it when the French have had such long notice?

We had a torrent of bad news yesterday from America. Lord Loudon has found an army of twenty-one thousand French, gives over the design on Louisbourg, and retires to Halifax. Admiral Holbourn writes, that they have nineteen ships to his seventeen, and he cannot attack them. It is time for England to slip her own cables, and float away into some unknown ocean.

Between disgraces and an inflammation in my eyes, it is time to conclude my letter. My eyes I have certainly weakened with using them too much at night. I went the other day to Scarlet's to buy green spectacles; he was mighty assiduous to give me a pair that would not tumble my hair. "Lord! Sir," said I, "when one is come to wear spectacles, what signifies how one looks?"

I hope soon to add another volume to your packet from my press. I shall now only print for presents; or, to talk in a higher style, I shall only give my Louvre editions to privy councillors and foreign ministers. *Apropos!* there is a book of this sacred sort which I wish I could by your means procure: it is the account, with plates, of what has been found at Herculaneum. You may promise the King of Naples in return all my editions. Adieu! my dear Sir.

*Sept. 4.*

I had sealed this up, and was just sending it to London, when I received yours of the 13th of this month. I am charmed with the success of your campaign at Leghorn—a few such generals or ministers would give a little revulsion to our affairs.

You frighten me with telling me of innumerable copies taken of my inscription on the Pope's picture: some of our bear-leaders will pick it up, send it over, and I shall have the horror of seeing it in a Magazine. Though I had no scruple of sending the good old man a cordial, I should hate to have it published at the tail of a newspaper, like a testimonial from one of Dr. Rock's<sup>1</sup> patients! You talk of the Pope's enemies; who are they? I thought at most he could have none but at our bonfires on the fifth of November.

<sup>1</sup> The name of Dr. Richard Rock, the quack doctor, is<sup>2</sup> of frequent occurrence in Goldsmith's *Essays*. See 'Citizen of the World,' Letter, 68, &c.; Hogarth has added to his immortality in his 'March to Finchley.'—CUNNINGHAM.

## 524. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

*Strawberry Hill, Sept. 8, 1757.*

How I laughed at your picture of the shrine of *Notre Dame de Straberri*, and of the vows hung up there! I little thought that when I converted my castle into a printing-office,<sup>1</sup> the next transformation would be into an hospital for the *filles repenties* from Mrs. Naylor's and Lady Fitzroy's.<sup>1</sup> You will treat the enclosed I trust with a little more respect; not for the sake of the hero, but of the poet. The poet, poor soul! has had a relapse, but is again recovering.

As I know no earthly history, you must accept the sonnet as if it was written into my letter; and therefore, supposing this the end of the third page, I bid you good night.

525. TO THE RIGHT HON. LADY HERVEY.<sup>2</sup>*Strawberry Hill, Sept. 13, 1757.*

AFTER all the trouble your Ladyship has been so good as to take voluntarily, you will think it a little hard that I should presume to give you more; but it is a cause, Madam, in which I know you feel, and I can suggest new motives to your Ladyship's zeal. In short, Madam, I am on the crisis of losing Mademoiselle de l'Enclos's picture, or of getting both that and her letters to Lady Sandwich. I enclose Lord Sandwich's letter to me, which will explain the whole. Madame Greffini, I suppose, is Madame Graphigny;<sup>3</sup> whom some of your Ladyship's friends, if not yourself, must know; and she might be of use, if she could be trusted not to detain so tempting a treasure as the letters. From the effects being sealed up, I have

<sup>1</sup> Elizabeth, daughter of Colonel Cosby, governor of New York, by Lucy Montagu, aunt of George Montagu, and widow of Lord Augustus Fitzroy; by whom she had two sons, Augustus Henry, afterwards Duke of Grafton, and General Fitzroy, who was created Lord Southampton.—WRIGHT.

<sup>2</sup> This is the first of twenty letters addressed by Walpole to Mary Lepel, Lady Hervey, only daughter of Brigadier-general Nicholas Lepel. She was maid of honour to Queen Caroline when Princess of Wales, and was one of the principal ornaments of her court. She died in September 1768. A volume of her Letters to a Mr. Morris, with a Memoir and Illustrative Notes, by Mr. Croker, was published in 1821.—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>3</sup> Madame de Graffigny, the author of '*Lettres d'une Peruvienne*,' and several dramatic pieces. She died in the following year. A collection of her works, in four volumes, was published at Paris in 1788.—WRIGHT.



still hopes ; greater, from the goodness your Ladyship had in writing before. Don't wonder, Madam, at my eagerness : besides a good quantity of natural impatience, I am now interested as an editor and printer. Think what pride it would give me to print original letters of Ninon at Strawberry Hill ! If your Ladyship knows any farther means of serving me, *of serving yourself, good Mr. Welldone*, as the widow Lackit says in Oroonoko, I need not doubt your employing them. Your Ladyship and I are of a religion, with regard to certain saints, that inspires more zeal than such trifling temptations as persecutions and faggots infuse into bigots of other sects. I think a cause like ours might communicate ardour even to my Lady Stafford. If she will assist in recovering *Notre Dame des Amours*, I will add St. Raoul<sup>1</sup> to my calendar. I am hers and your Ladyship's most obedient and faithful humble servant.

## 526. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

*Strawberry Hill, Sept. 29, 1757.*

For how many years have I been telling you that your country was mad, that your country was undone ? It does not grow wiser ; it does not grow more prosperous ! You can scarce have recovered your astonishment at the suspension of arms<sup>2</sup> concluded near Stade. How do you behave on these lamentable occasions ? Oh ! believe me, it is comfortable to have an island to hide one's head in ! You will be more surprised when you hear that it is totally disavowed here. The clamour is going to be extreme—no wonder, when Kensington is the head-quarters of murmur. The Commander-in-Chief is recalled—the *late* Elector<sup>3</sup> is outrageous. On such an occasion you may imagine that every old store of malice and hatred is ransacked : but you would not think that the *general* is now accused of cowardice ! As improbable as that is, I do not know whether it may not grow your duty as a minister to believe it—and if it does, you must be sure *not* to believe, that with all this tempest the suspension was dictated from hence. Be that as it may, the

<sup>1</sup> A favourite cat of Lady Stafford's.—WALPOLE.

<sup>2</sup> Known by the appellation of the Convention of Closter Severn, concluded by the Duke of Cumberland with Marshal Richelieu ; by which he agreed for himself and army not to serve again against the French during the war.—DOVER.

<sup>3</sup> George II. ; he had ordered his son to make the capitulation, and then disavowed him.—WALPOLE.



*general* is to be the sacrifice. The difficulty will be extreme with regard to the Hessians, for they are in English pay. The King of Prussia will be another victim: he says we have undone him, without mending our own situation. He expected to beat the Prince de Soubize by surprise, but he, like the Austrians, declined a battle, and now will be reinforced by Richelieu's army, who is doomed to be a hero by our absurdities. Austrians, French, Russians, Swedes, can the King of Prussia not sink under all these?

This suspension has made our secret expedition forgot by all but us who feel for particulars. It is the fashion now to believe that it is not against the coast of France; I wish I *could* believe so!

As if all these disgraces were foreign objects not worth attending to, we have a civil war at home; literally so in many counties. The wise Lords, to defeat it, have made the Militia-bill so preposterous that it has raised a rebellion. George Townshend, the promoter of it for popularity, sees it not only most unpopular in his own county, but his father, my Lord Townshend, who is not the least mad of your countrymen, attended by a parson, a barber, and his own servants, and in his own long hair, which he has let grow, raised a mob against the execution of the bill, and has written a paper against it, which he has pasted up on the door of four churches near him. It is a good name that a Dr. Stevens has given to our present situation, (for one cannot call it a Government,) a Mobocracy.

I come to your letters, which are much more agreeable subjects. I think I must not wish you joy of the termination of the Lorrain reign, you have lately taken to them, but I congratulate the Tuscans. Thank you extremely for the trouble you have given yourself in translating my inscription, and for the Pope's letter: I am charmed with his beautiful humility, and his delightful way of expressing it. For his ignorance about my father, I impute it to some failure of his memory. I should like to tell him that were my father still Minister, I trust we should not make the figure we do—at least he and England fell together! If it is ignorance, Mr. Chute says it is a confirmation of the Pope's deserving the inscription, as he troubles his head so little about disturbing the peace of others. But our enemies need not disturb us—we do their business ourselves. I have one, and that not a little comfort, in my politics; this suspension will at least prevent further hostilities between us and the Empress-Queen, and that secures my dear you.

When I have done thinking of politics, and that is always in an

instant, unless such as you and Mr. Conway are involved in them, I am far from passing my time disagreeably. My mind is of no gloomy turn, and I have a thousand ways of amusing myself. Indeed of late I have been terribly frightened lest I must give them all up; my fears have gone to extravagance; do not wonder; my life is not quite irrational, and I tremble to think that I was growing fit only to consort with dowagers. What an exchange, books and drawings, and everything of that sort, for cards! In short, for ten weeks I have had such pains in my eyes with the least application, that I thought I should lose them, at least, that they would be useless. I was told that with reading and writing at night I had strained and relaxed the nerves. However, I am convinced that though this is partly the case, the immediate uneasiness came from a cold, which I caught in the hot weather by giving myself Florentine airs, by lying with my windows open, and by lying on the ground without my waistcoat. After trying forty *you should do this's*,<sup>1</sup> Mr. Chute has cured me with a very simple medicine; I will tell it you, that you may talk to Dr. Cocchi and about my eyes too. It is to bathe and rub the outsides all round, especially on the temples, with half a teaspoonful of white spirit of lavender (not lavender-water) and half of Hungary-water. I do this night and morning, and sometimes in the day: in ten days it has taken off all the uneasiness; I can now read in a chaise, which I had totally lost, and for five or six hours by candle-light, without spectacles or candle-skreen. In short, the difference is incredible. Observe that they watered but little, and were less inflamed; only a few veins appeared red, whereas my eyes were remarkably clear. I do not know whether this would do with any humour, but that I never had. It is certain that a young man who for above twelve years had studied the law by being read to, from vast relaxation of the nerves, totally recovered the use of his eyes. I should think I tired you with this detail, if I was not sure that you cannot be tired with learning anything for the good of others. As the medicine is so hot, it must not be let *into* the eye, nor I should think be continued too long.

I approve much your letter to Mr. Fox; I will give it to him at his return, but at present he is on a tour. How scrupulous you are in giving yourself the trouble to send me a copy—was that needful? or are not you always full of attentions that speak kindness? Your

<sup>1</sup> Sic, in MS.—DOVER.



brother will take care to procure the vases when they come, and is inquiring for the liqueurs.

I am putting up a stone in St. Ann's churchyard [Soho] for your old friend King Theodore : in short, his history is too remarkable to be let perish. Mr. Bentley says that I am not only an antiquarian, but prepare materials for future antiquarians. You will laugh to hear that when I sent the inscription to the vestry for the approbation of the minister and churchwardens, they demurred, and took some days to consider whether they should suffer him to be called King of Corsica. Happily they have acknowledged his title ! Here is the inscription ; over it is a crown exactly copied from his coin :

Near this place is interred  
Theodore King of Corsica,  
Who died in this parish Dec. 11, 1756,  
Immediately after leaving the King's-Bench Prison,  
By the benefit of the Act of Insolvency,  
In consequence of which he registered  
His Kingdom of Corsica  
For the use of his Creditors.

The Grave, great teacher, to a level brings  
Heroes and beggars, galley-slaves and kings.  
But Theodore this lesson learn'd, ere dead ;  
Fate pour'd its lessons on his living head,  
Bestow'd a kingdom and denied him bread.

I think that at least it cannot be said of me, as it was of the Duke of Buckingham<sup>1</sup> entombing Dryden,

“ And help'd to bury whom he help'd to starve.”

I would have served him, if a King, even in a gaol, could he have been an honest man. Our papers say, that we are bustling about Corsica ; I wish if we throw away our own liberty, that we may at least help others to theirs ! Adieu ! my dear Sir.

527. TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

MY DEAREST HARRY :

*Arlington Street, Saturday, Oct 8, 1757.*

BUT one person in the world may pretend to be so much over-

<sup>1</sup> This is a mistake, and of a kind not common with Walpole, in any matter relating to Pope, whose works he had evidently by heart. Pope's accusation is not against Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, but against Montagu, Earl of Halifax.—CUNNINGHAM.



joyed as I am at your return.<sup>1</sup> I came hither to-day on purpose to learn about you; but how can you ask me such a question, as do I think you are come too safe? Is this a time of day to question your spirit? I know but two things on earth I esteem more, your goodness and your sense. *You* cannot come into dispute; but by what I have picked up at my Lady Townshend's, I find there is a scheme of distinguishing between the land and the sea. The King has been told, that Sir Edward Hawke had written, that, after waiting two days, he asked the officers how long it would be before they took a resolution; that if they would not attack, he should carry the fleet home.<sup>2</sup> I should not entirely credit this report, if Mr. Keith, who was present, had not dropped, in a dry way, that some distinction would be shown to Captain Howe and Captain Greaves. What confirms my opinion is, that I have never received the letter you say you sent me by the last express. I suppose it is detained, till proper emissaries have made proper impressions; but we will not let it pass so. If you had not bid me, I should not have given you this intelligence, for your character is too sacred to be trifled with; and as you are invulnerable by any slanders, it is proper you should know immediately even what may be meditated.

The Duke [of Cumberland] is expected every hour. As he must not defend himself, his case will be harder than yours.

I was to go to Bath on Monday, but will certainly not go without seeing you: let me know your motions, and I will meet you anywhere. As I know your scrupulousness about saying anything I say to you privately, I think it necessary to tell you, that I don't mean to preclude you from communicating any part of this letter to those with whom it may be proper for you to consult; only don't let more weight be given to my intelligence than it deserves. I have told you exactly where and what I heard. It may not prove so, but there is no harm in being prepared.

<sup>1</sup> From the expedition to Rochfort. The expedition, under Sir Edward Hawke, sailed early in September, and on the 28th, attacked the Isle of Aix; after which, it returned to Spithead, without attempting to land the troops.—WRIGHT.

<sup>2</sup> On the 22nd, Mr. Beckford writes to Mr. Pitt, "I hear that Admiral Hawke says, the land-general has acted in a very unbecoming manner, and will declare his sentiments to Parliament. I hope he will; that, if possible, the mystery may be unravelled. I have often lamented the fatality attending conjunct commands. The French avoid them in all their expeditions; for rank is perfectly settled amongst the land and sea officers, and the eldest commission carries the command." *Chatham Correspondence*, vol. i. p. 279.—WRIGHT.

## 528. TO THE EARL OF STRAFFORD.

MY DEAR LORD :

*Strawberry Hill, Oct. 11, 1757.*

You will have seen or heard that the fleet is returned. They have brought home nothing but one little island, which is a great deal more than I expected, having neither thought so despicably of France, or so considerably of ourselves, as to believe they were exposed to much damage. My joy for Mr. Conway's return is not at all lessened by the clamour on this disappointment. Had he been chief commander, I should be very sure the nothing he had done was all he could do. As he was under orders, I wait with patience to hear his General's vindication.

I hope the Yorkists have not knocked out your brains for living in a county. In my neighbourhood they have insulted the Parliament *in person*.<sup>1</sup> He called in the Blues, instead of piquing himself on dying in his curule chair in the stable-yard at Ember-court.<sup>2</sup>—So entirely have we lost our spirit, that the standing army is forced to defend us against the people, when we endeavour to give them a militia, to save them from a standing army; and that the representative of the Parliament had rather owe his life to the Guards than die in the cause of a militia. Sure Lenthall's<sup>3</sup> ghost will come and pull him by the nose!

I hope you begin to cast a southward look, and that my lady's chickens and ducklings are old enough to go to a day-school, and will not want her any longer.

My Lord Townshend and George are engaged in a paper-war against one another, about the Militia. The bill, the suspension at Stade, and the late expedition, which has cost millions, will find us in amusements this winter. It is lucky, for I despair of the Opera. The Mattei has sent certificates to prove that she is stopped by an inundation. The certificates I suppose can swim. Adieu, my dear lord!

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Onslow, the Speaker.—WALPOLE.

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Onslow's seat in Surrey.—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>3</sup> William Lenthall, the celebrated speaker, in the still more celebrated Long Parliament. CUNNINGHAM.

## 529. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

*Strawberry Hill, Oct. 12, 1757.*

I SHALL write you but a short letter for more reasons than one—there are you blushing again for your country! We have often behaved extravagantly, and often shamefully—this time we have united both. I think I will not read a newspaper this month, till the French have vented all their mirth. If I had told you two months ago that this magnificent expedition was designed against Rochfort, would you have believed me? Yet we are strangely angry that we have not taken it! The clamour against Sir John Mordaunt is at high-water-mark: but as I was the dupe of clamour last year against one of the bravest of men,<sup>1</sup> I shall suspend my belief till all is explained. Explained it will be somehow or other: it seems to me that we do nothing but expose ourselves in summer, in order to furnish inquiries for the winter; and then those inquiries expose us again. My great satisfaction is, that Mr. Conway is not only returned safe, but that all the world agrees that it is not his fault that he is so. He is still at Portsmouth to see the troops disembark. Hawke is come and was graciously received—poor Sir John Mordaunt, who was sent for, was received as ill. I tell you no particulars of their campaign, for I know it slightly, and will wait till I know it exactly.

The Duke [of Cumberland] came last night. You will not hear much more of his affair: he will not do himself justice, and it proves too gross, to be possible to do him injustice.

I think all the comfort we extract from a thousand bitter herbs, is, that the Russians are gone back, gone precipitately, and as yet we don't know why.

I have received yours of the 17th of last month, and you may quiet your fears about posts: we have received all that each has written, except my last, which could not be arrived at Florence when yours came away. Mine was of the 29th of last month, and had many particulars; I hope not too many to stop its journey!

To add to the ill-humour, our papers are filled with the new loss of Fort William-Henry, which covered New York. That opulent

<sup>1</sup> Admiral Byng.—WALPOLE. About the same time [February 1757] I used my best endeavours, but in vain, to save the unfortunate Admiral Byng. *Walpole's Short Notes*, &c. vol. i. p. lxviii.—CUNNINGHAM.



and proud colony between their own factions and our folly is in imminent danger; but I will have done—nay, if we lose another dominion, I think I will have done writing to you, I cannot bear to chronicle so many disgraces. Adieu!

## 530. TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

*Strawberry Hill, Oct. 13, 1757.*

IF you have received mine of Tuesday, which I directed to Portsmouth, you will perceive how much I agree with you. I am charmed with your sensible modesty. When I talked to you of defence, it was from concluding that you had all agreed that the attempt<sup>1</sup> was impracticable, nay, impossible; and from thence I judged that the ministry intended to cast the blame of a wild project upon the officers. That they may be a little willing to do that, I still think—but I have the joy to find that it cannot be thrown on you. As your friend, and fearing, if I talked to you first, it would look like doubt of your behaviour, at least that you had bid me defend you at the expense of your friends, I said not a word, trusting that your innocence would break out and make its way. I have the satisfaction to find it has already done so. It comes from all quarters but your own, which makes it more honourable. My Lady Suffolk told me last night, that she heard all the *seamen* said they wished the General had been as ready as Mr. Conway. But this is not all: I left a positive commission in town to have the truth of the general report sent me without the least disguise; in consequence of which I am solemnly assured that your name is never mentioned but with honour; that all the violence, and that extreme, is against Sir John Mordaunt and Mr. Cornwallis. I am particularly sorry for the latter, as I firmly believe him as brave as possible.

This situation of things makes me advise, what I know and find I need not advise, your saying as little as possible in your own defence, nay, as much as you can with any decency for the others. I am neither acquainted with, nor care a straw about, Sir John Mordaunt; but as it is known that you differed with him, it will do you the greatest honour to vindicate him, instead of disculpating yourself. My most earnest desire always is, to have your character

<sup>1</sup> On Rochfort.—WALPOLE.

continue as amiable and respectable as possible. There is no doubt but the whole will come out, and therefore your justification not coming from yourself will set it in a ten times better light. I shall go to town to-day to meet your brother [Lord Hertford]; and as I know his affection for you will make him warm in clearing you, I shall endeavour to restrain that ardour, of which you know I have enough on the least glimmering of a necessity: but I am sure you will agree with me, that, on the representation I have here made to you, it is not proper for your friends to appear solicitous about you.

The City talk very treason, and, connecting the suspension at Stade with this disappointment,<sup>1</sup> cry out, that the general had positive orders to do nothing, in order to obtain gentler treatment of Hanover. They intend in a violent manner to demand redress, and are too enraged to let any part of this affair remain a mystery.

I think, by your directions, this will reach you before you leave Bevismount: I would gladly meet you at Park-place, if I was not sure of seeing you in town a day or two afterwards at farthest; which I will certainly do, if you let me know. Adieu!

## 531. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

*Arlington Street, Oct. 18, 1757.*

You never begged news at a worse time; for though I should tell you much, I have neither time nor inclination. This sounds *brusque*, but I will explain it. With regard to the expedition; I am so far easy about Mr. Conway that he will appear with great honour, but it is not pleasant to hear him complicated with others in the mean time. He cannot speak till forced. In short, there are twenty delicacies not for a letter. The big event is, the Duke's resignation.<sup>2</sup> He is not so patient as Mr. Conway under unmerited reproach, and has thrown up every thing, regiment and all. You and I wish for a Fronde, but I don't expect one. At worst it will produce '*Mémoires de la Fronde*.' I rejoice that all your family is well, and beg my compliments to them. For this time you must excuse a very short letter; I am only in town for

<sup>1</sup> "In all these complicated machines," writes Lord Chesterfield to his son, on the 4th of this month, "there are so many wheels within wheels, that it is always difficult and sometimes impossible, to guess which of them gives direction to the whole. Mr. Pitt is convinced that the principal wheel, or if you will, spoke in the wheel, came from *Stade*."—WRIGHT.

<sup>2</sup> Of the command of the army.—CUNNINGHAM.



and proud colony between their own factions and our folly is in imminent danger; but I will have done—nay, if we lose another dominion, I think I will have done writing to you, I cannot bear to chronicle so many disgraces. Adieu!

## 530. TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

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IF you have received mine of Tuesday, which I directed to Portsmouth, you will perceive how much I agree with you. I am charmed with your sensible modesty. When I talked to you of defence, it was from concluding that you had all agreed that the attempt<sup>1</sup> was impracticable, nay, impossible; and from thence I judged that the ministry intended to cast the blame of a wild project upon the officers. That they may be a little willing to do that, I still think—but I have the joy to find that it cannot be thrown on you. As your friend, and fearing, if I talked to you first, it would look like doubt of your behaviour, at least that you had bid me defend you at the expense of your friends, I said not a word, trusting that your innocence would break out and make its way. I have the satisfaction to find it has already done so. It comes from all quarters but your own, which makes it more honourable. My Lady Suffolk told me last night, that she heard all the *seamen* said they wished the General had been as ready as Mr. Conway. But this is not all: I left a positive commission in town to have the truth of the general report sent me without the least disguise; in consequence of which I am solemnly assured that your name is never mentioned but with honour; that all the violence, and that extreme, is against Sir John Mordaunt and Mr. Cornwallis. I am particularly sorry for the latter, as I firmly believe him as brave as possible.

This situation of things makes me advise, what I know and find I need not advise, your saying as little as possible in your own defence, nay, as much as you can with any decency for the others. I am neither acquainted with, nor care a straw about, Sir John Mordaunt; but as it is known that you differed with him, it will do you the greatest honour to vindicate him, instead of disculpating yourself. My most earnest desire always is, to have your character

<sup>1</sup> On Rochfort.—WALPOLE.



continue as amiable and respectable as possible. There is no doubt but the whole will come out, and therefore your justification not coming from yourself will set it in a ten times better light. I shall go to town to-day to meet your brother [Lord Hertford]; and as I know his affection for you will make him warm in clearing you, I shall endeavour to restrain that ardour, of which you know I have enough on the least glimmering of a necessity: but I am sure you will agree with me, that, on the representation I have here made to you, it is not proper for your friends to appear solicitous about you.

The City talk very treason, and, connecting the suspension at Stade with this disappointment,<sup>1</sup> cry out, that the general had positive orders to do nothing, in order to obtain gentler treatment of Hanover. They intend in a violent manner to demand redress, and are too enraged to let any part of this affair remain a mystery.

I think, by your directions, this will reach you before you leave Bevismount: I would gladly meet you at Park-place, if I was not sure of seeing you in town a day or two afterwards at farthest; which I will certainly do, if you let me know. Adieu!

531. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

*Arlington Street, Oct. 18, 1757.*

You never begged news at a worse time; for though I should tell you much, I have neither time nor inclination. This sounds *brusque*, but I will explain it. With regard to the expedition, I am so far easy about Mr. Conway that he will appear with great honour, but it is not pleasant to hear him complicated with others in the mean time. He cannot speak till forced. In short, there are twenty delicacies not for a letter. The big event is, the Duke's resignation.<sup>2</sup> He is not so patient as Mr. Conway under unmerited reproach, and has thrown up every thing, regiment and all. You and I wish for a Fronde, but I don't expect one. At worst it will produce '*Mémoires de la Fronde*.' I rejoice that all your family is well, and beg my compliments to them. For this time you must excuse a very short letter; I am only in town for

<sup>1</sup> "In all these complicated machines," writes Lord Chesterfield to his son, on the 4th of this month, "there are so many wheels within wheels, that it is always difficult and sometimes impossible, to guess which of them gives direction to the whole. Mr. Pitt is convinced that the principal wheel, or if you will, spoke in the wheel, came from *Stade*."—WRIGHT.

<sup>2</sup> Of the command of the army.—CUNNINGHAM.

this evening to meet Mr. Conway, and I snatch a moment that you might not think me neglectful of you, which I certainly never will be. Adieu !

## 532. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

*Arlington Street, Oct. 24, 1757.*

It is impossible not to write to you upon the great event that has happened, and yet it is difficult to know how to write to *you* upon it. Considering your situation, it is improper to make harsh comments : Europe, I suppose, will not be so delicate. Our ministers have kept the article out of our own papers ; but they have as little power over foreign gazettes, as weight with foreign powers. In short, the Duke is arrived, was very ill received, and without that, would have done, what he did immediately, resign all his commissions. He does not, like his brother [Frederick, Prince of Wales], go into opposition. He is even to make his usual appearances. He treated Munchausen,<sup>1</sup> who had taken great liberties with his name, with proper severity—I measure my words extremely, not for my own sake, but yours.

General Mordaunt has demanded an inquiry. The form is not settled yet ; nor can it be soon, as Sir Edward Hawke is gone upon a cruise with the fleet. I put a quick end to this letter ; I have no more facts to tell you ; reflections you will make yourself. In the uncertainty of this reaching you, it is better to say no more. Adieu !

## 533. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

*Arlington Street, Nov. 20, 1757.*

I do not like to find that our correspondence is certainly deranged. I have received but one letter from you for a great while ; it is of October 8th, and complaining on your side too. You say my last was of Sept. 3rd. Since that I wrote on the 29th, on the 13th, and 24th of last month. I have omitted a month, waiting to see if you got my letters, and to have something decisive to tell you. Neither has happened, and yet I know you will be unhappy not to hear from me, which makes me write now. Our Parliament was suddenly put off to the first of next month, on news that the King

<sup>1</sup> The minister for Hanover.

of Prussia had made a separate peace with France; as *the Speech* was prepared to ask money for him, it was necessary to set it to a new tune; but we have been agreeably surprised with his gaining a great victory<sup>1</sup> over the Prince de Soubize; but of this we have only the first imperfect account, the wind detaining his courier or aide-de-camp on the other side still. It is prodigious how we want all the good news we can mass together! Our fleet dispersed by a tempest in America, where, into the bargain, we had done nothing, the uneasiness on the convention at Stade, which, by this time, I believe we have broken, and on the disappointment about Rochfort, added to the wretched state of our internal affairs; all this has reduced us to a most contemptible figure. The people are dissatisfied, mutinous, and ripe for insurrections, which indeed have already appeared on the Militia and on the dearness of corn, which is believed to be owing to much villainy in the dealers. But the other day I saw a strange sight, a man crying corn, "Do you want any corn?" as they cry knives and scissors. To add to the confusion, the troubles in Ireland, which Mr. Conway had pacified, are broke out afresh, by the imprudence of the Duke of Bedford and the ambition of the Primate [Stone]. The latter had offered himself to the former, who rejected him, meaning to balance the parties, but was insensibly hurried into Lord Kildare's,<sup>2</sup> to please Mr. Fox. The Primate's faction have passed eleven resolutions on pensions and grievances, equal to any in 1641, and the Duke of Bedford's friends dared not say a word against them.<sup>3</sup> The day before yesterday a messenger arrived from him for help; the council here will try to mollify; but Ireland is no tractable country. About what you will be more inquisitive, is the disappointment at Rochfort, and its consequences. Sir John Mordaunt demanded an inquiry which the City was going to demand. The Duke of Marlborough, Lord George Sackville, and General Waldegrave have held a public inquest, with the fairness of which people are satisfied; the report is not to be made to the King till to-morrow, for which I shall reserve my letter. You may easily imagine, that with all my satisfaction in Mr. Conway's behaviour, I am very unhappy about him: he is still more so; having guarded and gained the most

<sup>1</sup> The battle of Rosbach.—WALPOLE.

<sup>2</sup> Lady Kildare was sister of Lady Caroline Fox.—WALPOLE.

<sup>3</sup> Walpole, in his *Memoires* of George II., states that "the Duke of Bedford, on the death of the King's sister, the Queen Dowager of Prussia, who had privately received a pension of eight hundred pounds a-year out of the Irish establishment, had obtained it for his wife's sister, Lady Betty Waldegrave."—WRIGHT.



perfect character in the world by the severest attention to it, you may guess what he feels under anything that looks like a trial. You will see him more like himself, in a story his aide-de-camp, Captain Hamilton,<sup>1</sup> tells of him. While they were on the isle of Aix, Mr. Conway was so careless and so fearless as to be trying a burning-glass on a bomb—yes, a bomb, the match of which had been cut short to prevent its being fired by any accidental sparks of tobacco. Hamilton snatched the glass out of Mr. Conway's hand before he had at all thought what he was about. I can tell you another story of him, that describes all his thought for others, while so indifferent about himself. Being with my Lady Ailesbury in his absence, I missed a favourite groom they used to have; she told me this story. The fellow refused to accompany Mr. Conway on the expedition, unless he would provide for his widow in case of accidents. Mr. C., who had just made his will and settled his affairs, replied coolly, "I have provided for her." The man, instead of being struck, had the command of himself to ask how? He was told, she would have two hundred pounds. Still uncharmed, he said it was too little! Mr. Conway replied he was sorry he was not content; he could not do more; but would only desire him to go to Portsmouth and see his horses embarked. He refused. If such goodness would make one adore human nature, such ingratitude would soon cure one!

Mr. Fox was going to write to you, but I took all the compliments upon myself, as I think it is better for you to be on easy than ceremonious terms. To promote this, I have established a correspondence between you; he will be glad if you will send him two chests of the best Florence wine every year. The perpetuity destroys all possibility of your making him presents of it. I have compounded for the vases, but he would not hear, nor must you think of giving him the wine, which you must transact with your brother and me. The chest of Florence which puzzled James and me so much, proves to be Lord Hertford's drams. We have got something else from Florence, not your brother James and I, but the public: here is arrived a Countess Rena, of whom my Lord Pembroke bought such quantities of Florence, &c. I shall wonder if he

<sup>1</sup> Afterwards Sir William Hamilton, appointed, in 1764, envoy to the court of Naples, where he resided during the long period of thirty-six years; and where, "wisely diverting," in the language of Gibbon, "his correspondence from the secretary of state to the Royal Society and British Museum, he passed his time in elucidating a country of inestimable value to the naturalist and antiquarian." He returned to England in 1800, and died in 1803.—WRIGHT.

deals with her any more, as he has the sweetest wife<sup>1</sup> in the world, and it seems to be some time since La Comtessa was so. Tell me more of her history: antique as she is, she is since my time. Alas! everything makes me think myself old since I have worn out my eyes, which, notwithstanding the cure I thought Mr. Chute had made upon them, are of very little use to me. You have no notion how it mortifies me: when I am wishing to withdraw more and more from a world of which I have had satiety, and which I suppose is as tired of me, how vexatious not to be able to indulge a happiness that depends only on oneself, and consequently the only happiness proper for people past their youth! I have often deluded you with promises of returning to Florence for pleasure, I now threaten you with it for your plague; for if I am to become a tiresome old fool, at least it shall not be in my own country. In the mean time, I must give you a commission for my press. I have printed one book, (of which two copies are ready for you and Dr. Cocchi,) and I have written another: it is a Catalogue of the Royal and Noble Authors of England. Richard I. it seems was, or had a mind to pass for, a Provençal poet; nay, some of those compositions are extant, and you must procure them for me: Crescimbeni says there are some in the library of San Lorenzo at Florence, in *uno de' Codici Provenzali*, and others *nel 3204 della Vaticana*.<sup>2</sup> You will oblige and serve me highly if you can get me copies. Dr. Cocchi certainly knows Crescimbeni's Commentary on the Lives of the Provençal Poets.<sup>3</sup>

I shall wind up this letter, which is pretty long for a blind man without spectacles, with an admirable *bon-mot*. Somebody asked me at the play the other night what was become of Mrs. Woffington; I replied, she is taken off by Colonel Caesar.<sup>4</sup> Lord

<sup>1</sup> Lady Betty Spencer, sister of the Duke of Marlborough. Walpole calls her (*Memoirs of George III.* vol. iii. p. 191) divinely beautiful, in the Madonna style. Lord Pembroke was fickle in his affections, and Lady Coventry (the Gunning) and next Kitty Hunter, caused great uneasiness to his lovely wife. See vol. ii. 189, 422, 494.—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>2</sup> Walpole, in his *Royal Authors*, says, "I have had both repositories carefully searched. The reference to the Vatican proves a new inaccuracy of the author; there is no work of King Richard. In the Laurentine Library, is a sonnet written by the King, and sent to the Princess Stephanetta, wife of Hugh de Baux, which I have had transcribed with the greatest exactness." *Works*, vol. i. p. 252.—WRIGHT.

<sup>3</sup> "Commentarii intorno alla sua Istoria della Volgar Poesia." In 1803, Mr. Matthias, the author of the *Pursuits of Literature*, published an edition of the *Commentaries*, detached from the historical part, in three volumes, 12mo.—WRIGHT.

<sup>4</sup> A lineal descendant of Sir Julius Caesar, made Chancellor of the Exchequer in the reign of James I. This Caesar ruined the property of his family. "Woffington

Tyrawley<sup>1</sup> said, "I suppose she was reduced to *aut Cæsar aut Nullus*."

The monument about which you ask you shall see in a drawing, when finished; it is a simple Gothic arch, something in the manner of the columbaria: a Gothic columbarium is a new thought of my own, of which I am fond, and going<sup>2</sup> to execute one at Strawberry. That at Linton is to have a beautiful urn, designed by Mr. Bentley, as the whole is, with this plain, very true inscription, "Galfrido Mann, amicissimo, optimo, qui obiit—H. W. P."

Thank you for the King of Prussia's letter, though I had seen it before. It is lively and odd. He seems to write as well without Voltaire as he fights as well without the French—or without us.

*Monday night.*

The report is made, but I have not yet seen it, and this letter must go away this minute. I hear it names no names, says no reason appears why they did not land on the 25th, and gives no merit to all Mr. Conway's subsequent proposals for landing. Adieu!

#### 534. TO GROSVENOR BEDFORD, ESQ.<sup>3</sup>

DEAR SIR:

*Saturday, [Nov. 1757.]*

I BEG you will get the enclosed stanzas inserted in the 'Public

is said to be married to Colonel Cæsar; Mrs. Clive says he took out his license when Colonel Mostyn did his." (*W. Whitehead to Lord Nuneham, 10 Oct., 1757. MS.*)—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>1</sup> James O'Hara, second and last Lord Tyrawley, see vol. i. p. 215.—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>2</sup> It was not executed.—WALPOLE.

<sup>3</sup> Now first printed. Mr. Bedford was Walpole's deputy in the Exchequer; Walpole communicated his appointment to him in the following letter, now first printed. Mr. Bedford died 5th November 1771.—CUNNINGHAM.

#### TO GROSVENOR BEDFORD, ESQ.

DEAR SIR:

*Mistley, Aug. 21, 1755.*

I HEAR by an express that Mr. Swinburn died last night. I can't defer a minute to give myself the pleasure of offering you to succeed him, not only according to my promise, but according to my inclination. You know, I believe, that I had some strong suspicions that the poor man who is gone, did not do me all the justice he might have done. In putting my affairs into the hands of a friend, those suspicions will be entirely removed; and I think it almost unnecessary to tell you, that within this month I was offered first five hundred pounds, and then whatever I would ask, for the reversion of Mr. Swinburn's place. No offer certainly would have made me break my promise to you; but without pretending to that merit, I must own that I am persuaded my interest will be much more promoted in your hands than it could



Advertiser' on Monday next,' just as I have written them. If not in the Public, then in the 'Daily Advertiser.' My name must not be mentioned, nor anything but the initial letters H. C.

I am just going out of town, and shall not return till late on Wednesday. If you should have anything particular to say, write me a line to Strawberry. Yours ever,

H. W.

TO MAJOR-GENERAL H. C.

When Fontenoy's empurpled plain  
Shall vanish from th' historic page,  
Thy youthful valour shall in vain  
Have taught the Gaul to shun thy rage.

When hostile squadrons round thee stood  
On Laffelt's unsuccessful field,  
Thy captive sabre, drenched in blood,  
The vaunting victor's triumph seal'd.

Forgot be these—let Scotland too  
Culloden from her annals tear,  
Lest Envy and her factious crew  
Should blush to find thy laurels there.

When each fair deed is thus defac'd,  
A thousand virtues too disguis'd,  
Thy grateful country's voice shall haste  
To censure Worth so little priz'd.

Then patient hear the thunder roll;  
Pity the blind you cannot hate;  
Nor, blest with Aristides' soul,  
Repine at Aristides' fate.

585. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

*Sunday evening.*

I LEAVE Mr. Muntz in commission to do the honours of Strawberry to you: if he succeeds well, will you be troubled with him in your chaise to London on Wednesday?

He will tell you the history of Queen Mab being attacked—not

be by any one I might have accepted for the place. I shall be in town on Tuesday night, and hope to see you in Arlington-street on Wednesday morning, till when I beg nobody but Mrs. Bedford, to whom I desire my compliments, may know a word of this business.

I am, dear Sir, ever yours.

HORACE WALPOLE.

<sup>1</sup> They were inserted in the 'Public Advertiser,' of 28 Nov. 1757.—CUNNINGHAM.

in her virtue, but in very palace: if all this does not fill up the evening, and you should have no engagement to your aunt Cosby, or to your grandmother, you know how welcome you will be at Clivden. Adieu!

## 536. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Dec. 23, 1757.

You, who have always cultivated rather than stifled tender sensations, well know how to feel for me, who have at last lost my dear friend, Mr. Mann, not unexpectedly certainly; but I never could find that one grew indifferent to what pains, as one does to what pleases one. With all my consciousness of having been more obliged to your brother than I could possibly deserve, I think I should have trespassed on his kindness, and have asked him to continue his favours to Mr. Mann's son and brother, if I had not known that he was good beyond doubt: it is just necessary for me, as transferring my friendship to the family, to tell you, that if the contrary should be insinuated, they do continue the business.

Had I anything to tell you, it would be unpardonable in me to communicate my grief to you and neglect your entertainment, but Mr. Pitt's gout has laid up the nation; we adjourn to-morrow for the holidays, and have not had a single division. Mr. Pitt, Mr. Fox, France, and the King of Prussia will not leave us idle much longer. Adieu! I am most unaffectedly grieved, and most unfeignedly yours.

537. TO DR. DUCAREL.<sup>1</sup>

SIR:

*Arlington Street, Dec. 25. 1757.*

THE Dean of Exeter<sup>2</sup> having showed me a letter in which you desire the name of the MS. which contains the illumination I wished to see, I take the liberty of troubling you with this. The book is called 'The Dictes and Sayings of the Philosophers: translated out of Latyn into Frenshe, by Messire Jehan de Teonville;' and from thence rendered into English, by Earl Rivers.—I am perfectly ashamed, Sir, of giving you so much trouble, but your extreme civility and good-nature, and your great disposition to assist in any-

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Andrew Coltee Ducarel, librarian at Lambeth: died 29 May, 1785.—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>2</sup> Dr. Charles Lyttelton, afterwards Bishop of Carlisle.—CUNNINGHAM.

thing that relates to literature, encouraged me to make my application to you; and the politeness with which you received it I shall always acknowledge with the greatest gratitude. The Dean desired me to make his excuses to you for not writing himself; and my Lord Lyttelton returns you a thousand thanks for your kind offers of communication, and proposes to wait on you himself and talk those matters over with you. I shall not fail of paying my respects to you on Friday next, at one o'clock; and am, Sir, yours, &c.

## 538. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

*Arlington Street, Jan. 11, 1758.*

You express so much concern and tenderness for Mr. Conway and me in your letter of Dec. 17th, which I received two days ago, that I am impatient and happy to tell you, that after keeping the report of the court-martial a week, the King yesterday approved the sentence, which is a full acquittal of Sir John Mordaunt, and was unanimous. If the commander-in-chief is so fully cleared, what must the subordinate generals be? There are still flying whispers of its being brought into Parliament in some shape or other, though every public and private *reason*, I say *reason*, forbid it. Sure this is not a season to relume heats, when tranquillity is so essential and so established! In a private light who can wish to raise such a cloud of enemies as the whole army, who murmur grievously at hearing that an acquittal is not an acquittal; who hold it tyranny, if they are not to be as safe by their juries as the rest of their fellow-subjects; and who think a judgment of twenty-one general officers not to be trifled with. I shall tremble if any rashness drives the army to distinguish or think themselves distinguished from the civil government.

You are by this time, I suppose, in weepers for Princess Caroline;<sup>1</sup> though her state of health has been so dangerous for years, and her absolute confinement for many of them, her disorder was in a manner new and sudden, and her death unexpected by herself, though earnestly her wish. Her goodness was constant and uniform, her generosity immense, her charities most extensive—in short I, no royalist, could be lavish in her praise. What will divert you is, that the Duke of Norfolk's and Lord Northumberland's upper

<sup>1</sup> Third daughter of King George II. See vol. i. p. cxxxv.—CUNNINGHAM.



servants have asked leave to put themselves in mourning, not out of regard for this admirable Princess, but to be more *sur le bon ton*. I told the Duchess I supposed they would expect her to mourn hereafter for their relations.

Well, it seems I guessed better about Sir James Grey than he knew about himself. Sir Benjamin Keene is dead : <sup>1</sup> I dined to-day where Colonel Grey did ; he told me it is a year and a half since the King named his brother for Spain, and that he himself was told but yesterday that Sir James was too well at Naples to be removed,<sup>2</sup> and that reasons of state called for somebody else. Would they called for you ! and why not ? You are attached to nobody ; your dear brother had as much reason to flatter himself with Mr. Pitt's favour, as he was marked by *not* having Mr. Fox's. Your not having the least connexion with the latter cannot hurt you. Such a change, for so great an object, would overrule all my prudence : but I do not know whether it were safe to hint it, especially as by this time, at least before your application could come, it must be disposed of. Lord Rochford wishes it, Lord Huntingdon has asked it ; Lord Tyrawley and Lord Bristol<sup>3</sup> are talked of. I am so afraid of ticklish situations for you, that in case of the latter's removal, I should scarce wish you Turin. I cannot quit this chapter without lamenting Keene ! my father had the highest opinion of his abilities,<sup>4</sup> and indeed his late negotiations have been crowned with proportionate success. He had great wit, agreeableness, and an indolent good-humour that was very pleasing : he loved our dearest Gal. !

The king of Prussia is quite idle ; I think he has done nothing this fortnight but take Breslau, and Schweidnitz, and ten or a

<sup>1</sup> Sir Benjamin Keene died at Madrid on the 15th of December. He was the eldest son of Charles Keene, Esq. of Lynn, in Norfolk. His remains were brought to England, and buried at Lynn, near those of his parents [see vol. ii. p. 229].—WRIGHT.

<sup>2</sup> Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, in a letter to her daughter, dated Venice, April 3, says, " Sir James Grey was universally esteemed during his residence here ; but, alas ! he is gone to Naples. I wish the maxims of Queen Elizabeth were revived, who always chose men whose birth or behaviour would make the nation respected, people being apt to look upon them as a sample of their countrymen. If those now employed are so—Lord have mercy upon us ! How much the nation has suffered by false intelligence, I believe you are very sensible of ; and how impossible it is to obtain truth either from a fool or a knave."—*Works by Lord Wharncliffe*, vol. iii. p. 155.—WRIGHT.

<sup>3</sup> The Earl of Bristol was at this time British minister at the court of Turin. He was appointed ambassador extraordinary to the court of Spain in the following June.—WRIGHT.

<sup>4</sup> Keene's brother, afterwards Bishop of Chester and Ely, was to have married a natural daughter of Sir Robert Walpole's. Keene jilted her, and Horace never spares him whenever he has occasion to mention his name. See vol. ii. p. 318-19.—CUNNINGHAM.

dozen generals, and from thirty to fifty thousand prisoners—in this respect he contradicts the *omne majus continet in se minus*. I trust he is galloping somewhere or other with only a groom to get a victory. Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick has galloped a little *from* one: when we were expecting that he would drive the French army into the sea, and were preparing to go to Harwich and see it, he turned back, as if he wanted to speak with the King of Prussia. In a street very near me they do not care to own this; but as my side of Arlington Street is not ministerial, we plain-dealing houses speak our mind about it. Pray, do not you about that or anything else; remember you are an envoy, and though you must not presume to be as false as an ambassador, yet not a grain of truth is consistent with your character. Truth is very well for such simple people as me, with my *Fari quæ sentiat*, which my father left me, and which I value more than all he left me; but I am errantly wicked enough to desire *you* should lie and prosper. I know you don't like my doctrine, and therefore I will compound with you for holding your tongue. Adieu! my dear child—shall we never meet? Are we always to love one another at the discretion of a sheet of paper? I would tell you in another manner that I am ever yours.

P.S. I will not plague you with more than a postscript on my eyes: I write this after midnight quite at my ease; I think the greatest benefit I have found lies between old rum and elder-flower water, (three spoonfuls of the latter to one of the former,) and dipping my head in a pail of cold water every morning the moment I am out of bed. This I am told may affect my hearing, but I have too constant a passion for my eyes to throw away a thought on any rival.

## 539. TO DR. DUCAREL.

SIR:

*Arlington Street, January 12, 1758.*

I HAVE the pleasure to let you know, that his grace the Archbishop [Hutton] has, with the greatest politeness and goodness, sent me word, by the Dean of Exeter [Lyttelton], that he gives me leave to have the illumination<sup>1</sup> copied, either at your chambers, or at my own house, giving you a receipt for it. As the former would be so

<sup>1</sup> The Lambeth illumination, containing the supposed portrait of Caxton.—  
CUNNINGHAM.



inconvenient to me as to render this favour useless, I have accepted the latter with great joy; and will send a gentleman of the Exchequer, my own deputy, to you, Sir, on Monday next, with my receipt, and shall beg the favour of you to deliver the MS. to him, Mr. Bedford. I would wait on you myself, but have caught cold at the visit I made you yesterday, and am besides going to Strawberry Hill, from whence I propose to bring you a little print, which was never sold, and not to be had from anybody else: which is, the arms of the *two Clubs at Arthur's*; <sup>1</sup> a print exceedingly in request last year. When I have more leisure, for at this time of the year I am much hurried, I shall be able, I believe, to pick you out some other curiosities; and am, Sir, &c.

## 540. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

*Arlington Street, Feb. 9, 1758.*

ONE would not have believed that I could so long have wanted something to form a letter; but I think politics are gone into winter-quarters: Mr. Pitt is in bed with the gout, and the King of Prussia writing sonnets to Voltaire; but his Majesty's lyre is not half so charming as his sword: if he does not take care, Alexander will ride home upon his verses. All England has kept his birth-day; it has taken its place in our calendar next to Admiral Vernon's <sup>2</sup> and my Lord Blakeney's; and the people, I believe, begin to think that Prussia is some part of *Old England*. We had bonfires and processions, illuminations and French horns playing out of windows all night. In the mean time there have been some distant grumblings of a war with Spain, which seem blown over: a new Russian army in march has taken its place. The Duke of Richelieu is said to be banished for appropriating some contributions <sup>3</sup> to his own use: if he does not take care to prove that he meant to make as extravagant use of them as ever Marquis Catiline did, it will be a very bourgeois termination of such a gallant life! By the rage of expense in our pleasures, in the midst of such dearness and

<sup>1</sup> Designed by Mr. Walpole's friend, Lord Edgumbe, and engraved by Grignion.—WRIGHT.

<sup>2</sup> On Admiral Vernon's taking Porto Bello in 1740, the populace of London celebrated his birth-day; and some doubts arising on the specific day, they celebrated it again, and I think continued to do so for two or three subsequent years.—WALPOLE.

<sup>3</sup> He plundered the Electorate so indecently, that on his return to Paris having built a pavilion in his garden, it was nicknamed *le Pavillon d'Hanovre*.—WALPOLE.



distress, one would think we had opportunities of contributions too ! The simple Duke of St. Albans, who is retired to Brussels for debt, has made a most sumptuous funeral in public for a dab of five months old that he had by his cookmaid. But our glaring extravagance is the constant high price given for pictures : the other day at Mr. Furnese's<sup>1</sup> auction a very small Gaspar sold for seventy-six guineas ; and a Carlo Maratti, which too I am persuaded was a Giuseppe Chiari, Lord Egremont bought at the rate of two hundred and sixty pounds. Mr. Spencer<sup>2</sup> gave no less than two thousand two hundred pounds for the Andrea Sacchi and the Guido from the same collection. The latter is of very dubious originality : my father, I think, preferred the Andrea Sacchi to his own Guido, and once offered seven hundred pounds for it, but Furnese said, " Damn him, it is for him ; *he* shall pay a thousand." There is a pewterer, one Cleeve, who some time ago gave one thousand pounds for four very small Dutch pictures. I know but one dear picture not sold, Cooper's head of Oliver Cromwell, an unfinished miniature ;<sup>3</sup> they asked me four hundred pounds for it ! But pictures do not monopolize extravagance : I have seen a little ugly shell called a Ventle-trap sold for twenty-seven guineas. However to do us justice, we have magnificence too that is well judged. The Palmyra and Balbec are noble works to be undertaken and executed by private men.<sup>4</sup> There is now established a Society for the Encouragement of Arts, Sciences, and Commerce<sup>5</sup> that is likely to be very serviceable ; and I was pleased yesterday with a very grand seigneurial design of the Duke of Richmond, who has collected a great many fine casts of the best antique statues, has placed them in a large room in his garden,<sup>6</sup> and designs to throw it open to encourage drawing. I have offered him to let my Eagle be cast.

<sup>1</sup> Henry Furnese had been a Lord of the Treasury. He was a friend of Lord Bath, and personally an enemy to Sir Robert Walpole.—WALPOLE. Walpole calls him (ii. 493) " that old rag of a dishclout ministry—Harry Furnese."—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>2</sup> John first Earl Spencer.—WALPOLE.

<sup>3</sup> I presume that mentioned elsewhere by Walpole as " in the possession of the Lady Frankland, widow of Sir Thomas, a descendant of Cromwell," of which there is an exquisite copy in the Harley Collection at Welbeck, made in 1723, by Bernard Lens.—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>4</sup> Robert Wood, Esq., under secretary of state, Mr. Dawkins, and Mr. Bouverie.—WRIGHT.

<sup>5</sup> The Society of Arts in the Adelphi.—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>6</sup> At Richmond House, Whitehall. The Gallery, the first school established in this country, wherein the beauties of antique art could be studied, was opened on Monday, March 5, 1758. Charles, third Duke of Richmond, here mentioned, died in 1806.—CUNNINGHAM.

Adieu ! If anything happens, I will not, nor ever do wait for a regular interval of writing to you.

541. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

*Arlington Street, Feb. 10, 1758.*

THIS campaign does not open with the vivacity of the last ; the *hero of the age* has only taken Schweidnitz yet—he had fought a battle or two by this time last year. But this is the case of Fame. A man that astonishes at first, soon makes people impatient if he does not continue in the same andante key. I have heard a good answer of one of the Duke of Marlborough's generals, who dining with him at a city feast, and being teased by a stupid alderman, who said to him, "Sir, yours must be a very labourous employment!" replied, "Oh, no ; we fight about four hours in a morning, and two or three after dinner, and then we have all the rest of the day to ourselves." I shall not be quite so impatient about our own campaign as I was last year, though we have another secret expedition on foot—they say, to conquer France, but I believe we must compound for taking *the Isle of Wight*, whither we are sending fourteen thousand men. The Hero's uncle<sup>1</sup> reviewed them yesterday in Hyde Park on their setting out. The Duke of Marlborough commands, and is, in reality, commanded by Lord George Sackville. We shall now see how much greater generals we have than Mr. Conway, who has pressed to go in *any capacity*, and is not suffered !

Mr. Pitt is again laid up with the gout, as the Duke of Bedford is confined in Ireland by it. His grace, like other Kings I have known, is grown wonderfully popular there since he was taken prisoner and tied hand and foot. To do faction justice, it is of no cowardly nature : it abuses while it attacks, and loads with panegyric those it defeats.

We have nothing in Parliament but a quiet struggle for an extension of the Habeas corpus.<sup>2</sup> It passed our House swimmingly, but will be drowned with the same ease in the House of Lords. On the new taxes we had an entertaining piece of pomp from the

<sup>1</sup> George II., uncle of the King of Prussia.—WALPOLE.

<sup>2</sup> Lord Chesterfield, in a letter to his son of the 8th, says, "Every thing goes smoothly in Parliament : the King of Prussia has united all our parties in his support, and the Tories have declared that they will give Mr. Pitt unlimited credit for this session : there has not been one single division yet upon public points, and I believe will not."—WRIGHT.



Speaker : Lord Strange (it was in a committee) said, "I will bring him down from the gallery," and proposed that the Speaker should be exempted from the Place Tax. He came down, and besought not to be excepted—Lord Strange persisted—so did the Speaker. After the debate, Lord Strange going out said, "Well, did not I show my dromedary well?" I should tell you that one of the fashionable sights of the winter has been a dromedary and camel, the proprietor of which has entertained the town with a droll variety of advertisements.

You would have been amazed, had you been here at Sir Luke Schaub's auction of pictures. He had picked up some good old copies cheap when he was in Spain during the contentions there between the houses of Austria and Bourbon, and when many *grandeës* being confiscated, the rest piqued themselves on not profiting of their spoils. With these Sir Luke had some fine small ones, and a parcel of Flemish, good in their way. The late Prince [of Wales] offered him twelve thousand pounds for the whole, leaving him the enjoyment for his life. As he knew the twelve thousand would not be forthcoming, he artfully excused himself by saying he loved pictures so much that he knew he should fling away the money. Indeed, could he have touched it, it had been well; the collection was indubitably not worth four thousand pounds. It has sold for near eight! <sup>1</sup> A copy <sup>2</sup> of the King of France's Raphael went for seven hundred pounds. A Sigismunda, called by Corregio, but certainly by Furini his scholar, was bought in at upwards of four hundred pounds.<sup>3</sup> In short, there is a Sir James Lowther, Mr. Spencer, Sir Richard Grosvenor, boys with twenty and thirty thousand a-year, and the Duchess of Portland.<sup>4</sup> Lord Ashburnham, Lord Egremont, and others with near as much, who care not what they give. I want to paint my coat and sell it off my back—there never was such a season. I am mad to have the Houghton pictures sold now; what injury to the creditors to have them postponed, till half of these vast estates are spent, and the other half grown ten years older!

<sup>1</sup> The three days' sale produced seven thousand seven hundred and eighty-four pounds five shillings.—WRIGHT.

<sup>2</sup> It was purchased by the Duchess Dowager of Portland, for seven hundred and three pounds ten shillings.—WRIGHT.

<sup>3</sup> This poor picture—certainly by Furini—is now (1857) at Clumber in Nottinghamshire, the seat of the Duke of Newcastle. We shall hear more of it as we read on.—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>4</sup> Lady Margaret Cavendish Harley, only daughter of Edward Harley, second Earl



Lord Corke is not the editor of Swift's History,<sup>1</sup> but one Dr. Lucas, a physicianed apothecary, who some years ago made such factious noise in Ireland<sup>2</sup>—the book is already fallen into the lowest contempt. I wish you joy of the success of the Cocchi family; but how three hundred crowns a year sound after Sir Luke Schaub's auction! Adieu! my dear Sir.

## 542. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

*Arlington Street, Feb. 23, 1758.*

THOUGH the inactivity of our parliamentary winter has let me be an idle correspondent, I am far from having been so remiss as the posts have made me seem. I remember to have thought that I had no letter on board the packet that was taken; but since the 20th of Nov. I have writ to you on Dec. 14, Jan. 11, Feb. 9. The acquittal of General Mordaunt would, I thought, make you entirely easy about Mr. Conway. The paper war on their subject is still kept up; but all inquiries are at an end. When Mr. Pitt, who is laid up with the gout, is a little cool again, I think he has too much eagerness to perform something of *éclat*, to let the public have to reproach him with not employing so brave a man and so able as Mr. Conway. Though your brothers do not satisfy your impatience *to know*, you must a little excuse them; the eldest lives out of the world, and James not in that world from whence he can learn or inform *you*. Besides our dear Gal.'s warmth of friendship, he had innumerable opportunities of intelligence. He, who lent all the world money for nothing, had at least a right to know something.

I shall be sorry on my own account if one particular<sup>3</sup> letter has miscarried, in which I mentioned some trifles that I wished to

of Oxford, and heiress of the vast possessions of the Newcastle branch of the Cavendishes. She married William Bentinck, second Duke of Portland.—DOVER.

<sup>1</sup> Swift's "History of the Four last Years of Queen Anne," was first published in this year.—WRIGHT.

<sup>2</sup> Dr. Johnson, in a review of Dr. Lucas's Essay on Waters, which appeared in the Literary Magazine for 1756, thus speaks of him: "The Irish ministers drove him from his native country by a proclamation, in which they charge him with crimes of which they never intended to be called to the proof, and oppressed him by methods equally irresistible by guilt and innocence: let the man thus driven into exile, for having been the friend of his country, be received in every other place as a confessor of liberty; and let the tools of power be taught in time, that they may rob, but cannot impoverish." In 1761, Dr. Lucas was elected representative for Dublin. He died in 1771, and a statue to his honour is erected in the Royal Exchange of Dublin.—WRIGHT.

<sup>3</sup> The letter of Dec. 17th which was lost.—WALPOLE.

purchase from Stosch's collection. As you do not mention any approaching sale, I will stay to repeat them till you tell me that you have received no such letter.

Thank you for the *éloge* on your friend poor Cocchi; you had not told me of his death, but I was prepared for it, and heard it from Lord Huntingdon. I am still more obliged to you for the trouble you have given yourself about King Richard. You have convinced me of Crescimbeni's blunder as to Rome. For Florence, I must intreat you to send me another copy, for your copyist or his original have made undecipherable mistakes; particularly in the last line; *La Mère Lovis* is impossible to be sense: I should wish, as I am to print it, to have every letter of the whole sonnet more distinct and certain than most of them are. I don't know how to repay you for all the fatigue I give you. Mr. Fox's urns are arrived, but not yet delivered from the Custom-house. You tell me no more of Botta:<sup>1</sup> is he invisible in dignity, like Richcourt; or sunk to nothing, like our poor old friend the Prince?<sup>2</sup> Here is a good epigram on the Prince de Soubize, with which I must conclude, writing without anything to tell you, and merely to show you that I do by no means neglect you;

Soubize, après ses grands exploits,  
Peut bâtir un palais qui ne lui coûte guère;  
Sa Femme lui fournit le bois,  
Et chacun lui jette la pierre.

## 543. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

*Arlington Street, March 21, 1758.*

BETWEEN my letters of Nov. 20th and Jan. 11th, which you say you have received was one of Dec. 11th, lost, I suppose, in the packet: what it contained it is impossible for me to recollect; but I conclude the very notices about the expedition, the want of which troubled you so much. I have nothing now to tell you of any moment; writing only to keep up the chain of our correspondence, and to satisfy you that there is nothing particular.

I forgot in my last to say a word of our East Indian hero, Clive, and his victories: but we are growing accustomed to success again! There is Hanover retaken!—if to have *Hanover* again is to have

<sup>1</sup> Marshal Botta, commander at Florence for the Emperor Francis.—WALPOLE.

<sup>2</sup> The Prince de Craon, chief of the council, superseded by the Comte de Richcourt.  
—WALPOLE.



success! We have no news but what is military; Parliaments are grown idle things, or busy like quarter-sessions. Mr. Pitt has been in the House of Commons but twice this winter, yet we have some grumbings: a Navy-bill of Mr. George Grenville, rejected last year by the Lords, and passed again by us, has by Mr. Fox's underhand management been made an affair by the Lords; yet it will pass. An extension of the Habeas corpus, of forty times the consequence, is impeded by the same dealings, and is not likely to have so prosperous an issue. Yet these things scarce make a heat within doors, and scarce conversation without.

Our new Archbishop<sup>1</sup> died yesterday; but the church loses its head with as little noise as a question is now carried or lost in Parliament.

Poor Sir Charles Williams is returned from Russia, having lost his senses upon the road. This is imputed to a lady at Hamburgh, who gave him, or for whom he took *some assistance* to his passion; but we hope he will soon recover.

The most particular thing I know is what happened the other day: a frantic Earl of Ferrers<sup>2</sup> has for this twelvemonth supplied conversation by attempting to murder his wife, a pretty, harmless young woman, and everybody that took her part. Having broken the peace, to which the House of Lords tied him last year, the cause was trying again there on Friday last. Instead of attending it, he went to the assizes at Hertford to appear against a highwayman, one Page, of extraordinary parts and escapes. The Earl had pulled out a pistol, but trembled so that the robber laughed, took it out of his hand quietly, and said, "My lord, I know you always carry more pistols about you; give me the rest." At the trial, Page pleaded that my lord was excommunicated, consequently could not give evidence, and got acquitted.<sup>3</sup>

There is just published Swift's History of the Four last Years of

<sup>1</sup> Archbishop Hutton. He was succeeded by [Thomas] Secker.—WALPOLE. In Walpole's Works (iv. 503) is the following 'Epigram':—

*On the New Archbishop of Canterbury. March, 1758.*

"The bench hath oft 'posed us, and set us a-scoffing,  
By signing Will London, John Sarum, John Roffen;—  
But this head of the Church no expounder will want,

For his grace signs his own proper name, Thomas Cant.—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>2</sup> Laurence Shirley, fourth Earl Ferrers, who, in January 1760, shot his land-steward, for which he was tried in Westminster-hall, by his peers, in the following April, and executed at Tyburn.—WRIGHT.

<sup>3</sup> At the ensuing Rochester assizes, William Page was tried for robbing a Mr. Farrington, and executed.—WRIGHT.



Queen Anne: Pope and Lord Bolingbroke always told him it would disgrace him, and persuaded him to burn it. Disgrace him indeed it does, being a weak libel, ill-written for style, uninformed, and adopting the most errant mob-stories. He makes the Duke of Marlborough a coward, Prince Eugene an assassin, my father remarkable for nothing but impudence, and would make my Lord Somers anything but the most amiable character in the world, if unfortunately he did not praise him while he tries to abuse.

Trevor<sup>1</sup> of Durham is likely to go to Canterbury. Adieu!

## 544. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

*Arlington Street, April 14, 1758.*

As you was disappointed of any intelligence that might be in it (I don't know what was), I am sorry my letter of Dec. 14th miscarried; but with regard to my commissions in Stosch's collection, it did not signify, since they propose to sell it in such great morsels. If they are forced to relent, and separate it, what I wish to have, and had mentioned to you, were, "his sculptured gems that have vases on them, of which he had a large ring box:" the following modern medals, "*Anglia resurges*," I think, of Julius III; "the Capitol; the Hugonotorum Strages; the Ganymede, a reverse of a Pope's medal, by Michael Angelo; the first medal of Julius III;" all these were in silver, and very fine; then the little Florentine coin in silver, with *Jesus Rex noster* on the reverse: he had, besides, a fine collection of drawings after nudities and prints in the same style, but you may believe I am not *old* enough to give much for these. I am not very anxious about any, consequently am not tempted to purchase wholesale.

Thank you for the second copy of King Richard: my book is finished; I shall send it you by the first opportunity. I did receive the bill of lading for Mr. Fox's wine; and my reason for not telling you how he liked his vases was, because I did not, nor do yet know, nor does he; they are at Holland House, and will not be unpacked till he settles there: I own *I* have a little more impatience about new things.

My letters will grow more interesting to you, I suppose, as the summer opens: we have had no winter campaign, I mean, no

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Richard Trevor. This did not happen.—WALPOLE.

parliamentary war. You have been much misinformed about the King's health—and had he been ill, do you think that the recovery of Hanover would not cure him? Yesterday the new convention with the King of Prussia was laid before the Houses, and is to be considered next week: I have not yet read it, and only know that he is to receive from us two millions in three years, and to make no peace without us. I hope he will make one for us before these three years are expired. A great camp is forming in the Isle of Wight, reckoned the best spot for defence or attack. I suppose both will be tried reciprocally.

Sir Charles Williams's disorder appears to have been lightheadedness from a fever; he goes about again: but the world, especially a world of enemies, never care to give up their title to a man's madness, and will consequently not believe that he is yet in his senses.<sup>1</sup>

Lord Bristol certainly goes to Spain; no successor is named for Turin. You know how much I love a prescriptive situation for you, and how I should fear a more eminent one—and yet you see I notify Turin being open, if you should care to push for it. It is not to recommend it to you, that I tell you of it, but I think it my duty as your friend not to take upon me to decide for you without acquainting you.

I rejoice at Admiral Osborn's success. I am not patriot enough to deny but that there are captains and admirals whose glory would have little charms for me; but Osborn was a steady friend of murdered Byng!

The Earl and Countess of Northumberland have diverted the town with a supper, which they intended should make their court to my Lady Yarmouth; the dessert was a *chasse* at Herenhausen, the rear of which was brought up by a chaise and six containing a man with a blue riband and a lady sitting by him! Did you ever

<sup>1</sup> On hearing, at Padua, of Sir Charles's indisposition, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, in a letter to her daughter, the Countess of Bute, of the 17th of July, breaks out into the following striking reflections:—"I hear that my old acquaintance is much broken, both in his spirits and constitution. How happy might that man have been, if there had been added to his natural and acquired endowments a dash of morality! If he had known how to distinguish between false and true felicity; and, instead of seeking to increase an estate already too large, and hunting after pleasures that have made him rotten and ridiculous, he had bounded his desires of wealth, and followed the dictates of his conscience! His servile ambition has gained him two yards of red riband and an exile into a miserable country, where there is no society, and so little taste, that I believe he suffers under a dearth of flatterers. This is said for the use of your growing sons, whom I hope no golden temptations will induce to marry women they cannot love, or comply with measures they do not approve. *Works by Lord Wharnccliffe*, vol. iii. p. 160.—WRIGHT.



hear such a vulgarism! The person complimented is not half so German, and] consequently suffered martyrdom at this clumsy apotheosis of her concubinage. Adieu!

## 545. TO THE REV. DR. BIRCH.

SIR:

*Arlington Street, May 4, 1758.*

I THOUGHT myself very unlucky in being abroad when you was so good as to call here t'other day. I not only lost the pleasure of your company, but the opportunity of obtaining from you (what however I will not despair of) any remarks you may have made on the many errors which I fear you found in my book.<sup>1</sup> The hurry in which it was written, my natural carelessness and insufficiency, must have produced many faults and mistakes. As the curiosity of the world, raised I believe only by the smallness of the number printed, makes it necessary for me to provide another edition, I should be much obliged to whoever would be enough my friend to point out my wrong judgments and inaccuracies,—I know nobody, Sir, more capable of both offices than yourself, and yet I have no pretensions to ask so great a favour, unless your own zeal for the cause of literature should prompt you to undertake a little of this task. I shall be always ready to correct my faults, never to defend them.

## 546. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

*Arlington Street, May 4, 1758.*

YOU are the first person, I believe, that ever thought of a Swiss transcribing Welsh, unless, like some commentator on the Scriptures, you have discovered great affinity between those languages, and that both are dialects of the Phœnician. I have desired your brother to call here to-day, and to help us in adjusting the inscriptions. I can find no Lady Cutts in your pedigree, and till I do, cannot accommodate her with a coronet.

My book is marvellously in fashion, to my great astonishment. I did not expect so much truth and such notions of liberty would have made their fortune in this our day. I am preparing an

<sup>1</sup> "A Catalogue of the Royal and Noble Authors of England and Ireland," of which Walpole had just printed three hundred copies, at the Strawberry Hill press.—  
WRIGHT.



edition for publication, and then I must expect to be a little less civilly treated. My Lord Chesterfield tells everybody that he subscribes to all my opinions; but this mortifies me about as much as the rest flatter me; I cannot, because it is my own case, forget how many foolish books he has diverted himself with commending. The most extraordinary thing I have heard about mine is, that it being talked of at Lord Arran's table, Doctor King (the Dr. King of Oxford),<sup>1</sup> said of the passage on my father; "It is very modest, very genteel, and VERY TRUE." I asked my Lady Cardigan if she would forgive my making free with her grandmother;<sup>2</sup> she replied very sensibly, "I am sure she would not have hindered anybody from writing against me; why should I be angry at any writing against her?"

The history promised you of Dr. Brown is this. Sir Charles Williams had written an answer to his first silly volume of the *Estimate*,<sup>3</sup> chiefly before he came over, but finished while he was confined at Kensington. Brown had lately lodged in the same house, not mad now, though he has been so formerly. The landlady told Sir Charles, and offered to make affidavit that Dr. Brown was the most profane curser and swearer that ever came into her house. Before I proceed in my history, I will tell you another anecdote of this great performer: one of his antipathies is the Opera, yet the only time I ever saw him was in last *Passion-week*, singing the Romish *Stabat mater* with the *Mingotti* behind a harpsichord at a great concert at my Lady Carlisle's. Well—in a great apprehension of Sir Charles divulging the story of his swearing, Brown went to Dodsley in a most scurrilous and hectoring manner, threatening Dodsley if he should publish anything personal against him; abusing Sir Charles for a coward and most abandoned man, and bidding Dodsley tell the latter that he had a cousin in the army who would call Sir Charles to account for any reflections on him, Brown. Stay; this Christian message from a divine, who by the way has a chapter in his book against duelling, is not all: Dodsley refused to carry any such message, unless in writing. The Doctor, enough in his senses to know the consequences of this, refused; and at last a short verbal message, more decently worded, was agreed on. To this Sir Charles made Dodsley write down this answer: "that he could not but be surprised at Brown's message,

<sup>1</sup> Dr. William King, now best known by his volume of *Anecdotes*.—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>2</sup> Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough.—WALPOLE.

<sup>3</sup> *Estimate of the Manners of the Times*.—WRIGHT.

after that he, Sir Charles, had at Ranby's desire sent Brown a written assurance that he intended to say nothing personal of him—nay, nor should yet, unless Brown's impertinence made it necessary." This proper reply Dodsley sent: Brown wrote back, that he should send an answer to Sir Charles himself; but bid Dodsley take notice, that printing the works of a supposed lunatic might be imputed to the printer himself, and which he, the said Doctor, should *chastise*. Dodsley, after notifying this new and unprovoked insolence to me, Fox, and Garrick, the one, friend of Sir Charles, the other of Brown, returned a very proper, decent, yet firm answer, with assurances of *repaying chastisement* of any sort. Is it credible? this audacious man sent only a card back, saying, "Footman's language I never return, J. Brown." You know how decent, humble, inoffensive a creature Dodsley is; how little apt to forget or disguise his having been a footman:<sup>1</sup> but there is no exaggerating this behaviour by reflections. On the same card he tells Dodsley that he cannot now accept, but returns his present of the two last volumes of his *Collection of Poems*, and assures him that they are not soiled by the reading. But the best picture of him is his own second volume, which beats all the Scaligers and Scioppius's for vanity and insolent impertinence. What is delightful; in the first volume he had deified Warburton, but the success of that trumpery has made Warburton jealous, and occasioned a coolness—but enough of this jackanapes.

Your brother has been here, and as he is to go to-morrow, and the pedigree is not quite finished, and as you will be impatient, and as it is impossible for us to transcribe Welsh, which we cannot read without your assistance, who don't understand it neither, we have determined that the Colonel should carry the pedigree to you; you will examine it and bring it with you to Strawberry, where it can be finished under your own eye, better than it is possible to do without. Adieu! I have not writ so long a letter this age.

## 547. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

*Arlington Street, May 31, 1758.*

THIS is rather a letter of thanks than of course, though I have received, I verily believe, three from you since my last. Well, then,

<sup>1</sup> Dodsley had been a footman in the Lowther family. His first publication was [1732] an octavo volume, entitled 'The Muse in Livery.' Pope took him by the hand, and established him as a bookseller.—CUNNINGHAM.



this is to thank you for them too—chiefly for that of to-day, with the account of the medals you have purchased for me from Stosch, and those your own munificence bestows on me. I am ashamed to receive the latter; I must positively know what you paid for the former; and beg they may all be reserved till a very safe opportunity. The price for the Ganymede is so monstrous that I must not regret not having it—yet if ever he should lower, I should still have a hankering, as it is one of the finest medals I ever saw. Are any of the others in silver? old Stosch had them so. When any of the other things I mentioned descend to more mortal rates, I would be sorry to lose them.

Should not you, if you had not so much experienced the contrary, imagine that services begot gratitude? You know they don't—shall I tell you what they do beget?—at best, expectations of more services. This is my very case now—you have just been delivered of one trouble for me—I am going to get you with twins—two more troubles. In the first place, I shall beg you to send me a case of *liqueurs*; in the next, all the medals in copper of my poor departed friend the Pope, for whom I am as much concerned as his subjects have reason to be. I don't know whether I don't want samples of his coins, and the little pieces struck during the *sede vacante*. I know what I shall want, any authentic anecdotes of the conclave. There! are there commissions enough? I did receive the Pope's letter on my inscription, and the translation of the epitaph on Theodore, and liked both much, and thought I had thanked you for them—but I perceive I am not half so grateful as troublesome.

Here is the state of our news and politics. We thought *our foreign King*<sup>1</sup> on the road to Vienna; he is now said to be prevented by Daun, and to be reduced to besiege Olmutz, which has received considerable supplies. Accounts make Louisbourg reduced to wait for being taken by us as the easiest way of avoiding being starved—in short, we are to be those unnatural fowl, *ravens* that *carry* bread. But our biggest of all expectations is from our own invasion of France, which took post last Sunday; fourteen thousand landmen, eighteen ships of the line, frigates, sloops, bombs, and four volunteers, Lord Downe, Sir James Lowther, Sir John Armitage, and Mr. Delaval—the latter so ridiculous a character, that it has put a stop to the mode which was spreading. All this commanded by Lord Anson, who has beat the French; by the Duke of Marl-

<sup>1</sup> The King of Prussia.—WALPOLE.



borough, whose name has beaten them; and by Lord George Sackville, who is to beat them. Every port and town on the coast of Flanders and France have been guessed for the object. It is a vast armament, whether it succeeds or is lost.

At home there are seeds of quarrels. Pratt the Attorney-General has fallen on a necessary extension of the Habeas corpus to private cases. The interpreting world ascribes his motives to a want of affection for my Lord Mansfield, who unexpectedly is supported by the late Chancellor, the Duke of Newcastle, and that part of the ministry; and very expectedly by Mr. Fox, as this is likely to make a breach between the united powers. The bill passed almost unanimously through our House. It will have a very different fate in the other, where Lord Temple is almost single in its defence, and where Mr. Pitt seems to have little influence. If this should produce a new revolution, you will not be surprised. I don't know that it will; but it has already shown how little cordiality subsists since the last.

I had given a letter for you to a young gentleman of Norfolk, an only son, a friend of Lord Orford, and of much merit, who was going to Italy with Admiral Broderick. He is lost in that dreadful catastrophe of the Prince George—it makes one regret him still more, as the survivors mention his last behaviour with great encomiums.

Adieu! my dear child! when I look back on my letter, I don't know whether there would not be more propriety in calling you *my factor*.

P.S. I cannot yet learn who goes to Turin: it was offered, upon his old request, to my Lord Orford, but he has declined it.

548. TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

*Arlington Street, June 4, 1758.*

THE Habeas corpus is finished, but only for this year. Lord Temple threatened to renew it the next; on which Lord Hardwicke took the party of proposing to order the judges to prepare a bill for extending the power of granting the writ in vacation to all the judges. This prevented a division; though Lord Temple, who protested alone t'other day, had a flaming protest ready, which was to have been signed by near thirty. They sat last night till past nine. Lord Mansfield spoke admirably for two hours and twenty-

five minutes. Except Lord Ravensworth and the Duke of Newcastle, whose meaning the first never knows himself, and the latter's nobody else, all who spoke, spoke well; they were Lord Temple, Lord Talbot, Lord Bruce, and Lord Stanhope, for; Lord Morton, Lord Hardwicke, and Lord Mansfield, against the bill.<sup>1</sup> T'other day in our House, we had Lady Ferrers' affair: her sister was heard, and Lord Westmoreland, who had a seat within the bar. Mr. Fox opposed the settlement; but it passed.

The Duke of Grafton has resigned. Norborne Berkeley has converted a party of pleasure into a campaign, and is gone with the expedition,<sup>2</sup> without a shirt but what he had on, and what is lent him. The night he sailed he had invited women to supper. Besides him, and those you know, is a Mr. Sylvester Smith. Everybody was asking, "But who is Sylvester Smith?" Harry Townshend replied, "Why, he is the son of Delaval, who was the son of Lowther, who was the son of Armitage, who was the son of Downe."<sup>3</sup>

The fleet sailed on Thursday morning. I don't know why, but the persuasion is that they will land on this side Ushant, and that we shall hear some events by Tuesday or Wednesday. Some believe that Lord Anson and Howe have different destinations. Rochfort, where there are twenty thousand men, is said positively not to be the place. The King says there are eighty thousand men and three marshals in Normandy and Bretagne. George Selwyn asked General Campbell, if the Ministry had yet told the King the object?

Mademoiselle de l'Enclos is arrived,<sup>4</sup> to my supreme felicity—I cannot say very handsome or agreeable; but I had been prepared on the article of her charms. I don't say, like Harry VIII. of Anne of Cleves, that she is a Flanders mare, though to be sure she is rather large: on the contrary, I bear it as well as ever prince did who was married by proxy—and she does not find me *fricassé dans de la neige*.<sup>5</sup> Adieu!

<sup>1</sup> Lord Bute thus bewails the fate of the bill, in a letter to Mr. Pitt of the same day: "What a terrible proof was Friday, in the House of Lords, of the total loss of public spirit, and the most supreme indifference to those valuable rights, for the obtaining which our ancestors freely risked both life and fortune! These are dreadful clouds that hang over the future accession, and damp the hopes I should otherwise entertain of that important day." *Chatham Correspondence*, vol. i. p. 317.—WRIGHT.

<sup>2</sup> The expedition against St. Maloes.—WALPOLE.

<sup>3</sup> All these gentlemen had been volunteers on successive expeditions to the coast of France.—WALPOLE.

<sup>4</sup> The portrait of Ninon de l'Enclos.—WALPOLE. Sold at the Strawberry Hill sale for £131 5s.—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>5</sup> Madame de Sévigné, in her letters to her daughter, reports that Ninon thus



P.S. I forgot to tell you of another *galanterie* I have had, a portrait of Queen Elizabeth left here while I was out of town. The servant said it was a present, but he had orders not to say from whom.

## 549. TO DR. DUCAREL.

SIR:

June, 1758.

I AM very much obliged to you for the remarks and hints you have sent me on my Catalogue. They will be of use to me; and any observations of my friends I shall be very thankful for, and disposed to employ, to make my book, what it is extremely far from being, more perfect.—I was very glad to hear, Sir, that the present Lord Archbishop of Canterbury has continued you in an employment for which nobody is so fit, and in which nobody would be so useful. I wish all manner of success to, as well as continuance of, your labours; and am, &c. &c.

## 550. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

*Arlington Street, Sunday morning, June 11, 1758.*

THIS will not depart till to-morrow, by which time probably there will be more news; but I am obliged to go into the country to-day, and would not let so much history set out, without my saying a word of it, as I know you trust to no gazette but mine. Last Thursday se'nnight our great expedition departed from Portsmouth—and soon separated; Lord Anson with the great ships to lie before Brest, and Commodore Howe,<sup>1</sup> our naval hero, with the transports and a million of small fry on the secret enterprise. At one o'clock on Thursday night, *alias* Friday morning, a cutter brought advice that on Sunday night the transports had made land in Concalle Bay, near St. Maloes, had disembarked with no opposition or loss, except of a boatswain and two sailors, killed from a little fort, to which Howe was near enough to advise them not to resist. However, some peasants in it fired and then ran away. Some prisoners have assured our troops that there is no force within twenty leagues. This may be *apocryphal*, a word which, as I am left at liberty, I always

expressed herself relative to her son, the Marquis de Sévigné, who was one of her lovers.—WALPOLE.

<sup>1</sup> Richard, after the death of his elder brother, Viscount Howe.—WALPOLE.



interpret *false*. It is plain, however, that we were not expected at St. Maloes at least. We are in violent impatience to hear the consequences—especially whether we have taken the town, in which there is but one battalion, many old houses of wood, and the water easily to be cut off.

If you grow wise and ask me with a political face, whether St. Maloes is an object worth risking fourteen thousand of our best troops, an expense of fifty thousand pounds, and half of the purplest blood of England, I shall toss up my head with an air of heroism and contempt, and only tell you—*There! there is a Duke of Marlborough in the heart of France*; (for in the heroic dictionary the heart and the coast signify the same thing;) *what would you have? Did Harry V. or Edicard III. mind whether it was a rich town or a fishing town, provided they did but take a town in France? We are as great as ever we were in the most barbarous ages, and you are asking mercantile questions with all the littleness of soul that attends the improvements in modern politics!* Well! my dear child, I smile, but I tremble; and though it is pleasanter to tremble when one invades, than when one is invaded, I don't like to be at the eve even of an Azincourt. There are so many of my friends upon heroic ground, that I discern all their danger through all their laurels. Captain Smith, aide-de-camp to Lord George Sackville, dated his letter to the Duke of Dorset, "from his Majesty's dominions in France." Seriously, what a change is here! *His Majesty*, since this time twelvemonth, has not only recovered his dominions in Germany, but is on the acquiring foot in France. What heads, what no heads must they have in France! Where are their Cardinals, their Saxons, their Belleisles? Where are their fleets, their hosts, their arts, their subsidies? Subsidies, indeed! Where are ours? we pay none, or almost none, and are ten times greater than when we hired half Europe. In short, the difference of our situation is miraculous; and if we can but keep from divisions at home, and the King of Prussia does not prosper too fast for us, we may put France and ourselves into situations to prevent them from being formidable to us for a long season. Should the Prussian reduce too suddenly the Empress-Queen to beg and give him a secure peace, considering how deep a stake he still plays for, one could not well blame his accepting it—and then we should still be to struggle with France.

But while I am politicising, I forget to tell you half the purport of my letter—part indeed you will have heard; Prince Ferdinand's

passage of the Rhine, the most material circumstance of which, in my opinion, is the discovery of the amazing weakness of the French in their army, discipline, councils, and conduct. Yesterday, as if to amuse us agreeably till we hear again from St. Maloes, an express arrived of great conquests and captures which three of our ships have made on the river Gambia, to the destruction of the French trade and settlements there. I don't tell you the particulars, because I don't know them, and because you will see them in the gazette. In one week we strike a medal with *Georgius, Germanicus, Gallicus, Africanus*.

Mr. M'Kinsy, brother of Lord Bute, has kissed hands for Turin; you remember him at Florence. He is very well-bred, and you will find him an agreeable neighbour enough.

I have seen the vases at Holland-house, and am perfectly content with them: the forms are charming. I assure you Mr. Fox and Lady Caroline do not like them less than I do. Good night! am not I a very humane conqueror to condescend to write so long a letter?

## 551. TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

June 16, 1758, 2 o'clock noon.

WELL, my dear Harry! you are not the only man in England who have not conquered France!<sup>1</sup> Even Dukes of Marlborough have been there without doing the business. I don't doubt but your good heart has even been hoping, in spite of your understanding, that our heroes have not only taken St. Maloes, but taken a trip cross the country to burn Rochefort, only to show how easy it was. We have waited with astonishment at not hearing that the French court was removed in a panic to Lyons, and that the Mesdames had gone off in their shifts with only a provision of rouge for a week. Nay, for my part, I expected to be deafened with encomiums on my Lord Anson's continence,<sup>2</sup> who, after being allotted Madame Pompadour as his share of the spoils, had again imitated Scipio, and, in spite of the violence of his *temperament*, had restored her unsullied to the King of France.—Alack! we have restored nothing but a quarter of a mile of coast to the right owners. A messenger arrived in the middle of the night with an account that we have burned two frigates and an hundred and twenty small fry; that it

<sup>1</sup> Alluding to the expedition against Rochefort, the year before, in which Mr. Conway was second in command.

<sup>2</sup> Compare vol. ii. p. 487.—CUNNINGHAM.



was found impossible to bring up the cannon against the town ; and that, the French army approaching the coast, Commodore Howe, with the expedition of Harlequin as well as the taciturnity, reimbarked our whole force in seven hours, volunteers and all, with the loss only of one man, and they are all gone to seek their fortune somewhere else. Well ! in half a dozen more wars we shall know something of the coast of France. Last war we discovered a fine bay near Port l'Orient : we have now found out that we know nothing of St. Maloes. As they are popular persons, I hope the City of London will send some more gold boxes to these discoverers. If they send a patch-box to Lord George Sackville, it will hold all his laurels. As our young nobility cannot at present travel through France, I suppose this is a method for finishing their studies. George Selwyn says he supposes the French ladies will have scaffolds erected on the shore to see the English go by.—But I won't detain the messenger any longer ; I am impatient to make the Duchess' happy, who I hope will soon see the Duke returned from his coasting voyage.

The Churchills will be with you next Wednesday, and I believe I too ; but I can take my own word so little, that I will not give it you. I know I must be back at Strawberry on Friday night ; for Lady Hervey and Lady Stafford are to be there with me for a few days from to-morrow se'nnight. Adieu !

## 552. TO THE EARL OF STRAFFORD.

MY DEAR LORD :

*Arlington Street, June 16, 1758.*

I STAYED to write to you, in obedience to your commands, till I had something worth telling you. St. Maloes is taken by storm. The governor leaped into the sea at the very name of the Duke of Marlborough. Sir James Lowther put his hand into his pocket, and gave the soldiers two hundred and fifty thousand pounds to drink the King's health on the top of the great church. Norborne Berkeley begged the favour of the Bishop to go back with him and see his house in Gloucestershire. Delaval is turned capuchin, with remorse for having killed four thousand French with his own hand. Commodore Howe does nothing but *talk* of what he has done.

<sup>1</sup> Lady Mary Bruce, Duchess of Richmond, only child of the Countess of Ailesbury by her first marriage. She was at Park-place with her mother during the Duke of Richmond's absence, who was a volunteer upon this expedition.—WALPOLE.



Lord Downe, who has killed the intendant, has sent for Dupré<sup>1</sup> to put in his place; and my Lord Anson has ravished three abbesses, the youngest of whom was eighty-five. Sure, my lord, this account is glorious enough! Don't you think one might 'bate a little of it? How much will you give up? Will you compound for the town capitulating, and for threescore men-of-war and two hundred privateers burned in the harbour? I would fain beat you down as low as I could. What, if we should not have taken the town? Shall you be very much shocked, if, after burning two ships of fifty-four and thirty-six guns, and a bushel of privateers and small-ware, we had thought it prudent to leave the town where we found it, and had re-embarked last Monday in seven hours, (the dispatch of which implies at least as much precipitation as conduct,) and that of all the large bill of fare above, nothing should be true but Downe's killing the intendant; who coming out to reconnoitre, and not surrendering, Downe, at the head of some grenadiers, shot him dead. In truth, this is all the truth, as it came in the middle of the night; and if your lordship is obstinately bent on the conquest of France, you must wait till we have found another loophole into it, which it seems our fleet is gone to look for. I fear it is not even true that we have beat them in the Mediterranean! nor have I any hopes but in Admiral Forbes, who must sail up the Rhone, burn Lyons, and force them to a peace at once.

I hope you have had as favourable succession of sun and rain as we have. I go to Park-place next week, where I fancy I shall find our little Duchess [of Richmond] quite content with the prospect of recovering her Duke, without his being loaded with laurels like a boar's head. Adieu! my dear lord. My best compliments to my lady and her whole menagerie.

## 553. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

*Strawberry Hill, June 18, 1758.*

I WRITE to you again so soon, only to laugh at my last letter. What a dupe was I! at my years to be dazzled with glory! to be charmed with the rattle of drums and trumpets, till I fancied myself at Cressy or Poitiers! In the middle of all this dream of conquest, just when I had settled in what room of my castle I would lodge

<sup>1</sup> A French master.—WALPOLE.

the Duke of Alençon or Montpensier, or whatever illustrious captive should be committed to the custody of Seneschal *Me*, I was awakened with an account of our army having re-embarked, after burning some vessels at St. Maloes. This is the history, neither more nor less of this mighty expedition. They found the causeway broken up, stayed from Tuesday night till Monday morning in sight of the town; agreed it was impregnable; heard ten thousand French (which the next day here were erected into thirty thousand) were coming against them; took to their transports, and are gone to play at hide and seek somewhere else. This campaign being rather naked, is coloured over with the great damage we have done, and with the fine disposition and despatch made for getting away—the same colours that would serve to paint pirates or a flight. However, the City is pleased; and Mr. Pitt maintains that he never intended to take St. Maloes, which I believe, *because* when he did intend to have Rochfort taken last year, he sent no cannon; this year, when he never meant to take St. Maloes, he sent a vast train of artillery. Besides, one of the most important towns in France, lying some miles up in the country, was very liable to be stormed; a fishing town on the coast is naturally impracticable. The best side of the adventure is, that they were very near coming away without attempting the conflagration, and only thought of it by chance—then indeed

Diripere focos—

Atque omnis facibus Pubes accingitur atris.—

Perhaps the metamorphosis in Virgil of the ships into mermaids is not more absurd than an army of twelve or thirteen thousand of the flower of our troops and nobility performing the office of link-boys, making a bonfire, and running away! The French have said well, “*Les Anglois viennent nous casser des vitres avec des guinées.*” We have lost six men; they five, and about a hundred vessels, from a fifty-gun ship to a mackerel-boat.

I don't only ask my own pardon for swelling out my imagination, but yours, for making you believe that you was to be representative of the Black Prince or Henry V. I hope you had sent no bullying letter to the conclave on the authority of my last letter, to threaten the cardinals, that if they did not elect the Archbishop of Canterbury Pope, you would send for part of the squadron from St. Maloes to burn Civita Vecchia. I had promised you the duchy of Bretagne, and we have lost Madras!

Our expedition is still afloat—whither bound, I know not; but



pray don't bespeak any more laurels; wait patiently for what they shall send you from the Secretary's Office.

I gave your brother James my new work to send you—I grieve that I must not, as usual, send a set for poor Dr. Cocchi. Good night!

554. TO GEORGE LORD LYTTTELTON.<sup>1</sup>

Mr Lord:

*Strawberry Hill, June 20, 1758.*

I WAS unluckily at Park Place when your Lordship sent to my house in town; and I more unluckily still left Park Place the very day your Lordship was expected there. I twice waited on you in Hill Street, to thank you for the great favour of lending me your *History*,<sup>2</sup> which I am sorry I kept longer than you intended; but you must not wonder. I read it with as great attention as pleasure; it is not a book to skim, but to learn by heart, if one means to learn anything of England. You call it the '*History of Henry the Second*,'—it is literally the History of our Constitution, and will last much longer than I fear the latter will; for alas! my Lord, your style, which will fix and preserve our language, cannot do what nature cannot do,—reform the nature of man. I beg to know whether I shall send this book, too valuable to be left in a careless manner with a servant. I repeat my warmest thanks, and am, my Lord, &c.

555. TO SIR DAVID DALRYMPLE.<sup>3</sup>

Sir:

*Strawberry Hill, June 29, 1758.*

INACCURATE and careless, as I must own my book is,<sup>4</sup> I cannot quite repent having let it appear in that state, since it has procured me so agreeable and obliging a notice from a gentleman whose

<sup>1</sup> Now first collected. From Phillimore's *Memoirs and Correspondence*, p. 576.—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>2</sup> A portion (then unpublished) of his *History of Henry II.*—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>3</sup> This eminent lawyer, antiquary, and historian was born in 1726. He was educated at Eton, and afterwards studied civil law at Utrecht. In 1748 he was called to the Scotch bar, and in 1766 made a judge of session, when he assumed the name of Lord Hailes. Boswell states, that Dr. Johnson, in 1763, drank a bumper to him "as a man of worth, a scholar, and a wit." His '*Annals of Scotland*' the Doctor describes as "a work which has such a stability of dates, such a certainty of facts, and such a punctuality of citation, that it must always sell." He wrote several papers in the '*World*' and '*Mirror*.' He died in 1792.—WRIGHT.

<sup>4</sup> The '*Royal and Noble Authors*.'—WRIGHT.

approbation makes me very vain. The trouble you have been so good as to give yourself, Sir, is by no means lost upon me; I feel the greatest gratitude for it, and shall profit not only of your remarks, but with your permission of your very words, wherever they will fall in with my text. The former are so judicious and sensible, and the latter so well chosen, that if it were not too impertinent to propose myself as an example, I should wish, Sir, that you would do that justice to the writers of your own country, which my ignorance has made me execute so imperfectly and barrenly.

Give me leave to say a few words to one or two of your notes. I should be glad to mention more instances of Queen Elizabeth's fondness for praise, but fear I have already been too diffuse on that head. Bufo [in Pope] is certainly Lord Halifax: the person at whom you hint is more nearly described by the name of Bubo, and I think in one place is even called Bubb. The number of volumes of Parthenissa I took from the list of Lord Orrery's writings in the *Biographia*: it is probable, therefore, Sir, that there were different editions of that romance. You will excuse my repeating once more, Sir, my thanks for your partiality to a work so little worthy of your favour. I even flatter myself that whenever you take a journey this way, you will permit me to have the honour of being acquainted with a gentleman to whom I have so particular an obligation.

556. TO JOHN CHUTE, ESQ.

*Strawberry Hill, June 29, 1758.*

THE Tower guns have sworn through thick and thin that Prince Ferdinand has entirely demolished the French, and the City bonfires all believe it. However, as no officer is yet come, nor confirmation, my crackers suspend their belief. Our great fleet is stepped ashore again near Cherbourg; I suppose, to singe half a yard more of the coast. This is all I know; less, as you may perceive, than anything but the Gazette.

What is become of Mr. Montagu? Has he stolen to Southampton, and slipped away a-volunteering like Norborne Berkeley, to conquer France in a dirty shirt and a frock? He might gather forty load more of laurels in my wood. I wish I could flatter myself that you would come with him.

My Lady Suffolk has at last entirely submitted her barn to our ordination. As yet it is only in *Deacon's orders*; but will very soon



have our last imposition of hands. Adieu! Let me know a word of you.

## 557. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

*Strawberry Hill, July 6, 1758.*

You may believe I was thoroughly disappointed in not seeing you here, as I expected. I grieve for the reason, and wish you had told me that your brother was quite recovered. Must I give you over for the summer? sure you are in my debt.

That regiments are going to Germany is certain; which, except the Blues, I know not. Of all secrets I am not in any Irish ones. I hope for your sake, your Colonel is not of the number; but how can you talk in the manner you do of Prince Ferdinand? Don't you know that, next to Mr. Pitt and Mr. Delaval, he is the most fashionable man in England? Have not the Tower guns, and all the parsons in London, been ordered to pray for him? You have lived in Northamptonshire till you are ignorant that Hanover is in Middlesex, as the Bishop's palace at Chelsea is in the diocese of Winchester. In hopes that you will grow better acquainted with your own country, I remain your affected

HORATIUS VOLAPOLHAUSEN.

## 558. TO THE REV. DR. BIRCH.

SIR :

*Arlington Street, July 8, 1758.*

As you have been so good as to favour me with your assistance, I flatter myself you will excuse by begging it once more. I am told that you mentioned to Dr. Jortin a Lord Mountjoy, who lived in the reign of Henry VIII., as an author. Will you be so good as to tell me anything you know of him, and what he wrote? I shall entreat the favour of this notice as soon as possibly you can; because my book is printing off, and I am afraid of being past the place where he must come in. I am just going out of town, but a line put into the post any night before nine o'clock will find me next morning at Strawberry Hill.

## 559. TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

*Arlington Street, July 8, 1758.*

You have made me laugh ; do you think I found much difficulty to persist in thinking as well of you as I used to do, though you have neither been so great a Poliorcetes as Almanzor, who could take a town alone, nor have executed the commands of another Almanzor, who thought he could command the walls of a city to tumble down as easily as those of Jericho did to the march of Joshua's first regiment of Guards? Am I so apt to be swayed by popular clamour? But I will say no more on that head. As to the wording of the sentence<sup>1</sup> I approve your objection ; and as I have at least so little of the author in me as to be very corrigible, I will, if you think proper, word the beginning thus :—

“In dedicating a few trifles to you, I have nothing new to tell the world. My esteem still accompanies your merit, on which it was founded, and to which, with such abilities as mine, I can only bear testimony ; I must not pretend to vindicate it. If your virtues,” &c. It shall not be said that I allowed prejudice and clamour to be the voice of the world against you. I approve, too, the change of “proposed” for “would have undertaken :” but I cannot like putting in “prejudice and malice.” When one accuses others of malice, one is a little apt to feel it ; and could I flatter myself that such a thing as a Dedication would have weight, or that anything of mine would last, I would have it look as dispassionate as possible. When after some interval I assert coolly that you was most wrongfully blamed, I shall be believed. If I seem angry, it will look like a party quarrel still existing.

Instead of resenting your not being employed in the present follies, I think you might write a letter of thanks to my Lord Ligonier, or to Mr. Pitt, or even to the *person* [the King] who is *appointed to appoint* generals himself, to thank them for not exposing you a second year. All the puffs in the newspapers cannot long stifle the ridicule which the French will of course propagate through all Europe on the foolish figure we have made. You shall judge by one sample : the Duc d'Aiguillon has literally sent a vessel with a flag of truce to the Duke of Marlborough, with some teaspoons which, in his hurry, he left behind him. I know the person who

<sup>1</sup> In the dedication to Conway of Walpole's ‘Fugitive Pieces.’—CUNNINGHAM.



saw the packet before it was delivered to Blenheimeius. But what will you say to this wise commander himself? I am going to tell you no secret, but what he uttered publicly at the levee. The King asked him, if he had raised great contributions? "Contributions, Sir! we saw nothing but old women." What becomes of the thirty thousand men that made them retire with such expedition to their transports? My Lord Downe, as decently as he can, makes the greatest joke of their enterprise, and has said at Arthur's, that five hundred men posted with a grain of common sense would have cut them all to pieces. I was not less pleased at what M. de Monbagon, the young prisoner, told Charles Townshend t'other day at Harley's: he was actually at Rochfort when you landed, where he says they had six thousand men, most impatient for your approach, and so posted that not one of you would ever have returned. This is not an evidence to be forgot.

Howe and Lord George Sackville are upon the worst terms, as the latter is with the military too. I can tell you some very curious anecdotes when I see you; but what I do not choose, for particular reasons, to write. What is still more curious, when Lord George kissed hands at Kensington, not a word was said to him.

How is your fever? tell me, when you have a mind to write, but don't think it necessary to answer my gazettes; indeed I don't expect it.

## 560. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

*Arlington Street, July 8, 1758.*

If you will not take Prince Ferdinand's victory at Crevelt in full of all accounts, I don't know what you will do—*autrement*, we are insolvent. After dodging about the coasts of Normandy and Bretagne, our armada is returned; but in the hurry of the retreat from St. Maloes, the Duke of Marlborough left his silver teaspoons behind. As he had generously sent back an old woman's finger and gold ring which one of our soldiers had cut off, the Duc d'Aiguillon has sent a cartel-ship with the prisoner-spoons. How they must be diverted with this tea-equipage, stamped with the Blenheim eagles! and how plain by this sarcastic compliment what they think of us! Yet we fancy that we detain forty thousand men on the coast from Prince Clermont's army! We are sending nine thousand men to Prince Ferdinand; part, those of the expedition: the remainder are to make another attempt; perhaps to batter Calais with a pair of tea-tongs.

I am sorry for the Comte de la Marche, and much more sorry for the Duc de Gisors.<sup>1</sup> He was recommended to me when he was in England; I knew him much, and thought as well of him as all the world did. He was graver, and with much more application to improve himself, than any young Frenchman of quality I ever saw. How unfortunate Belleisle is, to have outlived his brother, his only son, and his hearing! You will be charmed with an answer of Prince Ferdinand to our Princess Gouvernante of Holland.<sup>2</sup> She wrote by direction of the States to complain of his passing over the territories of the Republic. He replied, "That he was sorry, though he had barely crossed over a very small corner of their dominions; and should not have trespassed even there, if he had had the same Dutch guides to conduct him that led the French army last year to Hanover."

I congratulate you on your regalo from the Northumberlands. How seldom people think of all the trouble and expense they put you to—I amongst the rest! *Apropos*, if they are not bespoken, I will not trouble you for the case of drams. Lord Hertford has given me some of his; the fashion is much on the decline, and never drinking any myself, these will last me long enough; and considering that I scarce ever give you a commission, but somehow or other ends at your expense, (witness the medals you gave me of your own,) it is time for me to check my pen that asks so flippantly. As I am not mercenary, I cannot bear to turn you to account; if I was, I should bear it very easily: but it is ridiculous to profit of one's friends, when one does not make friendship with that view.

Methinks you don't make a Pope very fast. The battle of Crevelt has restored him a little, or the head of our Church was very declining. He said the other day to Lady Coventry in the Drawing-Room, "Don't look at me, I am a dismal figure; I have entirely lost one eye." Adieu!

561. TO DAVID HUME, ESQ.<sup>3</sup>

SIR:

*Strawberry Hill, July 15, 1758.*

It is impossible to trouble my Lady Hervey with transcribing

<sup>1</sup> Only son of Marshal Belleisle; he was killed at the battle of Crevelt: the Comte de la Marche was not.—WALPOLE.

<sup>2</sup> Anne, eldest daughter of George II., and Princess Dowager of Orange.—WALPOLE.

<sup>3</sup> Now first collected. From 'Letters of Eminent Persons addressed to David Hume,' edited by J. H. Burton, 8vo, 1849.—CUNNINGHAM.



what I wish to say in answer to your kind objections to a very few passages in my Catalogue: yet as I cannot deny myself the pleasure, and indeed the duty, of making some reply to such undeserved civilities from a gentleman of your abilities, you must excuse me, Sir, if I take the liberty of addressing my letter directly to you. It is, I assure you, neither with vanity nor presumption; even your flattery, Sir, cannot make me forget the distance between the author of the best history of England, and a compiler of English writers. Were it known what countenance I have received from men of such talents as Mr. Hume and Sir David Dalrymple, I should with reason be suspected of partiality to Scotland. What I did say of your country, Sir, was dictated by conviction, before the least selfishness or gratitude could have biassed me.

I must premise, Sir, that what I am going to say is not directly to defend what you criticise, it is rather an explanation which I owe to such criticisms, and to apologise for not correcting my work in consequence of your remarks; but unhappily for me, the greater part of your notes regard passages in pages already printed off for the future edition. I will touch them in order.

I perceive by what you and others have said to me, Sir, that the freedom I have taken with Sir Philip Sidney, is what gives most offence: yet I think if my words are duly weighed, it will be found that my words are too strong, rather than my argument weak. I say, *when we at this distance of time inquire what prodigious merits excited such admiration.* What admiration? why, that all the learned of Europe praised him, all the poets of England lamented his death, the republic of Poland thought of him for their king. I allow Sir Philip great valour, and from some of his performances good sense; but, dear Sir, compare his talents with the admiration they occasioned, and that in no unlettered, no unpolished age, and can we at this distance help wondering at the vastness of his character? Allowing as much sense to Sir Philip as his warmest admirers can demand for him, surely this country has produced many men of far greater abilities, who have by no means met with a proportionate share of applause. It were a vain parade to name them—take Lord Bacon alone, who I believe of all our writers, except Newton, is most known to foreigners, and to whom Sir Philip was a puny child in genius,—how far was he from attaining an equal degree of fame and honour? To say the truth, I attribute the great admiration of Sir Philip Sidney to his having so much merit and learning for a man of his rank,

*"Rarus enim ferme sensus communis in illa  
Fortunâ."*

Indeed, Sir, if your good sense and philosophy did not raise you above being blinded, I should suspect that you had conceived still more undeserved esteem from the same surprise for another author, who is the only one, that, by being compared with Sir Philip Sidney, could make me think the latter a very great man. I have already thrown in a note to illustrate my argument, and to excuse myself to some gentlemen who thought I had not paid attention enough to Sir Philip's 'Defence of Poesy;' but whether one or two particular tracts are a little better or not than I have represented his general writings, it does not affect the scope of my reasoning, the whole result of which is, as I said, that he was not a great man in proportion to his fame.

I will not be equally diffuse in my defence of the character of Lord Falkland; the same kind of answer must serve for that too. The greatest part of page 194 was intended as an answer to your objection, Sir, as I apprehended it would be made. When the King originally, and the patriots subsequently, had drawn upon their country all the violences of a civil war, it might be just abstractedly, but I think was not right for the consequences it might have, to consider that the King was become the party aggrieved. I cannot but be of opinion, that assisting an oppressed king is, in reality, helping him to tyranny. It is the nature of man and power, not to be content with being restored to their due and former rights. And however illegal and tyrannous the conduct of a victorious parliament may be, I should think it more likely to come to its rational senses, than a victorious king—perhaps mine are principles rather than arguments. On the coolest examination of myself and of the history of those times, I think I should have been one of the last to have had recourse to arms, because an encroaching prince can never take such strides as a triumphant; but I should have been one of the last, too, to lay them down, for the reasons I have given you. As to the trifling affair of the clean shirt, it was Whitlocke, as I have quoted him, page 195, and not Lord Clarendon, that mentioned it; and I was glad it was Whitlocke, to show that I equally blamed the republican and royalist writers for thinking Lord Falkland of consequence enough to have every little circumstance relating to him recorded. For the transaction of the King and Glamorgan, I must own, Sir, you have helped me to a strong argument against the King, which I had overlooked, as I had another, which I have mentioned in my new edition, though a fault not equally culpable, in my opinion,—the indulgences granted *to the Catholics*. If the argument I have proposed in the note,



page 213, does not seem a strong one to you for the reality of Glamorgan's commission, I might use more words, but I fear without conveying more conviction.

The reference to the General Dictionary was certainly wrong, though too late for me now to correct. Instead of vol. iii., page 359, I ought to have referred to vol. x., page 76, where if not a new or satisfactory, is at least so long a discussion, that I should have thought myself unpardonable to repeat it, as I had nothing new to offer on either side of the question. But, Sir, this is only a single and a slight mistake, in comparison of the many which I fear still remain. As my work has been so fortunate to find some favour, it would look like a boast to mention how rapidly it was compiled and composed; and I must wave my truest apology rather than plead it with an air of arrogance. But now, Sir, though I can a little defend myself against myself, what sort of an apology shall I use for the liberty I have taken with you? A liberty which you have reprimanded in the genteelest, though severest manner, by your gentle observations on a work so faulty as mine. When you allow that I am at all justifiable in mistaking your sense, I must not retract, and therefore I will only say that the words, *conduct much more natural could not however procure Lord Halifax's the character of integrity*, did seem to me to say, that though his trimming more probably flowed from integrity than policy, yet it could not attain the reputation of the former. In general, too, I must own that you seemed to make him figure as a more considerable minister than I had thought him; for thus, Sir, one compares one's own scanty and superficial reading, with the study of an historian, who has long and diligently weighed every circumstance. All men are not fortunate, like me, to write from slight knowledge, and then to be examined with the mildest good-nature by men far more able and better-informed.

I am sensible, Sir, that I have transgressed all bounds; I meant to thank you, and to explain myself; instead of that, I have wearied you, while I was amusing myself with the pleasure of talking to a man whose works I have so long admired. I am, Sir,

Your much obliged and most obedient humble Servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

<sup>1</sup> George Savile, Marquis of Halifax, a man more remarkable for his wit than his steadiness, and whom an ingenious modern historian [Mr. Hume] has erected into a principal character in the reign of Charles II. *Walpole's Royal and Noble Authors*.  
—CUNNINGHAM.

## 562. TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

*Strawberry Hill, July 21, 1758.*

YOUR gazette, I know, has been a little idle; but we volunteer gazettes, like our volunteers, are not easily tied down to regularity and rules. We think we have so much merit, that we think we have a right to some demerit too; and those who depend upon us, I mean us gazettes, are often disappointed. A common-foot newspaper may want our vivacity, but is ten times more useful. Besides, I am not in town, and ten miles out of it is an hundred miles out of it for all the purposes of news. You know, of course, that Lord George Sackville refused to go *a-buccaneering* again, as he called it; that *my friend*, Lord Ancram, who loves a dram of anything, from glory to brandy, is *out of order*; that just as Lord Panmure was going to take the command, he missed an eye; and that at last they have routed out an old General Blighe from the horse armoury in Ireland, who is to undertake the codicil to the expedition. Moreover, you know that Prince Edward is bound 'prentice to Mr. Howe.<sup>1</sup> All this you have heard, yet, like my cousin the Chronicle, I repeat what has been printed in every newspaper of the week, and then finish with one paragraph of *spick and span*. Alack! my postscript is not very fortunate: a convoy of twelve thousand men, &c. was going to the King of Prussia, was attacked unexpectedly by five thousand Austrians, and cut entirely to pieces; provisions, ammunition, &c. all taken. The King instantly raised the siege, and retreated with so much precipitation, that he was forced to nail up sixty pieces of cannon. I conclude the next we hear of him will be a great victory: if he sets overnight in a defeat, he always rises next morning in a triumph—at least, we that have nothing to do but expect and admire, shall be extremely disappointed if he does not. Besides, he is three months debtor to Fame.

The only private history of any freshness is, my Lady Dalkeith's christening; the child had *three* godfathers: and I will tell you

<sup>1</sup> In the preceding month, Prince Edward had been appointed a midshipman, and in July embarked on board the *Essex*, commanded by Lord Howe, upon the expedition against Cherbourg.—WRIGHT. There is at Gopsall, the seat of Lord Howe, a fine half-length portrait of Edward Duke of York painted by Pompeo Battoni and presented by the Duke to Lord Howe.—CUNNINGHAM.



why: they had thought of the Duke of Newcastle, my Lord and George Townshend: but of two Townshends and his Grace, God could not take the word of any two of them, so all three were forced to be bound.

I draw this comfort from the King of Prussia's defeat, that it may prevent the folly of another expedition: I don't know how or why, but no reason is a very good one against a thing that has no reason in it. Eleven hundred men are ill from the last enterprise. Perhaps Don William Quixote [Pitt] and Admiral Amadis [Anson] may determine to send them to the Danube; for, as no information ever precedes their resolutions, and no impossibilities ever deter them, I don't see why the only thing worthy their consideration should not be, how glorious and advantageous an exploit it would be, if it could be performed. Why did Bishop Wilkins try to fly? Not that he thought it practicable, but because it would be very convenient. As he did not happen to be a particular favourite of the city of London, he was laughed at: they prepossessed in his favour, and he would have received twenty gold boxes, though twenty people had broken their necks off St. Paul's with trying the experiment.

I have heard a whisper, that you do not go into Yorkshire this summer. Is it true? It is fixed that I go to Ragley<sup>1</sup> on the 13th of next month; I trust you do so too. Have you had such deluges for three weeks well counted, as we have? If I had not cut one of my perroquet's wings, and there were an olive-tree in the country, I would send to know where there is a foot of dry land.

You have heard, I suppose,—if not, be it known to you,—that Mr. Keppel, the canon of Windsor, espouses my niece Laura; yes, Laura.<sup>2</sup> I rejoice much; so I receive your compliments upon it, lest you should, as it sometimes happens, forget to make them. Adieu!

*July 22.*

For the pleasure of my conscience I had written all the above last night, expecting Lord Lyttelton, the Dean [of Exeter], and other company to-day. This morning I receive yours; and having already told you all I know, I have only a few paragraphs to answer.

<sup>1</sup> The seat of the Earl of Hertford.—WALPOLE.

<sup>2</sup> Laura, eldest daughter of Sir Edward Walpole, married September 13, 1758, to Dr. Frederick Keppel, afterwards Dean of Windsor and Bishop of Exeter.—CUNNINGHAM.

I am pleased that you are pleased about my book :<sup>1</sup> *you* shall see it very soon ; though there will scarce be a new page : nobody else shall see it till spring. In the first place, the prints will not be finished : in the next, I intend that two or three other things shall appear before it from my press, of other authors ; for I will not surfeit people with my writings, nor have them think that I propose to find employment alone for a whole press—so far from it, I intend to employ it no more about myself.

I will certainly try to see you during your waiting.<sup>2</sup> Adieu !

563. TO THE REV. HENRY ZOUCHE.<sup>3</sup>

SIR :

*Strawberry Hill, August 3, 1758.*

I HAVE received, with much pleasure and surprise, the favour of your remarks upon my Catalogue ; and whenever I have the opportunity of being better known to you, I shall endeavour to express my gratitude for the trouble you have given yourself in contributing to perfect a work,<sup>4</sup> which, notwithstanding your obliging expressions, I fear you found very little worthy the attention of so much good sense and knowledge, Sir, as you possess.

I am extremely thankful for all the information you have given

<sup>1</sup> The 'Anecdotes of Painting.'—WALPOLE.

<sup>2</sup> As groom of the bed-chamber to the King.—WALPOLE.

<sup>3</sup> The Rev. Henry Zouch was the elder brother of Dr. Thomas Zouch, better known in the literary world. Henry principally dedicated himself to the performance of his duties as a clergyman, a country gentleman, and a magistrate ; in all which characters he was highly exemplary. He published several works connected with these avocations, particularly on the management of prisons, and on other points of police. He had, also, in his earlier days, been a poet ; and these letters show that he was well acquainted with the literary history and antiquities of his country. Having lived in close intimacy and friendship with Mr. Walpole's friend and correspondent, William Earl of Strafford, it is probable that through him he became interested in Mr. Walpole's pursuits, and disposed to contribute that assistance towards the perfection of the 'Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors,' which is so justly acknowledged by Mr. Walpole. Mr. Zouch died at the family seat of Sandall, in Yorkshire, of which parish he was also vicar, in June 1795 ; leaving his friend and kinsman, the Earl of Lonsdale, his executor, by whose favour these letters are now given to the public. The exact time of his birth is not ascertained ; but as he was an A.B. of Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1746, he probably was born about 1725.—CROKER. See vol. i. p. xxxix.—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>4</sup> The 'Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors,' originally published by Mr. Walpole in 1758. Mr. Zouch appears to have commenced the correspondence on the occasion of this publication. The author of the 'Catalogue' received much of the same kind of assistance as was given to him by Mr. Zouch ; but his editor, Mr. Park, says, "It would seem that Lord Orford was more thankful for communications tendered, than desirous to let the contents of them be seen."—CROKER.



me; I had already met with a few of the same lights as I have received, Sir, from you, as I shall mention in their place. The very curious accounts of Lord Fairfax were entirely new and most acceptable to me. If I decline making use of one or two of your hints, I believe I can explain my reasons to your satisfaction. I will, with your leave, go regularly through your letter.

As Caxton<sup>1</sup> laboured in the monastery of Westminster, it is not at all unlikely that he should wear the habit, nor, considering how vague our knowledge of that age is, impossible but he might enter the order.

I have met with Henry's institution of a Christian, and shall give you an account of it in my next edition. In that, too, I shall mention, that Lord Cobham's allegiance professed at his death to Richard II., probably means to Richard and his right heirs whom he had abandoned for the house of Lancaster. As the article is printed off, it is too late to say anything more about his works.

In all the old books of genealogy you will find, Sir, that young Richard Duke of York was solemnly married to a child of his own age, Anne Mowbray, the heiress of Norfolk, who died young as well as he.

The article of the Duke of Somerset is printed off too; besides, I should imagine the letter you mention not to be of his own composition, for, though not illiterate, he certainly could not write anything like classic Latin.<sup>2</sup> I may, too, possibly have inclusively mentioned the very letter; I have not Ascham's book, to see from what copy the letter was taken, but probably from one of those which I have said is in Bennet Library.

<sup>1</sup> It is probable that Mr. Zouch objected to Mr. Walpole's assertion, that the illumination prefixed to a manuscript in Lambeth library, of Earl Rivers's translation of 'The Dictes and Sayings of the Philosophers, by Jehan de Teonville,' represented the Earl introducing Caxton to Edward IV. Mr. Zouch seems to have very properly doubted whether Caxton would wear the clerical habit, as the figure referred to in that illumination does; and Mr. Walpole replies to that doubt. Upon the same subject, Mr. Cole says, "qu. how Lord Orford came to know the kneeling figure in a clerical habit was Caxton the printer? He is certainly a priest, as is evident from his tonsure, but I do not think that Caxton was in orders. I should rather suppose that it was designed for Jehan de Teonville, provost of Paris."—CROKER.

<sup>2</sup> In a subsequent edition Mr. Walpole recites the title of this letter, 'Epistola exhortatoria missa ad Nobilitatem ac Plebem universumque Populum Regni Scotiæ,' printed in 4to, at London, 1548; and he adds, "this might possibly be composed by some dependant." We do not exactly see the grounds of Walpole's assertion, that the Lord Protector Somerset "could not write anything like classic Latin;" although we admit that his having been chancellor of Cambridge is not conclusive evidence upon this subject, and that it is probable that the letter was written by his secretary.—CROKER.

The Catalogue of Lord Brooke's works is taken from the volume of his works; such pieces of his as I found doubted, particularly the tragedy of Cicero, I have taken notice of as doubtful.

In my next edition you will see, Sir, a note on Lord Herbert, who, besides being with the King at York, had offended the peers by a speech in his Majesty's defence. Mr. Wolseley's preface I shall mention, from your information. Lord Rochester's letters to his son are letters to a child, bidding him mind his book and his grandmother. I had already been told, Sir, what you tell me of Marchmont Needham.

Matthew Clifford I have altered to Martin, as you prescribed; the blunder was my own, as well as a more considerable one, that of Lord Sandwich's death—which was occasioned by my supposing, at first, that the translation of Barba<sup>1</sup> was made by the second Earl, whose death I had marked in the list, and forgot to alter, after I had writ the account of the father. I shall take care to set this right, as the second volume is not yet begun to be printed.

Lord Halifax's Maxims I have already marked down, as I shall Lord Dorset's share in Pompey.

The account of the Duke of Wharton's death I had from a very good hand—Captain Willoughby; who, in the convent where the Duke died, saw a picture of him in the habit. If it was a Bernardine convent, the gentleman might confound them; but, considering that there is no life of the Duke but bookseller's trash, it is much more likely that they mistook.

I have no doubts about Lord Belhaven's speeches; but unless I could verify their being published by himself, it were contrary to my rule to insert them.

If you look, Sir, into Lord Clarendon's account of Montrose's death, you will perceive that there is no probability of the book of his actions being composed by himself.

I will consult Sir James Ware's book on Lord Totness's translation; and I will mention the Earl of Cork's Memoirs.

Lord Leppington is the Earl of Monmouth, in whose article I have taken notice of his Romulus and Tarquin.

Lord Berkeley's book I have actually got, and shall give him an article.

<sup>1</sup> 'The Art of Metals, in which is declared the manner of their generation.' Albara Alonzo Barba was curate of St. Bernard's, in Potosi. This work, which contains a great deal of practical information on mining, has also been translated into German and French. The English editions are very scarce, and a republication might be desirable in this age of mining adventure.—CROKER.



There is one more passage, Sir, in your letter, which I cannot answer, without putting you to new trouble—a liberty which all your indulgence cannot justify me in taking; else I would beg to know on what authority you attribute to Laurence Earl of Rochester the famous preface to his father's history, which I have always heard ascribed to Atterbury, Smallridge, and Aldridge. The knowledge of this would be an additional favour; it would be a much greater, Sir, if, coming this way, you would ever let me have the honour of seeing a gentleman to whom I am so much obliged.

## 564. TO THE REV. HENRY ZOUCH.

SIR :

*Strawberry Hill, August 12, 1758.*

IT were a disrespect to your order, of which I hope you think me incapable, not to return an immediate answer to the favour of your last, the engaging modesty of which would raise my esteem if I had not felt it before for you. I certainly do not retract my desire of being better acquainted with you, Sir, from the knowledge you are pleased to give me of yourself. Your profession is an introduction anywhere; but, before I learned that, you will do me the justice to observe, that your good sense and learning were to me sufficient recommendation; and though, in the common intercourse of the world, rank and birth have their proper distinctions, there is certainly no occasion for them between men whose studies and inclinations are the same. Indeed, I know nothing that gives me any pretence to think any gentleman my inferior: I am a very private person myself, and if I have anything to boast from my birth, it is from the good understanding, not from the nobility of my father. I must beg, therefore, that, in the future correspondence, which I hope we shall have, you will neither show me, nor think I expect, a respect to which I have no manner of title, and which I wish not for, unless it would enable me to be of service to gentlemen of merit, like yourself. I will say no more on this head, but to repeat, that if any occasion should draw you to this part of England, (as I shall be sorry if it is ill-health that has carried you from home,) I flatter myself you will let me have the satisfaction and, for the last time of using so formal a word, the honour of seeing you.

In the mean time, you will oblige me by letting me know how I can convey my Catalogue to you. I ought, I know, to stay till I

can send you a more correct edition ; but, though the first volume is far advanced, the second may profit by your remarks. If you could send me the passage and the page in Wardus, relating to the Earl of Totness, it would much oblige me ; for I have only the English edition, and, as I am going a little journey for a week, cannot just now get the Latin.

You mention, Sir, Mr. Thoresby's Museum : is it still preserved entire ?

I would fain ask you another question, very foreign to anything I have been saying, but from your searches into antiquity, you may possibly, Sir, be able to explain what nobody whom I have consulted hitherto can unravel. At the end of the second part of the Cabala, p. 105, in the folio edition, is a letter from Henry VIII. to the Cardinal Cibo, dated from our palace, Mindas, 10th July, 1527. In no map, topographical account, or book of antiquity, can I possibly find such house or place as Mindas.<sup>1</sup>

565. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

*Strawberry Hill, August 12, 1758.*

It is not a thousand years since I wrote to you, is it ?—nay, if it is, blame the King of Prussia, who has been firing away his time at Olmutz ; blame Admiral Howe, who never said a word of having taken Cherbourg till yesterday.—Taken Cherbourg !—yes, he has—he landed within six miles of it on the 6th, saw some force, who only stayed to run away ; attacked a fort, a magazine blew up, the Guards marched against a body of French, who again made fools of them, pretending to stand, and then ran away—and then, and then, why then we took Cherbourg. We pretended to destroy the works, and a basin that has just cost two millions. We have not lost twenty men. The city of London, I suppose, is drinking brave Admiral Howe's and brave Cherbourg's health ; but I miss all these festivities by going into Warwickshire to-morrow to Lord Hertford. In short, Cherbourg becomes very opportunely : we had begun to grow peevish at Louisbourg not being arrived, and there are some\* people at least as peevish that Prince de Soubize has again walked into Hanover, after having demolished the Hessians. Prince Ferdinand, who

<sup>1</sup> See this corrected as a typographical mistake, *post*, p. 178.—CROKER.

<sup>2</sup> The King.—WALPOLE.



a fortnight ago was as great a hero as if he had been born in Thames Street, is kept in check by Monsieur de Contades, and there are some little apprehensions that our Blues, &c. will not be able to join him. Cherbourg will set all to rights; the King of Prussia may fumble as much as he pleases, and though the French should not be frightened out of their senses at the loss of this town, we shall be fully persuaded they are, and not a gallon less of punch will be drunk from Westminster to Wapping.

I have received your two letters of July 1st and 7th, with the prices of Stosch's medals, and the history of the new pontificate. I will not meddle with the former, content with and thanking you much for those you send me; and for the case of liqueurs, which I don't intend to present myself with, but to pay you for.

You must, I think, take up with this scrap of a letter; consider it contains a conquest. If I wrote any longer, before I could finish my letter, perhaps I should hear that our fleet was come back again, and, though I should be glad they were returned safely, it diminishes the lustre of a victory to have a tame conclusion to it—without that you are left at liberty to indulge vision—Cherbourg is in France, Havre and St. Maloes may catch the panic, Calais may be surprised, that may be followed by a battle which we may gain; it is but a march of a few days to Paris, the King flies to his good allies the Dutch for safety, Prince Edward takes possession of the Bastile in his brother's name, to whom the King, content with England and Hanover—alas! I had forgot that he has just lost the latter.—Good night!

*Sunday morning.*

Mr. Conway, who is just come in to carry me away, brings an account of an important advantage gained by a detachment of six battalions of Hanoverians, who have demolished fourteen of the French, and thereby secured the magazines and a junction with the English.

566. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

*Strawberry Hill, Aug. 20, 1758.*

AFTER some silence, one might take the opportunity of Cherbourg and Louisbourg to revive a little correspondence with popular topics; but I think you are no violent politician, and I am full as little so; I will therefore tell you of what I of course care more, and I am

willing to presume you do too; that is, myself. I have been journeying much since I heard from you: first to the Vine, where I was greatly pleased with the alterations; the garden is quite beautified and the house dignified. We went over to the Grange, that sweet house of my Lord Keeper's,<sup>1</sup> that you saw too. The pictures are very good, and I was particularly pleased with the procession, which you were told was by Rubens, but is certainly Vandyke's sketch for part of that great work, that he was to have executed in the Banqueting-house. You did not tell me of a very fine Holbein, a woman, who was evidently some princess of the White Rose.

I am just now returned from Ragley, which has had a great deal done to it since I was there last. Browne has improved both the ground and the water, though not quite to perfection. This is the case of the house; where there are no striking faults, but it wants a few Chute or Bentley touches. I have recommended some dignifying of the saloon with Seymours and Fitzroys, Henry the Eighth, and Charles the Seconds. They will correspond well to the proudest situation imaginable. I have already dragged some ancestors out of the dust there, written their names on their portraits; besides which, I have found and brought up to have repaired an incomparable picture of Van Helmont by Sir Peter Lely.—But now for recoveries—think what I have in part recovered! Only the state papers, private letters, &c. &c. of the two Lords Conway, Secretaries of State. How you will rejoice and how you will grieve! They seem to have laid up every scrap of paper they ever had, from the middle of Queen Elizabeth's reign to the middle of Charles the Second's. By the accounts of the family there were whole rooms full; all which, during the absence of the last and the minority of the present lord, were by the ignorance of a steward consigned to the oven and to the uses of the house. What remained, except one box that was kept till almost rotten in a cupboard, were thrown loose into the lumber room, where, spread on the pavement, they supported old marbles and screens and boxes. From thence I have dragged all I could, and have literally, taking all together, brought away a chest near five feet long, three wide and two deep, brim full. Half are bills, another part rotten, another gnawed by rats; yet I have already found enough to repay my trouble and curiosity, not enough to satisfy it. I will only tell you of three letters of the great Strafford,

<sup>1</sup> Lord Keeper Henley, in 1761 made lord chancellor, and in 1764 created Lord Northampton.—WRIGHT.



and three long ones of news of Mr. Garrard, Master of the Charter-house;<sup>1</sup> all six written on paper edged with green, like modern French paper. There are handwritings of everybody, all their seals perfect, and the ribands with which they tied their letters. The original Proclamations of Charles the First, signed by the privy council; a letter to King James from his son-in-law of Bohemia, with his seal; and many, very many letters of negociation from the Earl of Bristol in Spain, Sir Dudley Carleton, Lord Chichester, and Sir Thomas Roe.—What say you? will not here be food for the *press*?

I have picked up a little painted glass too, and have got a promise of some old statues, lately dug up, which formerly adorned the cathedral of Litchfield. You see I continue to labour in my vocation, of which I can give you a comical instance:—I remembered a rose in painted glass in a little village going to Ragley, which I remarked passing by five years ago; told Mr. Conway on which hand it would be, and found it in the very spot. I saw a very good and perfect tomb at Alcester of Sir Fulke Greville's father and mother, and a wretched old house with a very handsome gateway of stone at Colton, belonging to Sir Robert Throckmorton. There is nothing else tolerable but twenty-two coats of the matches of the family in painted glass.—You cannot imagine how astonished a Mr. Seward,<sup>2</sup> a learned clergyman, was, who came to Ragley while I was there. Strolling about the house, he saw me first sitting on the pavement of the lumber room with Louis, all over cobwebs and dirt and mortar; then found me in his own room on a ladder writing on a picture: and half an hour afterwards lying on the grass in the court with the dogs and the children, in my slippers and without my hat. He had had some doubt whether I was the painter or the factotum of the family; but you would have died at his surprise when he saw me walk into dinner dressed and sit by Lady Hertford. Lord Lyttelton was there, and the conversation turned on literature: finding me not quite ignorant added to the parson's wonder; but he could not contain himself any longer, when after dinner he saw me go to romps and jumping with the two boys; he broke out to my Lady Hertford, and begged to know who and what sort of man I really was, for he had never met with anything of the kind. Adieu!

<sup>1</sup> The gossiping and pleasant correspondent of the Great Lord Strafford.—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>2</sup> The Rev. Thomas Seward, canon residentiary of Lichfield, editor of Beaumont and Fletcher, and father of Miss Seward.—CUNNINGHAM.

## 567. TO JOHN CHUTE, ESQ.

*Arlington Street, August 22, 1758.*

By my ramble into Warwickshire I am so behind hand in politics, that I don't know where to begin to tell you any news, and which by this time would not be news to you. My table is covered with Gazettes, victories and defeats which have come in such a lump, that I am not quite sure whether it is Prince Ferdinand or Prince Boscawen that has taken Louisbourg, nor whether it is the late Lord Howe or the present that is killed at Cherbourg. I am returning to Strawberry, and shall make Mr. Müntz's German and military *sang-froid* set the map in my head to rights.

I saw my Lord Lyttelton and Miller at Ragley; the latter put me out of all patience. As he has heard me talked of lately, he thought it not below him to consult me on ornaments for my lord's house. I, who know nothing but what I have purloined from Mr. Bentley and you, and who have not forgot how little they tasted your real taste and charming plan, was rather lost. To my comfort, I have seen the plan of their hall; it is stolen from Houghton, and mangled frightfully: and *both* their eating-room and salon are to be stucco, with pictures.

I have not time or paper to give you a full account of a vast treasure that I have discovered at Lord Hertford's, and brought away with me. If I were but *so lucky* as to be thirty years older, I might have been much luckier. In short, I have got the remains of vast quantities of letters and state papers of the two Lords Conway, secretaries of state—forty times as many have been using for the oven and the house, by sentence of a steward during my lord's minority. Most of what I have got are gnawed by rats, rotten, or not worth a straw; and yet I shall save some volumes of what is very curious and valuable—three letters of Mr. Garrard, of the Charter-house, some of Lord Strafford, and two of old Lenox, the Duchess, &c. &c. In short, if I can but continue to live thirty years extraordinary, in lieu of those I have missed, I shall be able to give to the world some treasures from the press at Strawberry. Do tell me a little of your motions, and good night.



## 568. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

*Strawberry Hill, Aug. 24, 1758.*

You must go into laurels, you must go into mourning. Our expedition has taken Cherbourg shamefully—I mean the French lost it shamefully, and then stood looking on while we destroyed all their works, particularly a basin that had cost vast sums. But, to balance their awkwardness with ours, it proved to be an open place, which we might have taken when we were before it a month ago. The fleet is now off Portland, expecting orders for landing or proceeding. Prince Edward gave the ladies a ball, and told them he was too young to know what was good-breeding in France, therefore he would behave as he should if meaning to please in England—and kissed them all. Our next and greatest triumph is the taking of Cape Breton, the account of which came on Friday. The French have not improved like their wines by crossing the sea; but lost their spirit at Louisbourg as much as on their own coast. The success, especially in the destruction of their fleet, is very great: the triumphs not at all disproportionate to the conquest, of which you will see all the particulars in the Gazette. Now for the chapter of cypresses. The attempt on Crown-point has failed; Lord Howe<sup>1</sup> was killed in a skirmish; and two days afterward by blunders, rashness, and bad intelligence, we received a great blow at Ticonderoga. There is a Gazette, too, with all the history of this. My hope is that Cape Breton may buy us Minorea and a peace. I have great satisfaction in Captain Hervey's gallantry; not only he is my friend, but I have the greatest regard for and obligations to my Lady Hervey; he is her favourite son and she is particularly happy.

Mr. Wills is arrived and has sent me the medals, for which I give you a million of thanks; the scarce ones are not only valuable for the curiosity of them, but for their preservation. I laughed heartily

<sup>1</sup> General George Augustus, third Viscount Howe. He was succeeded in the title by his brother Richard, the celebrated admiral. Mr. George Grenville, in a letter to Mr. Pitt, of the 28th, pays the following tribute to his memory:—"I admired his virtuous, gallant character, and lament his loss accordingly: I cannot help thinking it peculiarly unfortunate for his country and his friends, that he should fall in the first action of this war, before his spirit and his example, and the success and glory which, in all human probability, would have attended them, had produced their full effect on our own troops, and those of the enemy." *Chatham Correspondence*, vol. i. p. 339.—WRIGHT.

at the Duke of Argyll, and am particularly pleased with the *Jesus Rex noster*.<sup>1</sup>

Chevert, the best and most sensible of the French officers, has been beat by a much smaller number under the command of Imhoff, who, I am told would be very stupid, if a *German* could be so.—I think they hope a little still for Hanover, from this success. Of the King of Prussia—not a word.

My Lady Bath has had a paralytic stroke, which drew her mouth aside and took away her speech.—I never heard a greater instance of cool sense; she made signs for a pen and ink, and wrote *Palsy*. They got immediate assistance, and she is recovered.<sup>2</sup>

As I wrote to you but a minute ago, I boldly conclude this already. Adieu!

569. TO GROSVENOR BEDFORD, ESQ.<sup>3</sup>

DEAR SIR:

*Strawberry Hill, Aug. 29, 1758.*

As you know a great deal more of Somerset House than I do, I will beg you some day as you go by to call there, and inquire carefully of the keeper of the King's pictures, or of the house-keeper, if there is any such thing as a picture of Lord Wimbledon there. In an old MS. of Vertue, I find this memorandum:—

“Among the King's pictures at Somerset House, a picture of Colonel Cecil Viscount Wimbledon, ætat: 37, anno 1610. Corn. Johnson pinx.”

You may imagine why I am solicitous to see this portrait.

Adieu, dear Sir,

Yours ever,

H. WALPOLE.

570. TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

*Strawberry Hill, Sept. 2, 1758.*

It is well I have got something to pay you for the best letter that ever was! A vast victory, I own, does not entertain me so much as

<sup>1</sup> Inscription on a silver coin of the republic of Florence, who declared Jesus Christ their King, to prevent the usurpation of Pope Clement VII.—WALPOLE.

<sup>2</sup> Lady Bath died three weeks after the date of this letter, September 14, 1758.—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>3</sup> Now first printed.—CUNNINGHAM.



a good letter; but you are bound to like anything military better than your own wit, and therefore I hope you will think a defeat of the Russians a better *bon-mot* than any you sent me. Should you think it clever if the King of Prussia has beaten them? How much cleverer if he has taken three lieutenant-generals and an hundred pieces of cannon? How much cleverer still, if he has left fifteen thousand Muscovites dead on the spot?<sup>1</sup> Does the loss of *only* three thousand of his own men take off from or sharpen the sting of this joke? In short, all this is fact, as a courier arrived at Sion Hill this morning affirms. The city, I suppose, expect that his Majesty will now be at leisure to step to Ticonderoga and repair our mishap.<sup>2</sup> But I shall talk no more politics; if this finds you at Chatworth, as I suppose it will, you will be better informed than from me.

Lady Mary Coke arrived at Ragley between two and three in the morning; how unlucky that I was not there to offer her part of an aired bed! But how could you think of the proposal you have made me? Am not I already in love with "the youngest, handsomest, and wittiest widow in England?" As *Herculean a labourer* as I am, as Tom Hervey says, I don't choose another. I am still in the height of my impatience for the chest of old papers from Ragley, which, either by the fault of their servants, or of the wagoner is not yet arrived. I shall go to London again on Monday in quest of it; and in truth think so much of it, that, when I first heard of the victory this morning, I rejoiced, as we were likely now to recover the *Palatinate*. Good night!

571. TO DAVID MALLET, ESQ.<sup>3</sup>

DEAR SIR:

*Strawberry Hill, Sept. 8, 1758.*

THE pamphlet I mentioned to you t'other day, of which I could not remember the title, is called 'Reflections concerning Innate Moral Principles,' written in French by the late Lord Bolingbroke, and translated into English. Printed in both languages 1752.

May I mention this as Lord Bolingbroke's?

Be so good as to tell Mrs. Mallet how extremely obliged I am for her note, and I hope she knows that I have scarce been in town two

<sup>1</sup> The defeat of the Russians at Zorndorf.—WALPOLE.

<sup>2</sup> The repulse of General Abercrombie at Ticonderoga.—WALPOLE.

<sup>3</sup> Now first printed.—CUNNINGHAM.

days this whole summer. When she returns she shall have no reason to think me insensible to her goodness.

I am, Sir,

Hers and your most Obedient

Humble Servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

572. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

*Strawberry Hill, Sept. 9, 1758.*

WELL! the King of Prussia is found again—where do you think? only in Poland, up to the chin in Russians! Was ever such a man! He was riding home from Olmutz; they ran and told him of an army of Muscovites,<sup>1</sup> as you would of a covey of partridges; he galloped thither, and shot them. But what news I am telling you!—I forgot that all ours comes by water-carriage, and that you must know everything a fortnight before us. It is incredible how popular he is here; except a few, who take him for the same person with Mr. Pitt, the lowest of the people are perfectly acquainted with him: as I was walking by the river the other night, a bargeman asked me for something to drink the King of Prussia's health. Yet Mr. Pitt specifies his own glory as much as he can: the standards taken at Louisbourg have been carried to St. Paul's with much parade; and this week, after bringing it by *land* from Portsmouth, they have dragged the cannon of Cherbourg into Hyde Park, on pretence of diverting a man,<sup>2</sup> at whom, in former days, I believe, Mr. Pitt has laughed for loving such rattles as drums and trumpets. Our expedition, since breaking a basin at Cherbourg, has done nothing, but are dodging about still. Prince Edward gave one hundred guineas to the poor of Cherbourg, and the General and Admiral twenty-five a-piece. I love charity, but sure this is excess of it, to lay out thousands, and venture so many lives, for the opportunity of giving a Christmas-box to your enemies! Instead of beacons, I suppose, the coast of France will be hung with pewter-pots with a slit in them, as prisons are, to receive our alms.

Don't trouble yourself about the Pope: I am content to find that he will by no means eclipse my friend. You please me with telling

<sup>1</sup> This was the battle of Zorndorf, fought on the 25th of August 1758, and gained by the King of Prussia over the Russians, commanded by Count Fermor.—DOVER.

<sup>2</sup> The King.—WALPOLE.



me of a collection of medals bought for the Prince of Wales. I hope it is his own taste; if it is only thought right that he should have it, I am glad.

I am again got into the hands of builders, though this time to a very small extent; only the addition of a little cloister and bed-chamber. A day may come that will produce a gallery, a round tower, a larger cloister, and a cabinet, in the manner of a little chapel: but I am too poor for these ambitious designs yet, and I have so many ways of dispersing my money, that I don't know when I shall be richer. However, I amuse myself infinitely; besides my printing-house, which is constantly at work, besides such a treasure of taste and drawing as my friend Mr. Bentley, I have a painter [Mr. Müntz] in the house, who is an engraver too, a mechanic, and everything. He was a Swiss engineer in the French service; but his regiment being broken at the peace, Mr. Bentley found him in the isle of Jersey and fixed him with me. He has an astonishing genius for landscape, and added to that, all the industry and patience of a German. We are just now practising, and have succeeded surprisingly in a new method of painting, discovered at Paris by Count Caylus, and intended to be the encaustic method of the ancients. My Swiss has painted, I am writing the account,<sup>1</sup> and my press is to notify our improvements. As you will know that way, I will not tell you here at large. In short, to finish all the works I have in hand, and all the schemes I have in my head, I cannot afford to live less than fifty years more. What pleasure it would give me to see you here for a moment! I should think I saw you and your dear brother at once! Can't you form some violent secret expedition against Corsica or Port-Mahon, which may make it necessary for you to come and settle here? Are we to correspond till we meet in some unknown world? Alas! I fear so; my dear Sir, you are as little likely to save money as I am—would you could afford to resign your crown and be a subject at Strawberry Hill! Adieu!

P.S. I have forgot to tell you of a wedding in our family; my brother's eldest daughter is to be married to-morrow to Lord Albemarle's third brother, a canon of Windsor. We are very happy with the match. The bride is very agreeable, and sensible, and good; not so handsome as her sisters, but farther from ugliness than

<sup>1</sup> Müntz left Mr. Walpole, and published another account himself.—WALPOLE.

beauty. It is the second, Maria,<sup>1</sup> who is beauty itself! her face, bloom, eyes, hair, teeth, and person are all perfect. You may imagine how charming she is, when her only fault, if one must find one, is, that her face is rather too round. She has a great deal of wit and vivacity, with perfect modesty. I must tell you too of their brother:<sup>2</sup> he was on the expedition to St. Maloes; a party of fifty men appearing on a hill, he was dispatched to reconnoitre with only eight men. Being stopped by a brook, he prepared to leap it; an old serjeant dissuaded him, from the inequality of the numbers. "Oh!" said the boy, "I will tell you what; our profession is bred up to so much regularity that any novelty terrifies them—with our light English horses we will leap the stream; and I'll be d—d if they don't run." He did so—and they did so. However, he was not content; but insisted that each of his party should carry back a prisoner before them. They had got eight, when they overtook an elderly man, to whom they offered quarter, bidding him lay down his arms. He replied, "they were English, the enemies of his King and country; that he hated them, and had rather be killed." My nephew hesitated a minute, and then said, "I see you are a brave fellow, and don't fear death, but very likely you fear a beating—if you don't lay down your arms this instant, my men shall drub you as long as they can stand over you." The fellow directly flung down his arms in a passion. The Duke of Marlborough sent my brother word of this, adding, it was the only clever action in their whole exploit. Indeed I am pleased with it; for besides his spirit, I don't see, with this thought and presence of mind, why he should not make a general. I return to one little word of the King of Prussia—shall I tell you? I fear all this time he is only fattening himself with glory for Marshal Daun, who will demolish him at last, and then, for such service, be shut up in some fortress or in the inquisition—for it is impossible but the house of Austria must indemnify themselves for so many mortifications by some horrid ingratitude!

<sup>1</sup> Maria, second daughter of Sir Edward Walpole, married first to James second Earl of Waldegrave, and afterwards to William Henry Duke of Gloucester, brother to King George III.—WALPOLE.

<sup>2</sup> Edward, only son of Sir Edward Walpole. He died young.—WALPOLE.





W. B. Reynolds. pinx.

S. 1801/80.

MARIA, COUNTESS OF WALDEGRAVE.

*afterwards Duchess of Gloucester*

*(Baroness Walpole's Friend)*

[FROM THE ORIGINAL NOW KEPT AT STRAWBERY HILL.]

[FROM THE ORIGINAL NOW KEPT AT STRAWBERY HILL.]





## 573. TO THE REV. HENRY ZOUCHE.

SIR :

*Strawberry Hill, Sept. 14, 1758.*

THOUGH the approaching edition of my Catalogue is so far advanced that little part is left now for any alteration, yet as a book of that kind is always likely to be reprinted from the new persons who grow entitled to a place in it, and as long as it is in my power I shall wish to correct and improve it, I must again thank you, Sir, for the additional trouble you have given yourself. The very first article strikes me much. May I ask where, and what page of what book, I can find Sir R. Cotton's account of Richard II.<sup>1</sup> being an author : does not he mean Richard I. ?

The 'Basilicon Doron' is published in the folio of K. James's Works, and contains instructions to his son, Prince Henry. In return, I will ask you where you find those verses of Herbert ; and I would also ask you, how you have had time to find and know so much ?

Lord Leicester, and much less the Duke of Monmouth, will scarce, I fear, come under the descripton I have laid down to myself of authors. I doubt the first did not compose his own Apology.

Did the Earl of Bath publish, or only design to publish, Dionysius ? Shall I find the account in Usher's Letters ? Since you are so very kind, Sir, as to favour me with your assistance, shall I beg, Sir, to prevent my repeating trouble to you, just to mark at any time where you find the notices you impart to me ; for though the want of a citation is the effect of my ignorance, it has the same consequence to you.

I have not the 'Philosophical Transactions,' but I will hereafter examine them on the hints you mention, particularly for Lord Brouncker, who I did not know had written, though I have often thought it probable he did. As I have considered Lord Berkeley's 'Love-Letters,' I have no doubt but they are a fiction, though grounded on a real story.

That Lord Falkland was a writer of controversy appears by the list of his works, and that he is said to have assisted Chillingworth :

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Walpole takes no notice of Richard II. as an author ; but Mr. Park inserts this prince as a writer of ballads. In a letter to Archbishop Usher, Sir Robert Cotton requests his grace to procure for him a poem by Richard II. which that prelate had pointed out.—CROKER.

that he wrote against Chillingworth, you see, Sir, depends upon very vague authority; that is, upon the assertion of an anonymous person, who wrote so above a hundred years ago.

James Earl of Marlborough is entirely a new author to me—at present, too late. Lord Raymond I had inserted, and he will appear in the next edition.

I have been as unlucky, for the present, about Lord Totness. In a collection published in Ireland, called ‘Hibernica,’ I found, but too late, that he translated another very curious piece, relating to Richard II. However, Sir, with these, and the very valuable helps I have received from you, I shall be able, at a proper time, to enrich another edition much.

574. TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

*Arlington Street, Sept. 19, 1758.*

I HAVE all my life laughed at ministers in my letters; but at least with the decency of obliging them to break open the seal. You have more noble frankness, and send your satires to the post with not so much as a wafer, as my Lord Bath did sometimes in my father’s administration. I scarce laughed more at the inside of your letter than at the cover—not a single button to the waistband of its breeches, but all its nakedness fairly laid open! what was worse, all Lady Mary Coke’s nakedness was laid open at the same time. Is this your way of treating a dainty widow? What will Mr. Pitt think of all this? Will he begin to believe that you have some spirit, when, with no fear of Dr. Shebbeare’s example<sup>1</sup> before your eyes, you speak your mind so freely, without any modification? As Mr. Pitt may be cooled a little to his senses, perhaps he may *now* find out, that a grain of prudence is no bad ingredient in a mass of courage; in short, he and the mob are at last undeceived, and have found, by sad experience, that all the cannon of France has not been brought into Hyde Park. An account, which you will see in the Gazette, (though a little better disguised than your letters,) is come, that after our troops had been set on shore, and left there, till my Lord Howe went somewhere else and cried Hoop! having nothing

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Shebbeare had just before been sentenced to fine, imprisonment, and the pillory, for his Sixth Letter to the People of England. The under-sheriff, however, allowed him to stand *on*, instead of *in*, the pillory; for which lenity he was prosecuted.—WRIGHT.



else to do for four days to amuse themselves, nor knowing whether there was a town within a hundred miles, went staring about the country to see whether there were any Frenchmen left in France; which Mr. Pitt, in very fine words, had assured them there was not, and which my Lord Howe, in very fine silence, had confirmed. However, somehow or other, (Mr. Deputy Hodges says they were not French, but Papists sent from Vienna to assist the King of France,) twelve battalions fell upon our rear-guard, and, which General Blighe says is "very common," (I suppose he means that rashness and folly should run itself into a scrape,)—were all cut to pieces or taken. The town says, Prince Edward [Duke of York] ran hard to save himself; I don't mean, too fast, but scarcely fast enough; and the General says, that Lord Frederick Cavendish, your friend, is safe; the thing he seems to have thought of most, except a little vain parade of his own self-denial on his nephew. I shall not be at all surprised if, to show he was not in the wrong, Mr. Pitt should get ready another expedition by the depth of winter, and send it in search of the cannon and colours of these twelve battalions. Pray Heaven your letter don't put it in his head to give you the command! It is *not* true, that he made the King ride upon one of the cannons to the Tower.

I was really touched with my Lady Howe's advertisement,<sup>1</sup> though I own at first it made me laugh; for seeing an address to the voters for Nottingham signed "Charlotte Howe," I concluded (they are so manly a family) that Mrs. Howe,<sup>2</sup> who rides a fox-chase, and dines at the *table d'hôte* at Grantham, intended to stand for member of Parliament.

Sir John Armitage died on board a ship before the landing; Lady Hardwicke's nephew, Mr. Cocks, scarce recovered of his Cherbourg wound, is killed. He had seven thousand pounds a year, and was a volunteer. I don't believe his uncle and aunt advised his venturing so much money.

My Lady Burlington<sup>3</sup> is very ill, and the distemper shows itself

<sup>1</sup> On the news of the death of Lord Howe reaching the dowager Lady Howe, she addressed the gentry, clergy, and freeholders of Nottingham, whom the deceased had represented in Parliament, in favour of his next younger brother, Colonel Howe, to supply his place in the House of Commons. "Permit me," she says, "to implore the protection of every one of you, as the mother of him whose life has been lost in the service of his country." The appeal was responded to, and Colonel, afterwards General Sir William Howe, was returned.—WRIGHT.

<sup>2</sup> The Hon. Caroline Howe, see vol. i. p. 90. There is a small characteristic portrait of her when very old at Gopsal, the seat of Lord Howe.—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>3</sup> Lady Burlington died two days after the date of this letter, viz. September 21, 1758.—CUNNINGHAM.

oddly; she breaks out all over in—curses and blasphemies. Her maids are afraid of catching them, and will hardly venture into her room.

On reading over your letter again, I begin to think that the connection between Mr. Pitt and my dainty widow [Lady Mary Coke] is stronger than I imagined. One of them must have caught of the other that noble contempt which makes a thing's being impossible not signify. It sounds very well in sensible mouths; but how terrible to be the chambermaid or the army of such people! I really am in a panic, and having some mortal impossibilities about me which a dainty widow might not allow to signify, I will balance a little between her and my Lady Carlisle,<sup>1</sup> who, I believe, knows that impossibilities do signify. These were some of my reflections on reading your letter again; another was, that I am now convinced you sent your letter open to the post on purpose; you knew it was so good a letter, that everybody ought to see it—and yet you would pass for a modest man!

I am glad I am not in favour enough to be consulted by *my Lord Duchess*<sup>2</sup> on the Gothic farm; she would have given me so many fine and unintelligible reasons why it should not be as it should be, that I should have lost a little of my patience. You don't tell me if the goose-board in hornbeam is quite finished; and have you forgot that I actually was in t'other goose-board, the conjuring room?

I wish you joy on your preferment in the Militia, though I do not think it quite so safe an employment as it used to be. If George Townshend's *disinterested* virtue should grow impatient for a regiment, he will persuade Mr. Pitt that the militia are the only troops in the world for taking Rochfort. Such a scheme would answer all his purposes; would advance his own interest, contradict the Duke's opinion, who holds militia cheap, and by the ridiculousness of the attempt would furnish very good subjects to his talent of buffoonery in black-lead.

The King of Prussia you may believe is in Petersburg, but he happens to be in Dresden. Good night! Mine and Sir Harry Hemlock's services to my Lady Ailesbury.

<sup>1</sup> Isabella, daughter of William Lord Byron, and since September 2, 1758, widow of the Earl of Carlisle.—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>2</sup> The Duchess of Norfolk. She had planted a game of the goose in hornbeam, at Worksop.—WALPOLE.



## 575. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

*Strawberry Hill, Sept. 22, 1758.*

THE confusion of the first accounts and the unwelcomeness of the subject, made me not impatient to dispatch another letter so quickly after my last. However, as I suppose the French relations will be magnified, it is proper to let you know the exact truth. Not being content with doing nothing at St. Maloes, and with being suffered to do all we could at Cherbourg (no great matter,) our land and sea heroes, Mr. Pitt and Lord Howe, projected a third—I don't know what to call it. It seems they designed to take St. Maloes, but being disappointed by the weather, they—what do you think? landed fifteen miles from it, with no object nor near any—and lest that should not be absurd enough, the fleet sailed away for another bay, leaving the army with only two cannons, to scramble to them across the country as they could. *Nine* days they were staring about France; at last they had notice of twelve battalions approaching, on which they stayed a little before they hurried to the transports. The French followed them at a distance, firing from the upper grounds. When the greatest part were reembarked, the French descended and fell on the rear, on which it was necessary to sacrifice the Guards to secure the rest. Those brave young men did wonders—that is, they were cut to pieces with great intrepidity. We lost General Dury and ten other officers; Lord Frederick Cavendish with twenty-three others were taken prisoners. In all we have lost seven hundred men, but more shamefully for the projectors and conductors than can be imagined, for no shadow of an excuse can be offered for leaving them so exposed with no purpose or possible advantage, in the heart of an enemy's country. What heightens the distress, the army sailed from Weymouth with a full persuasion that they were to be sacrificed to the vain-glorious whims of a man of words<sup>1</sup> and a man<sup>2</sup> of none!

Three expeditions we have sent,  
And if you bid me show where,  
I know as well as those who went,  
To St. Maloes, Cherbourg, nowhere.

Those, whose trade or amusement is politics, may comfort them-

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Pitt.—DOVER.

<sup>2</sup> The two brothers, successively Lords Howe, were remarkably silent.—WALPOLE.

selves with their darling Prussian ; he has strode back over 20 or 30,000 Russians,<sup>1</sup> and stepped into Dresden. They even say that Daun is retired. For my part, it is to inform *you*, that I dwell at all on these things. I am shocked with the iniquities I see and have seen. I abhor their dealings,

And from my soul sincerely hate  
Both Kings and Ministers of State !

I don't know whether I can attain any goodness by shunning them, I am sure their society is contagious. Yet I will never advertise my detestation, for if I professed virtue, I should expect to be suspected of designing to be a minister. Adieu ! you are good, and will keep yourself so.

Sept. 25th.

I had sealed my letter, but as it cannot go away till to-morrow, I open it again on receiving yours of Sept. 9th. I don't understand Marshall Botta's being so well satisfied with our taking Louisbourg. Are the Austrians disgusted with the French ? Do they begin to repent their alliance ? or has he so much sense as to know what improper allies they have got ? It is very right in *you* who are a minister, to combat hostile ministers—had I been at Florence, I should not have so much contested the authority of the Abbé de Ville's performance : I have no more doubt of the convention of Closter-Severn having been scandalously broken, than it was shamelessly disavowed by those who *commanded* it.

In our loss are included some of our volunteers ; a Sir John Armitage, a young man of fortune, just come much into the world, and engaged to the sister<sup>2</sup> of the hot-headed and cool-tongued Lord Howe ; a Mr. Cocks, nephew of Lady Hardwicke, who could not content himself with seven thousand pounds a-year, without the addition of an ensign's commission : he was not quite recovered of a wound he had got at Cherbourg. The royal volunteer, Prince Edward, behaved with much spirit. Adieu !

<sup>1</sup> The battle of Zorndorf.—DOVER.

<sup>2</sup> Mary, their youngest sister, was afterwards married to General Pitt brother of George Lord Rivers.—WALPOLE.



## 576. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

*Arlington Street, Oct. 3, 1758.*

HAVING no news to send you, but the massacre of St. Cas,<sup>1</sup> not agreeable enough for a letter, I stayed till I had something to send you, and behold a book! I have delivered to portly old Richard, your ancient nurse, the new produce of the Strawberry press. You know that the wife of Bath is gone to maunder at St. Peter, and before he could hobble to the gate, my Lady Burlington, cursing and blaspheming, overtook t'other Countess, and both together made such an uproar, that the cock flew up into the tree of life for safety, and St. Peter himself turned the key and hid himself; and as nobody could get into t'other world, half the Guards are come back again, and appeared in the park to-day, but such dismal ghostly figures, that my Lady Townshend was really frightened, and is again likely to turn Methodist.

\* Do you design, or do you not, to look at Strawberry as you come to town? if you do, I will send a card to my neighbour, Mrs. Holman, to meet you any day five weeks that you please—or I can amuse you without cards; such fat bits of your *dear dad*, old Jemmy,<sup>2</sup> as I have found among the Conway papers, such morsels of all sorts! but come and see. Adieu!

## 577. TO THE REV. HENRY ZOUCH.

SIR:

*Strawberry Hill, Oct. 5th, 1758.*

You make so many apologies for conferring great favours on me, that if you have not a care, I shall find it more convenient to believe that, instead of being grateful, I shall be very good if I am forgiving. If I am impertinent enough to take up this style, at least I promise you I will be very good, and I will certainly *pardon* as many obligations as you shall please to lay on me.

I have that 'Life of Richard II.' It is a poor thing, and not even called in the title-page Lord Holles's; it is a still lower trick of booksellers to insert names of authors in a catalogue, which, with all

<sup>1</sup> The army, that took the town of Cherbourg, landed again on the coast of France near St. Maloes, but was forced to reembark in the Bay of St. Cas with the loss of a thousand men.—WALPOLE.

<sup>2</sup> King James I.—CUNNINGHAM.

their confidence, they do not venture to bestow on the books themselves; I have found several instances of this.

Lord Preston's Boetius I have. From Scotland, I have received a large account of Lord Cromerty, which will appear in my next edition: as my copy is in the press, I do not exactly remember if there is the Tract on Precedency: he wrote a great number of things, and was held in great contempt living and dead.

I have long sought, and wished to find, some piece of Duke Humphrey: he was a great patron of learning, built the Schools, I think, and gave a library to Oxford. Yet, I fear, I may not take the authority of Pits, who is a wretched liar; nor is it at all credible that in so blind an age a Prince, who, with all his love of learning, I fear, had very little of either learning or parts, should write on Astronomy;—had it been on Astrology, it might have staggered me.

My omission of Lord Halifax's Maxims was a very careless one, and has been rectified. I did examine the '*Musæ Anglicanæ*,' and I think found a copy or two, and at first fancied I had found more, till I came to examine narrowly. In the Joys and Grievs of Oxford and Cambridge, are certainly many noble copies; but you judge very right, Sir—they are not to be mentioned, no more than exercises at school, where, somehow or other, every peer has been a poet. To my shame, you are still more in the right about the Duke of Buckingham: if you will give me leave, instead of thinking that he wrote, hoping to be mistaken for his predecessor, I will believe that he hoped so after he had written.

You are again in the right, Sir, about Lord Abercorn, as the present lord himself informed me. I don't know Lord Godolphin's verses: at most, by your account, he should be in the Appendix; but if they are only signed Sidney Godolphin, they may belong to his uncle, who, if I remember rightly, was one of the troop of versewriters of that time.

You have quite persuaded me of the mistake in Mindas; till you mentioned it, I had forgot that they wrote Windsor "*Windesore*," and then by abbreviation the mistake was easy.

The account of Lord Clarendon is printed off; I do mention as printed his account of Ireland, though I knew nothing of Borlase. *Apropos*, Sir, are you not glad to see that the second part of his History is actually advertised to come out soon after Christmas?<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The second part of Lord Clarendon's History was printed in folio, in 1760, and also in three volumes octavo.—CROKER.



Lord Nottingham's letter I shall certainly mention.

I yesterday sent to Mr. Whiston a little piece that I have just mentioned here, and desired him to convey it to you; you must not expect a great deal from it: yet it belongs so much to my Catalogue, that I thought it a duty to publish it. A better return to some of your civilities is to inform you of Dr. Jortin's *Life of Erasmus*, with which I am much entertained. There are numberless anecdotes of men thought great in their day, now so much forgotten, that it grows valuable again to hear about them. The book is written with great moderation and goodness of heart; the style is not very striking, and has some vulgarisms, and in a work of that bulk I should rather have taken more pains to digest and connect it into a flowing narrative, than dryly give it as a diary: yet I dare promise it will amuse you much.

With your curiosity, Sir, and love of information, I am sure you will be glad to hear of a most valuable treasure that I have discovered; it is the collection of state papers<sup>1</sup> amassed by the two Lords Conway, that were Secretaries of State, and their family: vast numbers have been destroyed; yet I came time enough to retrieve vast numbers, many, indeed, in a deplorable condition. They were buried under lumber upon the pavement of an unfinished chapel, at Lord Hertford's in Warwickshire, and during his minority, and the absence of his father, an ignorant steward delivered them over to the oven and kitchen, and yet had not been able to destroy them all. It is a vast work to dry, range, and read them, and to burn the useless, as bills, bonds, and every other kind of piece of paper that ever came into a house, and were all jumbled and matted together. I propose, by degrees, to print the most curious; of which, I think, I have already selected enough to form two little volumes of the size of my Catalogue. Yet I will not give too great expectations about them, because I know how often the public has been disappointed when they came to see in print what in manuscript has appeared to the editor wonderfully choice.

<sup>1</sup> The increased and increasing taste of the public for the materials of history, such as these valuable papers supply, will, we have reason to hope, be gratified by the approaching appearance of this collection, publication of which was, we see, contemplated even as long since as 1758.—CROKER. The Conway Papers are still (1857) unpublished.—CUNNINGHAM.

## 578. TO THE RIGHT HON. LADY HERVEY.

*Arlington Street, Oct. 17, 1758.*

YOUR ladyship, I hope, will not think that such a strange thing as my own picture seems of consequence enough to me to write a letter about it: but obeying your commands does seem so; and lest you should return and think I had neglected it, I must say that I have come to town three several times on purpose, but Mr. Ramsay (I will forgive him) has been constantly out of town.—So much for that.

I would have sent you word that the King of Portugal coming along the road at midnight, which was in his own room at noon, his foot slipped, and three balls went through his body; which, however, had no other consequence than giving him a stroke of a palsy, of which he is quite recovered, except being dead.<sup>1</sup> Some, indeed, are so malicious as to say, that the Jesuits, who are the most conscientious men in the world, murdered him, because he had an intrigue with another man's wife: but all these histories I supposed your ladyship knew better than me, as, till I came to town yesterday, I imagined you was returned. For my own part, about whom you are sometimes so good as to interest yourself, I am as well as can be expected after the murder of a king, and the death of a person of the next consequence to a king, the Master of the Ceremonies, poor Sir Clement,<sup>2</sup> who is supposed to have been suffocated by my Lady Macclesfield's<sup>3</sup> kissing hands.

This will be a melancholy letter, for I have nothing to tell your ladyship but tragical stories. Poor Dr. Shawe<sup>4</sup> being sent for in great haste to Claremont—(it seems the Duchess had caught a violent cold by a hair of her own whisker getting up her nose and making her sneeze)—the poor Doctor, I say, having eaten a few mushrooms before he set out, was taken so ill, that he was forced to

<sup>1</sup> Alluding to the incoherent stories told at the time of the assassination of the King of Portugal.—BERRY. The following is the correct account:—As the King was taking the air in his coach on the 3rd September, attended by only one domestic, he was attacked in a solitary lane near Belem by three men, one of whom discharged his carbine at the coachman, and wounded him dangerously; the other two fired their blunderbusses at the King, loaded with pieces of iron, and wounded him in the face and several parts of his body, but chiefly in the right arm, which disabled him for a long time.—WRIGHT.

<sup>2</sup> Sir Clement Cottrell Dormer, Master of the Ceremonies, died at Rousham, October 13, 1758.—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>3</sup> She had been a common woman.—WALPOLE.

<sup>4</sup> Physician to the Duke and Duchess of Newcastle.—WALPOLE.



stop at Kingston; and, being carried to the first apothecary's, prescribed a medicine for himself which immediately cured him. This catastrophe so alarmed the Duke of Newcastle, that he immediately ordered all the mushroom beds to be destroyed, and even the toadstools in the park did not escape scalping in this general massacre. What I tell you is literally true. Mr. Stanley, who dined there last Sunday, and is not partial against that court, heard the edict repeated, and confirmed it to me last night. And a voice of lamentation was heard at Ramah in Claremont, *Chloe*<sup>1</sup> weeping for *her* mushrooms, and they are not!

After all these important histories, I would try to make you smile, if I was not afraid you would resent a little freedom taken with a great name.—May I venture?

Why Taylor the quack<sup>2</sup> calls himself *Chevalier*,  
 'Tis not easy a reason to render;  
 Unless blinding eyes, that he thinks to make clear,  
 Demonstrates he's but a *Pretender*.

A book has been left at your ladyship's house; it is Lord Whitworth's Account of Russia.<sup>3</sup> Monsieur Knipphausen has promised me some curious anecdotes of the Czarina Catherine—so my shop is likely to flourish. I am your ladyship's most obedient servant.

579. TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

*Arlington Street, Oct. 17, 1758.*

I HAVE read your letter, as you may believe, with the strictest attention, and will tell you my thoughts as sincerely as you do and have a right to expect them.

In the first place, I think you far from being under any obligation for this notice. If Mr. Pitt is sensible that he has used you very ill, is it the part of an honest man to require new submissions, new supplications from the person he has injured? If he thinks you proper to command, as one must suppose by this information, is it

<sup>1</sup> The Duke of Newcastle's cook.—WALPOLE. See vol. i. p. 185.—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>2</sup> Taylor the oculist. See vol. ii. p. 422.—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>3</sup> A small octavo printed at the Strawberry Hill press, to which Walpole prefixed a preface. Charles Whitworth, in 1720, created Baron Whitworth of Galway, was ambassador at the court of Petersburg in the reign of Peter the Great. On his death, in 1725, the title became extinct.—WRIGHT.

patriotism that forbids him to employ an able officer, unless that officer sues to be employed? Does patriotism bid him send out a man that has had a stroke of a palsy, preferable to a young man of vigour and capacity, only because the latter has made no application within these two months?—But as easily as I am inclined to believe that your merit makes its way even through the cloud of Mr. Pitt's proud prejudices, yet I own in the present case I question it. I can see two reasons why he should wish to entice you to this application: the first is, the clamour against his giving all commands to young or improper officers is extreme; Holmes, appointed Admiral of the Blue but six weeks ago, has writ a warm letter on the chapter of subaltern commanders: the second, and possibly connected in his mind with the former, may be this; he would like to refuse you, and then say, you had asked when it was too late; and at the same time would have to say, that he would have employed you if you had asked sooner. This leads me to the point of time: Hobson is not only appointed,<sup>1</sup> but Haldane, though going governor to Jamaica, is made a brigadier and joined to him,—Colonel Barrington set out to Portsmouth last night. All these reasons, I think, make it very improper for you to ask this command now. You have done more than enough to satisfy your honour, and will certainly have opportunities again of repeating offers of your service. But though it may be right to ask in general to serve, I question much if it is advisable to petition for particulars, any failure in which would be charged entirely on you. I should wish to have you vindicated by the rashness of Mr. Pitt and the miscarriages of others, as I think they hurry to make you be; but while he bestows only impracticable commands, knowing that, if there is blood enough shed, the City of London will be content even with disappointments, I hope you will not be sacrificed either to the mob or the minister. And this leads me to the article of the expedition itself. Martinico is the general notion; a place the strongest in the world, with a garrison of ten thousand men. Others now talk of Guadaloupe, almost as strong and of much less consequence. Of both, everybody that knows, despairs. It is almost impossible for *me* to find out the real destination. I avoid every one of the three factions—and though I might possibly learn the secret from the chief of one of them, if he knows it, yet I own I do not care to try; I don't think it fair to thrust myself into secrets with a man,<sup>2</sup> of whose ambition and views

<sup>1</sup> To the command of an expedition against Martinique.—WRIGHT.

<sup>2</sup> MR. FOX.—WALPOLE.



I do not think well, and whose purposes (in those lights) I have declined and will decline to serve. Besides, I have reason just now to think that he and his court are meditating some attempt which may throw us again into confusion; and I had rather not be told what I am sure I shall not approve: besides, I cannot ask secrets of this nature without hearing more with which I would not be trusted, and which, if divulged, would be imputed to me. I know you will excuse me for these reasons, especially as you know how much I would do to serve you, and would even in this case, if I was not convinced that it is too late for you to apply; and being too late, they would be glad to say you had asked too late. Besides, if any information could be got from the channel at which I have hinted, the Duke of Richmond could get it better than I; and the Duke of Devonshire could give it you without.

I can have no opinion of the expedition itself, which certainly started from the disappointment at St. Cas, if it can be called a disappointment where there was no object. I have still more doubts on Lord Milton's authority; Clarke<sup>1</sup> was talked to by the Princess yesterday much more than anybody in the room. Cunningham is made Quartermaster-General to this equipment; these things don't look as if *your interest* was increased. As Lord George has sent over his commands for Cunningham, might not his art at the same time have suggested some application to you—tell me, do you think he would ask this command for himself? I, who am not of so honest and sincere a nature as you are, suspect that this hint is sent to you with some bad view—I don't mean on Lord Milton's part, who I dare say is deceived by his readiness to serve you; and since you do me the honour of letting me at all judge for you, which in one only light I think I am fit to do, I mean, as your spirit naturally makes you overlook everything to get employed, I would wish you to answer to Lord Milton, "that you should desire of all things to have had this command, but that having been discouraged from asking what you could not flatter yourself would be granted, it would look, you think, a vain offer, to sue for what is now given away, and would not be consistent with your honour to ask when it is too late." I hint this, as such an answer would turn their arts on themselves, if,

<sup>1</sup> Lord Bute says, in a letter to Mr. Pitt, of the 8th of September, "With regard to Clarke, I know him well: he must be joined to a general in whom he has confidence, or not thought of. Never was man so cut out for bold and hardy enterprises; but the person who commands him must think in the same way of him, or the affair of Rochfort will return." *Chatham Correspondence*, vol. ii. p. 350.—WRIGHT.

as I believe, they mean to refuse you, and to reproach you with asking too late.

If the time is come for Mr. Pitt to want you, you will not long be unemployed; if it is not, then you would get nothing by asking. Consider, too, how much more graceful a reparation of your honour it will be, to have them forced to recall you, than to force yourself on desperate service, as if you yourself, not they, had injured your reputation.

I can say nothing now on any other chapter, this has so much engrossed all my thoughts. I see no one reason upon earth for your asking *now*. If you ever should *ask* again, you will not want opportunities; and the next time you ask, will have just the same merit that this could have, and by asking in time, would be liable to none of the objections of that sort which I have mentioned. Adieu! *Timeo* Lord George *et dona*.

580. TO THE REV. HENRY ZOUCR.

SIR :

*Strawberry Hill, Oct. 21, 1758.*

EVERY letter I receive from you is a new obligation, bringing me new information: but, sure, my Catalogue was not worthy of giving you so much trouble. Lord Fortescue is quite new to me; I have sent him to the press. Lord Dorset's poem it will be unnecessary to mention separately, as I have already said that his works are to be found among those of the minor poets.

I don't wonder, Sir, that you prefer Lord Clarendon to Polybius; nor can two authors well be more unlike: the *former*<sup>1</sup> wrote a general history in a most obscure and almost unintelligible style; the *latter*, a portion of private history, in the noblest style in the world. Whoever made the comparison, I will do them the justice to believe that they understood bad Greek better than their own language in its elevation. For Dr. Jortin's Erasmus, which I have very nearly finished, it has given me a good opinion of the author, and he has given me a very bad one of his subject. By the Doctor's labour and impartiality, Erasmus appears a begging parasite, who had parts enough to discover truth, and not courage enough to profess it: whose vanity made him always writing; yet his writings

<sup>1</sup> It is evident that Mr. Walpole has here transposed, contrary to his meaning, the references to Lord Clarendon and Polybius: the *latter* wrote the *general* history, the *former* the portion of history.—CROKER.



ought to have cured his vanity, as they were the most abject things in the world. *Good Erasmus's honest mean*<sup>1</sup> was alternate time-serving. I never had thought much about him, and now heartily despise him.

When I speak my opinion to you, Sir, about what I dare say you care as little for as I do, (for what is the merit of a mere man of letters?) it is but fit I should answer you as sincerely on a question about which you are so good as to interest yourself. That my father's life is likely to be written, I have no grounds for believing. I mean I know nobody that thinks of it. For myself, I certainly shall not, for many reasons, which you must have the patience to hear. A reason to me myself is, that I think too highly of him, and too meanly of myself, to presume I am equal to the task. They who do not agree with me in the former part of my position, will undoubtedly allow the latter part. In the next place, the very truths that I should relate would be so much imputed to partiality, that he would lose of his due praise by the suspicion of my prejudice. In the next place, I was born too late in his life to be acquainted with him in the active part of it. Then I was at school, at the university, abroad, and returned not till the last moments of his administration. What I know of him I could only learn from his own mouth in the last three years of his life; when, to my shame, I was so idle, and young, and thoughtless, that I by no means profited of his leisure as I might have done; and, indeed, I have too much impartiality in my nature to care, if I could, to give the world a history, collected solely from the person himself of whom I should write. With the utmost veneration for his truth, I can easily conceive, that a man who had lived a life of party, and who had undergone such persecution from party, should have had greater bias than he himself could be sensible of. The last, and that a reason which must be admitted, if all the others are not—his papers are lost. Between the confusion of his affairs, and the indifference of my elder brother to things of that sort, they were either lost, burnt, or what we rather think, were stolen by a favourite servant of my brother, who proved a great rogue, and was dismissed in my brother's life; and the papers were not discovered to be missing till after my brother's death.<sup>2</sup> Thus, Sir, I should want vouchers for many things I could say of much importance. I have another personal reason that discourages me from attempting this task, or any other, besides the great reluctance that I have to being

<sup>1</sup> Pope.—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>2</sup> Compare note 2 in vol. i. p. xcvi.—CUNNINGHAM.

a voluminous author. Though I am by no means the learned man you are so good as to call me in compliment ; though, on the contrary, nothing can be more superficial than my knowledge, or more trifling than my reading,—yet, I have so much strained my eyes, that it is often painful to me to read even a newspaper by daylight. In short, Sir, having led a very dissipated life, in all the hurry of the world of pleasure, I scarce ever read, but by candlelight, after I have come home late at nights. As my eyes have never had the least inflammation or humour, I am assured I may still recover them by care and repose. I own I prefer my eyes to anything I could ever read, much more to anything I could write. However, after all I have said, perhaps I may now and then, by degrees, throw together some short anecdotes of my father's private life and particular story, and leave his public history to more proper and more able hands, if such will undertake it. Before I finish on this chapter, I can assure you he did forgive my Lord Bolingbroke<sup>1</sup>—his nature was forgiving : after all was over, and he had nothing to fear or disguise, I can say with truth, that there were not *three* men of whom he ever dropped a word with rancour. What I meant of the clergy not forgiving Lord Bolingbroke, alluded not to his doctrines, but to the direct attack and war he made on the whole body. And now, Sir, I will confess my own weakness to you. I do not think so highly of that writer, as I seem to do in my book ; but I thought it would be imputed to prejudice in me, if I appeared to undervalue an author of whom so many persons of sense still think highly. My being Sir Robert Walpole's son warped me to praise, instead of censuring Lord Bolingbroke. With regard to the Duke of Leeds, I think you have misconstrued the decency of my expression. I said, *Burnet had treated him severely* ; that is, I chose that Burnet should say so, rather than myself. I have never praised where my heart condemned. Little attentions, perhaps, to worthy descendants, were excusable in a work of so extensive a nature, and that approached so near to these times. I may, perhaps, have an opportunity, at one day or other of showing you some passages suppressed on these motives, which yet I do not intend to destroy.

Crew, Bishop of Durham, was as abject a tool as possible. I would be very certain he is an author before I should think him worth mentioning. If ever you should touch on Lord Willoughby's

<sup>1</sup> This alludes to an epigrammatic passage in the article "Bolingbroke" in the 'Noble Authors.' "He wrote against Sir Robert Walpole, who did forgive him ; and against the clergy, who never will forgive him."—CROKER.



sermon, I should be obliged for a hint of it. I actually have a printed copy of verses by his son, on the marriage of the Princess Royal; but they are so ridiculously unlike measure, and the man was so mad and so poor,<sup>1</sup> that I determined not to mention them.

If these details, Sir, which I should have thought interesting to no mortal but myself, should happen to amuse you, I shall be glad; if they do not, you will learn not to question a man who thinks it his duty to satisfy the curiosity of men of sense and honour, and who, being of too little consequence to have secrets, is not ambitious of the less consequence of appearing to have any.

P. S. I must ask you one question, but to be answered entirely at your leisure. I have a play in rhyme called 'Saul,' said to be written by a peer. I guess Lord Orrery. If ever you happen to find out, be so good to tell me.

581. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

*Arlington Street, Oct. 24, 1758.*

I AM a little sorry that my preface, like the show-cloth to a sight, entertained you more than the bears that it invited you in to see. I don't mean that I am not glad to have written anything that meets your approbation, but if Lord Whitworth's work is not better than my preface, I fear he has much less merit than I thought he had.

Your complaint of your eyes makes me feel for you: mine have been very weak again, and I am taking the bark, which did them so much service last year. I don't know how to give up the employment of them, I mean reading; for as to writing, I am absolutely winding up my bottom for twenty reasons. The first, and perhaps the best, I have writ enough. The next; by what I have writ, the world thinks I am not a fool, which was just what I wished them to think, having always lived in terror of that oracular saying, 'Ἡρώων παῖδες λοῖβοι, which Mr. Bentley translated with so much more parts than the vain and malicious *hero* could have done that set him the task—I mean his father, *the sons of heroes are loobies*. My last reason is, I find my little stock of reputation very troublesome, both to maintain and to undergo the consequences—it has dipped me in erudite correspondences—I receive letters every week that

<sup>1</sup> This seems a singular reason for excluding him from a list of authors.—CROKER.

compliment my learning; now, as there is nothing I hold so cheap as a learned man, except an unlearned one, this title is insupportable to me; if I have not a care, I shall be called learned, till somebody abuses me for not being learned, as they, not I, fancied I was. In short, I propose to have nothing more to do with the world, but divert myself in it as an obscure passenger—pleasure, virtù, politics, and literature, I have tried them all, and have had enough of them. Content and tranquillity, with now and then a little of three of them, that I may not grow morose, shall satisfy the rest of a life that is to have much idleness, and I hope a little goodness; for politics—a long adieu! With some of the Cardinal de Retz's experience, though with none of his genius, I see the folly of taking a violent part without any view (I don't mean to commend a violent part with a view, that is still worse); I leave the state to be scrambled for by Mazarine, at once cowardly and enterprising, ostentatious, jealous, and false; by Louvois, rash and dark; by Colbert, the affecter of national interest, with designs not much better; and I leave the Abbé de la Rigbiere to sell the weak Duke of Orleans to whoever has money to buy him, or would buy him to get money; at least these are my present reflections—if I should change them to-morrow, remember I am not only a human creature, but that I am I, that is, one of the weakest of human creatures, and so sensible of my fickleness that I am sometimes inclined to keep a diary of my mind, as people do of the weather. To-day you see it temperate, to-morrow it may again blow politics and be stormy; for while I have so much quicksilver left, I fear my passionometer will be susceptible of sudden changes. What do years give one? Experience; experience, what? Reflections; reflections, what? nothing that I ever could find—nor can I well agree with Waller, that

“The soul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,  
Lets in new light through chinks that time has made.”

Chinks I am afraid there are, but instead of new light, I find nothing but “darkness visible,” that serves only to discover sights of woe. I look back through my chinks—I find errors, follies, faults; forward, old age and death, pleasures fleeting from me, no virtues succeeding to their place—*il faut avouer*, I want all my quicksilver to make such a background receive any other objects!

I am glad Mr. Frederick Montagu thinks so well of me as to be sure I shall be glad to see him without an invitation. For you, I



had already perceived that you would not come to Strawberry this year. Adieu!

## 582. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

*Strawberry Hill, Oct. 24, 1758.*

It is a very melancholy present I send you here, my dear Sir; yet, considering the misfortune that has befallen us, perhaps the most agreeable I could send you. You will not think it the bitterest tear you have shed when you drop one over this plan of an urn inscribed with the name of your dear brother, and with the testimonial of my eternal affection to him! This little monument is at last placed over the pew of your family at Linton [in Kent], and I doubt whether any tomb was ever erected that spoke so much truth of the departed, and flowed from so much sincere friendship in the living. The thought was my own, adopted from the antique columbaria, and applied to Gothic. The execution of the design was Mr. Bentley's, who alone, of all mankind, could unite the grace of Grecian architecture and the irregular lightness and solemnity of Gothic. Kent and many of our builders sought this, but have never found it. Mr. Chute, who has as much taste as Mr. Bentley, thinks this little sketch a perfect model. The soffite is more beautiful than anything of either style separate. There is a little error in the inscription; it should be *Horatius Walpole posuit*. The urn is of marble, richly polished; the rest of stone. On the whole, I think there is simplicity and decency, with a degree of ornament that destroys neither.

What do you say in Italy on the assassination of the King of Portugal? Do you believe that Portuguese subjects lift their hand against a monarch for gallantry? Do you believe that when a slave murders an absolute prince, he goes a walking with his wife the next morning and murders her too? Do you believe the dead King is alive? and that the Jesuits are as *wrongfully* suspected of this assassination as they have been of many others they have committed? If you do believe this, and all this, you are not very near turning Protestants. It is scarce talked of here, and to save trouble, we admit just what the Portuguese Minister is ordered to publish. The King of Portugal murdered, throws us two hundred years back—the King of Prussia *not* murdered, carries us two hundred years forward again.

Another King, I know, has had a little blow: the Prince de

Soubise has beat some Isenbourgs and Oberg, and is going to be Elector of Hanover this winter. There has been a great sickness among our troops in the other German army; the Duke of Marlborough has been in great danger, and some officers are dead. Lord Frederick Cavendish is returned from France. He confirms and adds to the amiable accounts we had received of the Duc d'Aiguillon's behaviour to our prisoners. You yourself, the pattern of attentions and tenderness, could not refine on what he has done both in good-nature and good-breeding: he even forbid any ringing of bells or rejoicings wherever they passed—but how your representative blood will curdle when you hear of the absurdity of one of your countrymen: the night after the massacre at St. Cas, the Duc d'Aiguillon gave a magnificent supper of eighty covers to our prisoners—a Colonel Lambert got up at the bottom of the table, and asking for a bumper, called out to the Duc, “My Lord Duke, here's the Roy de France!” You must put all the English you can crowd into the accent. *My Lord Duke* was so confounded at this preposterous compliment, which it was impossible for him to return, that he absolutely sank back into his chair and could not utter a syllable: our own people did not seem to feel more.

You will read and hear that we have another expedition sailing, somewhither in the West Indies. Hobson, the commander, has in his whole life had but one stroke of a palsy, so possibly may retain half of his understanding at least. There is great tranquillity at home, but I should think not promising duration. The disgust in the army on the late frantic measures will furnish some warmth probably to Parliament—and if the French should think of returning our visits, should you wonder? There are even rumours of some stirring among your little neighbours at Albano—keep your eye on them—if you could discover anything in time, it would do you great credit. *Apropos to them*, I will send you an epigram that I made the other day on Mr. Chute's asking why Taylor the oculist called himself Chevalier?<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Ante*, p. 181.—CUNNINGHAM.

Why Taylor the quack calls himself *Chevalier*,  
 'Tis not easy a reason to render;  
 Unless he would own, what his practice makes clear,  
 That at best he is but a Pretender.



## 583. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

*Arlington Street, Nov. 26, 1758.*

How can you make me formal excuses for sending me a few covers to frank? Have you so little right to any act of friendship from me, that you should apologize for making me do what is scarce any act at all? However, your man has not called for the covers, though they have been ready this fortnight.

I shall be very glad to see your brother in town, but I cannot quite take him in full of payment. I trust you will stay the longer for coming the later. There is not a syllable of news. The Parliament is met, but empty and totally oppositionless. Your great Cu moved in the Lords, but did not shine much. The great Cu of all Cues is out of order, not in danger, but certainly breaking.

My eyes are performing such a strict quarantine, that you must excuse my brevity. Adieu!

## 584. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

*Arlington Street, Nov. 27, 1758.*

It seems strange that at this time of the year, with armies still in the field and Parliaments in town, I should have had nothing to tell you for above a month—yet so it was. The King caught cold on coming to town, and was very ill,<sup>1</sup> but the gout, which had never been at Court above twice in his reign, came, seized his foot a little, and has promised him at least five or six years more—that is, if he will take care of himself; but yesterday, the coldest day we have felt, he would go into the drawing-room, as if he was fond of showing the new stick he is forced to walk with.

The Parliament is all harmony, and thinks of nothing but giving away twelve more millions. Mr. Pitt made the most artful speech he ever made: provoked, called for, defied objections; promised enormous expense, demanded never to be judged by events. Universal

<sup>1</sup> Lord Chesterfield, writing on the 21st to his son, says, "The King has been ill; but his illness has terminated in a good fit of the gout. It was generally thought he would have died, and for a very good reason; for the oldest lion in the Tower, much about the King's age, died a fortnight ago. This extravagancy, I can assure you, was believed by many above *people*. So wild and capricious is the human mind!"—WRIGHT.

silence left him arbiter of his own terms. In short, at present he is absolute master, and if he can coin twenty millions, may command them. He *does* everything, the Duke of Newcastle *gives* everything. As long as they can agree in this partition, they may do what they will.

We have been in great anxiety for twenty-four hours to learn the fate of Dresden, and of *the King of resources*, as Mr. Beckford called the King of Prussia the other day. We heard that while he was galloped to raise the siege of Neiss, Marshal Daun was advanced to Dresden; that Schmettau had sent to know if he meant to attack it, having orders to burn the Fauxbourgs and defend it street by street; that Daun not deigning a reply, the conflagration had been put in execution; that the King was posting back, and Dohna advancing to join him. We expected every minute to hear either of the demolition of the city, or of a bloody decision fought under the walls—an account is just arrived that Daun<sup>1</sup> is retired—thus probably the campaign is finished, and another year of massacre to come. One could not but be anxious at such a crisis—one felt for Dresden, and pitied the Prince Royal shut up in his own capital, a mere spectator of its destruction; one trembled for the decisive moment of the life of such a man as the King of Prussia. It is put off—yet perhaps he will scarce recover so favourable a moment. He had assembled his whole force, except a few thousands left to check the Swedes. Next year this force must be again parcelled out against Austrians, Russians, Swedes, and possibly French. He must be more than a *King of resources* if he can for ever weather such tempests!

Knyphausen<sup>2</sup> diverted me yesterday with some anecdotes of the Empress's college of chastity—not the Russian Empress's. The King of Prussia asked some of his Austrian prisoners whether their mistress consulted her college of chastity on the letters she wrote (and he intercepted) to Madame Pompadour.

You have heard some time ago of the death of the Duke of Marlborough.<sup>3</sup> The estate is forty-five thousand pounds a-year—nine of which are jointured out. He paid *but* eighteen thousand pounds a-year in joint lives. This Duke and the estate save greatly by his death, as the present wants a year of being of age, and would

<sup>1</sup> The King of Prussia had just compelled Daun to raise the siege of Dresden, in spite of his (the King's) late most disastrous defeat by the same general at Hochkirchen, which had taken place on the 14th of October 1758.—DOVER.

<sup>2</sup> The Prussian minister.—WALPOLE.

<sup>3</sup> Charles Spencer, second Duke of Marlborough: died October 28, 1758, at Munster, in Westphalia.—CUNNINGHAM.



certainly have accommodated his father in agreeing to sell and pay. Lord Edgcumbe<sup>1</sup> is dead too, one of the honestest and most steady men in the world.

I was much diverted with your histories of *our* Princess [de Craon] and Madame de Woronzow. Such dignity as Madame de Craon's wants a little absolute power to support it! Adieu! my dear Sir.

## 585. TO THE REV. HENRY ZOUCR.

SIR :

*Arlington Street, Dec. 9, 1758.*

I HAVE desired Mr. Whiston to convey to you the second edition of my Catalogue, not so complete as it might have been, if great part had not been printed before I received your remarks, but yet more correct than the first sketch with which I troubled you. Indeed, a thing of this slight and idle nature does not deserve to have much more pains employed upon it.

I am just undertaking an edition of Lucan, my friend Mr. Bentley having in his possession his father's notes and emendations on the first seven books. Perhaps a partiality for the original author concurs a little with this circumstance of the notes, to make me fond of printing, at Strawberry Hill, the works of a man who, alone of all the classics, was thought to breathe too brave and honest a spirit for the perusal of the Dauphin and the French. I don't think that a good or bad taste in poetry is of so serious a nature, that I should be afraid of owning too, that, with that great judge Corneille, and with that, perhaps, *no* judge Heinsius, I prefer Lucan to Virgil. To speak fairly, I prefer great sense, to poetry with little sense. There are hemistichs in Lucan that go to one's soul and one's heart;—for a mere epic poem, a fabulous tissue of uninteresting battles that don't teach one even to fight, I know nothing more tedious. The poetic images, the versification and language of the *Æneid* are delightful; but take the story by itself, and can anything be more silly and unaffecting? There are a few gods without power, heroes without character, heaven-directed wars without justice, inventions without probability, and a hero who betrays one woman with a kingdom that he might have had, to force himself upon another woman and another kingdom to which he had no pretensions, and all this to show his obedience to the gods! In short, I have always admired his numbers

<sup>1</sup> Richard, first Lord Edgcumbe; an intimate friend of Sir Robert Walpole.—  
WALPOLE. See vol. i. p. 156.—CUNNINGHAM.

so much, and his meaning so little, that I think I should like Virgil better if I understood him less.

Have you seen, Sir, a book which has made some noise—*Helvetius de l'Esprit*? The author is so good and moral a man, that I grieve he should have published a system of as relaxed morality as can well be imagined: 'tis a large quarto, and in general a very superficial one. His philosophy may be new in France, but is greatly exhausted here. He tries to imitate Montesquieu, and has heaped common-places upon common-places, which supply or overwhelm his reasoning; yet he has often wit, happy allusions, and sometimes writes finely: there is merit enough to give an obscure man fame; flimsiness enough to depreciate a great man. After his book was licensed, they forced him to retract it by a most abject recantation. Then why print this work? If zeal for his system pushed him to propagate it, did not he consider that a recantation would hurt his cause more than his arguments could support it?

We are promised Lord Clarendon in February from Oxford, but I hear shall have the surreptitious edition from Holland much sooner.

You see, Sir, I am a sceptic as well as *Helvetius*, but of a more moderate complexion. There is no harm in telling mankind that there is not so much divinity in the '*Æneid*' as they imagine; but, even if I thought so, I would not preach that virtue and friendship are mere names, and resolvable into self-interest; because there are numbers that would remember the grounds of the principle, and forget what was to be engrafted on it. Adieu!

586. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

*Strawberry Hill, Christmas-day, 1758.*

ADIEU! my dear Sir—that is, adieu to our correspondence, for I am neither dying nor quarrelling with you; but as we, Great-Britons, are quarrelling with all Europe, I think very soon I shall not be able to convey a letter to you, but by the way of Africa, and there I am afraid the post-offices are not very well regulated. In short, we are on the brink of a Dutch war too. Their merchants are so enraged that we will not only not suffer them to enrich themselves by carrying all the French trade and all kinds of military stores to the French settlements, but that they lose their own ships



into the bargain, that they are ready to dispatch the Princess Royal<sup>1</sup> into the other world even before her time; if her death arrives soon, and she is thought in great danger, it will be difficult for anybody else to keep the peace. Spain and Denmark are in little better humour—well, if we have not as many lives as a cat or the King of Prussia! However, our spirits do not droop; we are raising thirteen millions, we look upon France as totally undone, and that they have not above five loaves and a few small fishes left; we intend to take all America from them next summer, and then if Spain and Holland are not terrified, we shall be at leisure to deal with them. Indeed, we are rather in a hurry to do all this, because people may be weary of paying thirteen millions; and besides it may grow decent for Mr. Pitt to visit his gout, which this year he has been forced to send to the Bath without him. I laugh, but seriously we are in a critical situation; and it is as true, that if Mr. Pitt had not exerted the spirit and activity that he has, we should ere now have been past a critical situation. Such a war as ours carried on by my Lord Hardwicke, with the dull dilatoriness of a Chancery suit, would long ago have reduced us to what suits in Chancery reduce most people! At present our unanimity is prodigious—you would as soon hear *No* from an old maid as from the House of Commons—but I don't promise you that this tranquillity will last.<sup>2</sup> One has known more ministries overturned of late years by their own squabbles than by any assistance from Parliaments.

Sir George Lee, formerly an heir-apparent<sup>3</sup> to the ministry, is dead; it was almost sudden, but he died with great composure. Lord Arran<sup>4</sup> went off with equal philosophy. Of the great house of Ormond there now remains only his sister, Lady Emily Butler, a young heiress of ninety-nine.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The Princess Dowager of Orange, eldest daughter of George II.—WALPOLE.

<sup>2</sup> Lord Chesterfield, in a letter of the 15th, says, "The estimates for the expenses of the year 1759 are made up. I have seen them; and what do you think they amount to? No less than twelve millions three hundred thousand pounds: a most incredible sum, and yet already all subscribed, and even more offered! The unanimity in the House of Commons in voting such a sum, and such forces, both by sea and land, is not less astonishing. This is Mr. Pitt's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes."—WRIGHT.

<sup>3</sup> Frederick, Prince of Wales, had designed, if he outlived the King, to make Sir George Lee chancellor of the exchequer.—WALPOLE.

<sup>4</sup> Charles Butler, second and last surviving son of Thomas, Earl of Ossory, eldest son of the first Duke of Ormond. He had been created in 1693 Baron Cloghgrenan, Viscount Tullough, and Earl of Arran in Ireland; and at the same time Baron Butler of Weston in the Peerage of England. Dying [Dec. 17, 1758] without issue, his titles became extinct.—DOVER. In the Bodleian Gallery is a full length portrait of him by Sir James Thornhill. He was buried in St. Margaret's, Westminster.—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>5</sup> Lady Amelia Butler died March 30, 1760, aged 100 years.—CUNNINGHAM.

It is with great pleasure I tell you that Mr. Conway is going to Sluys to settle a cartel with the French. The commission itself is honourable, but more pleasing as it re-establishes him—I should say his merit re-establishes him. All the world now acknowledges it—and the insufficiency of his brother-generals makes it vain to oppress him any longer.

I am happy that you are pleased with the monument, and vain that you like the Catalogue<sup>1</sup>—if it would not look too vain, I would tell you that it was absolutely undertaken and finished within five months. Indeed, the faults in the first edition and the deficiencies show it was; I have just printed another more correct.

Of the Pretender's family one never hears a word: unless our Protestant brethren the Dutch meddle in their affairs, they will be totally forgotten; we have too numerous a breed of our own, to want Princes from Italy. The old Chevalier by your account is likely to precede his rival, who with care may still last a few years, though I think will scarce appear again out of his own house.

I want to ask you if it is possible to get the royal edition of the 'Antiquities of Herculaneum?' and I do not indeed want you to get it for me unless I am to pay for it. Prince San Severino has told the foreign ministers here that there are to be *twelve hundred* volumes of it—and they believe it. I imagine the fact is, that there are to be but twelve hundred copies printed. Could Cardinal Albani get it for me? I would send him my Strawberry-editions, and the Birmingham-editions<sup>2</sup> in exchange—things here much in fashion.

The night before I came from town, we heard of the fall of the Cardinal de Bernis,<sup>3</sup> but not the cause of it<sup>4</sup>—if we have a Dutch war, how many cardinals will fall in France and in England, before you hear of these, or I of the former! I have always written to you with the greatest freedom, because I care more that *you* should

<sup>1</sup> 'The Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors.'—WALPOLE.

<sup>2</sup> Editions printed with the Baskerville types.—DOVER.

<sup>3</sup> The Cardinal de Bernis was a frivolous and incapable minister, who was equally raised and overthrown by the influence of the King of France's mistress, Madame de Pompadour.—DOVER.

<sup>4</sup> "Cardinal Bernis's disgrace," says Lord Chesterfield, "is as sudden, and hitherto as little understood, as his elevation was. I have seen his poems printed at Paris, not by a friend, I dare say; and to judge by them, I humbly conceive his excellency is a puppy. I will say nothing of that excellent head-piece that made him and unmade him in the same month, except *O King, live for ever!*"—WRIGHT.



be informed of the state of your own country, than what secretaries of state or their clerks think of *me*—but one must be more circumspect if the Dey of Algiers is to open one's letters. Adieu!

## 587. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

*Arlington Street, Dec. 26, 1758.*

It is so little extraordinary to find you doing what is friendly and obliging, that one don't take half notice enough of it. Can't you let Mr. Conway go to Sluys without taking notice of it? How would you be hurt, if he continued to be oppressed? what is it to you whether I am glad or sorry? Can't you enjoy yourself whether I am happy or not? I suppose if I were to have a misfortune, you would immediately be concerned at it! How troublesome it is to have you sincere and good-natured! Do be a little more like the rest of the world.

I have been at Strawberry these three days, and don't know a tittle. The last thing I heard before I went was that Colonel Yorke is going to be married to one or both of the Miss Crasteyns, nieces of the rich grocer that died three years ago. They have two hundred and sixty thousand pounds a-piece. A marchioness—or a grocer—nothing comes amiss to the digestion of that family.<sup>1</sup> If the rest of the trunk was filled with money, I believe they would really marry Carafattatouadaht—what was the lump of deformity called in the 'Persian Tales,' that was sent to the lady in a coffer? And as to marrying both the girls, it would cost my Lord Hardwicke but a new Marriage Bill: I suppose it is all one to his conscience, whether he prohibits matrimony or licenses bigamy.

Poor Sir Charles Williams is relapsed, and strictly confined. As you come so late, I trust you will stay with us the longer. Adieu!

## 588. TO THE REV. HENRY ZOUCR.

SIR:

*Strawberry Hill, Jan. 12, 1759.*

I SHALL certainly be obliged to you for an account of that piece of Lord Lonsdale:<sup>2</sup> besides my own curiosity after anything that

<sup>1</sup> Colonel Yorke, afterwards Lord Dover, married in 1783 the Dowager Baroness de Boetzalaer, widow of the first noble of the province of Holland.—WRIGHT.

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Walpole did not insert any notice of Lord Lonsdale in his subsequent editions, though the omission has been remedied by Mr. Park.—CROKER.

relates to a work in which I have engaged so far, I think it a duty to the public to perfect, as far as one can, whatever one gives to it; and yet I do not think of another edition; two thousand have been printed, and though nine hundred went off at once, it would be presumption in me to expect that the rest will be sold in any short time. I only mean to add occasionally to my private copy whatever more I can collect and correct; and shall, perhaps, but leave behind me materials for a future edition, in which should be included what I have hitherto omitted. Yet it is very vain in me to expect that anybody should care for such a trifle after the novelty is worn off; I ought to be content with the favourable reception I have found; so much beyond my first expectations, that, except in two Magazines,<sup>1</sup> not a word of censure has passed on me in print. You may easily believe, Sir, that having escaped a *trial*, I am not mortified at having dirt thrown at me by children in the kennel. With regard to the story of Lord Suffolk, I wish I had been lucky enough to have mentioned it to you in time, it should not have appeared: yet it was told me by Mr. Mallet, who did not seem to have any objection that I should even mention his name as the very person to whom it happened. I must suppose that Lord Suffolk acted that foolish scene in imitation of Lord Rochester.<sup>2</sup>

I am happy, Sir, that I have both your approbation to my opinion of Lucan, and to my edition of him; but I assure you there will not be one word from me. I am sensible that it demands great attention to write even one's own language well: how can one pretend to purity in a foreign language? to any merit in a dead one? I would not *alone* undertake to correct the press; but I am so lucky as to live in the strictest friendship with Dr. Bentley's only son, who, to all the ornament of learning, has the amiable turn of mind, disposition, and easy wit. Perhaps you may have heard that his

<sup>1</sup> The 'Critical Review,' and the 'Monthly Review.' Compare vol. i. p. lxi.—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>2</sup> The story here alluded to is told, in the 'Noble Authors,' of Edward Howard, eighth Earl of Suffolk [died 1731]. But Mr. Zouch had probably apprised Mr. Walpole that a similar story had been told of Lord Rochester. The Earl is represented as having sent for "a gentleman well known in the literary world" [Mallet], upon whom he inflicted the hearing of some of his verses; but coming to a description of a beautiful woman, he suddenly stopped, and said, "Sir, I am not like most poets; I do not draw from ideal mistresses; I always have my subject before me;" and ringing the bell, he said to a footman, "Call up Fine Eyes." A woman of the town appeared—"Fine Eyes," said the Earl, "look full on this gentleman." She did, and retired. Two or three others of the seraglio were summoned in their turns, and displayed their respective charms for which they had been distinguished by his lordship's pencil.—CROKER.



drawings and architecture are admirable,—perhaps you have not: he is modest—he is poor—he is consequently little known, less valued.

I am entirely ignorant of Dr. Burton and his ‘*Monasticon*,’<sup>1</sup> and after the little merit you tell me it has, I must explain to you that I have a collection of books of that sort, before I own that I wish to have it; at the same time, I must do so much justice to myself as to protest that I don’t know so contemptible a class of writers as topographers, not from the study itself, but from their wretched execution. Often and often I have had an inclination to show how topography should be writ, by pointing out the curious particulars of places, with descriptions of principal houses, the pictures, portraits, and curiosities they contain.<sup>2</sup>

I scarce ever yet found anything one wanted to know in one of those books; all they contain, except encomiums on the Stuarts and the monks, are lists of institutions and inductions, and inquiries how names of places were spelt before there was any spelling. If the ‘*Monasticon Eboracense*’ is only to be had at York, I know Mr. Cæsar Ward, and can get him to send it to me.

I will add but one short word: from every letter I receive from you, Sir, my opinion of you increases, and I much wish that so much good sense and knowledge were not thrown away only on me. I flatter myself that you are engaged, or will engage, in some work or pursuit that will make you better known. In the mean time, I hope that some opportunity will bring us personally acquainted, for I am, Sir, already most sincerely yours,

HOR. WALPOLE.

P.S. You love to be troubled, and therefore I will make no apology for troubling you. Last summer, I bought of Virtue’s widow forty volumes of his MS. collections relating to English painters, sculptors, graveurs, and architects. He had actually begun their lives: unluckily he had not gone far, and could not write grammar. I propose to digest and complete this work (I mean after the Conway Papers). In the mean time, Sir, shall I beg the favour

<sup>1</sup> Dr. John Burton was a physician and antiquary of Yorkshire, who died in 1771. His principal work, here alluded to, is entitled ‘*Monasticon Eboracense*.’ This work was never completed, the first volume only having appeared in folio. Some imputations on the Doctor’s loyalty in 1745, diminished, it is said, his means and materials for continuing the work.—CROKER.

<sup>2</sup> Very little indeed has been done since Walpole wrote to enliven topographical literature.—CUNNINGHAM.

of you just to mark down memorandums of the pages where you happen to meet with anything relative to these subjects, especially of our antienter buildings, paintings, and artists. I would not trouble you for more reference, if even that is not too much.

589. TO DR. WILLIAM ROBERTSON.<sup>1</sup>

*Jan. 18, 1759.*

I EXPECT with impatience your book,<sup>2</sup> which you are so kind as to say you have ordered for me, and for which I already give you many thanks; the specimen I saw convinces me that I do not thank you rashly. Good historians are the most scarce of all writers; and no wonder! a good style is not very common; thorough information is still more rare;—and if these meet, what a chance that impartiality should be added to them! Your style, Sir, I may venture to say, I saw was uncommonly good; I have reason to think your information so; and in the few times I had the pleasure of conversing with you, your good sense and candour made me conclude, that even on a subject which we are foolish enough to make *party*, you preserve your judgment unbiassed. I fear I shall not preserve mine so; the too kind acknowledgments that I frequently receive from gentlemen of your country, of the just praise that I paid to merit, will make me at least for the future not very unprejudiced. If the opinion of so trifling a writer as I am was of any consequence, it would then be worth Scotland's while to let the world know, that when my book was written, I had no reason to be partial to it:—but, Sir, your country will trust to the merit of its natives, not to foreign testimonials, for its reputation.

## 590. TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

*Arlington Street, Jan. 19, 1759.*

I HOPE the treaty of Sluys advances rapidly.<sup>3</sup> Considering that your own court is as new to you as Monsieur de Bareil and his, you

<sup>1</sup> Now first collected.—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>2</sup> 'Some Specimens' of Robertson's 'History of Scotland' had been communicated to Walpole during Robertson's residence in London.—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>3</sup> Mr. Conway was sent to Sluys to settle a cartel for prisoners with the French. M. de Bareil was the person appointed by the French court for the same business.—WALPOLE.



cannot be very well entertained: the joys of a Dutch fishing town and the incidents of a cartel will not compose a very agreeable history. In the mean time you do not lose much: though the Parliament is met, no politics are come to town: one may describe the House of Commons like the price of stocks; Debates, nothing done. Votes, under par. Patriots, no price. Oratory, books shut. Love and war are as much at a stand; neither the Duchess of Hamilton, nor the expeditions are gone off yet. Prince Edward has asked to go to Quebec, and has been refused. If I was sure they would refuse me, I would ask to go thither too. I should not dislike about as much laurel as I could stick in my window at Christmas.

We are next week to have a serenata at the Opera-house for the King of Prussia's birthday: it is to begin, "Viva Georgio, e Frederigo viva!" It will, I own, divert me to see my Lord Temple whispering *for* this alliance, on the same bench on which I have so often seen him whisper *against* all Germany. The new opera pleases universally, and I hope will yet hold up its head. Since Vanneschi is cunning enough to make us sing *the roast beef of old Germany*, I am persuaded it will revive: politics are the only hot-bed for keeping such a tender plant as Italian music alive in England.

You are so thoughtless about your dress, that I cannot help giving you a little warning against your return. Remember, everybody that comes from abroad is *censé* to come from France, and whatever they wear at their first re-appearance immediately grows the fashion. Now if, as is very likely, you should through inadvertence change hats with a master of a Dutch smack, Offley will be upon the watch, will conclude you took your pattern from M. de Bareil, and in a week's time we shall all be equipped like Dutch skippers. You see I speak very disinterestedly; for, as I never wear a hat myself, it is indifferent to me what sort of hat I don't wear. Adieu! I hope nothing in this letter, if it is opened, will affect *the conferences*, nor hasten our rupture with Holland. Lest it should, I send it to Lord Holderness's office; concluding, like Lady Betty Waldegrave, that the government never suspect what they send under their own covers.

591. TO DR. WILLIAM ROBERTSON.<sup>1</sup>

[1759.]

HAVING finished the first volume,<sup>2</sup> and made a little progress in the second, I cannot stay till I have finished the latter to tell you how exceedingly I admire the work. Your modesty will perhaps make you suppose these are words of compliment and of course; but as I can give you very good reasons for my approbation, you may believe that I no more flatter your performance, than I have read it superficially, hastily, or carelessly.

The style is most pure, proper, and equal; is very natural and easy, except now and then where, as I may justly call it, you are forced to *translate* from bad writers. You will agree with me, Sir, that an historian who writes from other authorities cannot possibly always have as flowing a style as an author whose narrative is dictated from his own knowledge. Your perspicuity is most beautiful, your relation always interesting, never languid; and you have very extraordinarily united two merits very difficult to be reconciled; I mean that, though you have formed your history into pieces of information, each of which would make a separate memoir, yet the whole is hurried on into one uninterrupted story. I assure you I value myself on the first distinction, especially as Mr. Charles Townshend made the same remark. You have preserved the gravity of history without any formality; and you have at the same time avoided what I am now running into, antithesis and conceit. In short, Sir, I don't know where or what history is written with more excellences; and when I say this, you may be sure I do not forget your impartiality. But, Sir, I will not wound your bashfulness with more encomiums; yet the public will force you to hear them. I never knew justice so rapidly paid to a work of so deep and serious a kind, for deep it is; and it must be great sense that could penetrate so far into human nature, considering how little you have been conversant with the world.

\* \* \* \* \*

<sup>3</sup> It is plain that you wish to excuse Mary; and yet it is so plain

<sup>1</sup> Now first collected.—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>2</sup> Of Robertson's 'History of Scotland.'—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>3</sup> This is a portion of another (undated) letter, of which the extract given above is the only portion in print.—CUNNINGHAM.



that you never violate truth in her favour, that I own I think still worse of her than I did, since I read your History.

## 592. TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

*Arlington Street, Jan. 28, 1759.*

You and M. de Bareil may give yourselves what airs you please of settling cartels with expedition: you don't exchange prisoners with half so much alacrity as Jack Campbell<sup>1</sup> and the Duchess of Hamilton have exchanged hearts. I had so little observed the negotiation, or suspected any, that when your brother told me of it yesterday morning, I would not believe a tittle—I beg Mr. Pitt's pardon, not an *iota*. It is the prettiest match in the world since yours, and everybody likes it but the Duke of Bridgewater<sup>2</sup> and Lord Coventry. What an extraordinary fate is attached to those two women! Who could have believed that a Gunning would unite the two great houses of Campbell and Hamilton?<sup>3</sup> For my part, I expect to see my Lady Coventry, Queen of Prussia. I would not venture to marry either of them these thirty years, for fear of being shuffled out of the world *prematurely*, to make room for the rest of their adventures. The first time Jack carries the Duchess into the Highlands, I am persuaded that some of his second-sighted subjects will see him in a winding-sheet, with a train of kings behind him as long as those in Macbeth.

We had a scrap of a debate on Friday, on the Prussian and Hessian treaties. Old Vyner opposed the first, in pity to that *poor woman*, as he called her, the Empress-Queen.<sup>4</sup> Lord Strange objected to the gratuity of sixty thousand pounds to the Landgrave, unless words were inserted to express his receiving that sum in full of all demands. If Hume Campbell had cavilled at this favourite treaty Mr. Pitt could scarce have treated him with more haughtiness;

<sup>1</sup> Afterwards, 1770, Duke of Argyle. "The Duchess of Hamilton is to be married to-morrow to Colonel Campbell, the son of General Campbell, who will some day or other be Duke of Argyle, and have the estate. She refused the Duke of Bridgewater for him."—*Chesterfield to his Son*, Feb. 2, 1759.—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>2</sup> The Duchess—a Gunning—had refused the hand of the Duke of Bridgewater, the father of inland navigation. Lord Coventry was her brother-in-law.—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>3</sup> This union of two great houses Walpole has inserted among his 'Strange Occurrences.' See his *Works*, vol. iv. p. 366.—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>4</sup> "There never was so quiet or so silent a session of Parliament as the present: Mr. Pitt declares only what he would have them do, and they do it, *nemine contradicente*, Mr. Vyner only excepted."—*Lord Chesterfield*.—WRIGHT.

and, what is far more extraordinary, Hume Campbell could scarce have taken it more dutifully. This *long* day was over by half an hour after four.

As you and M. de Bareil are on such amicable terms, you will take care to soften to him a new conquest we have made. Keppel has taken the Island of Gorée. You great ministers know enough of its importance: I need not detail it. Before your letters came we had heard of the death of the Princess Royal: <sup>1</sup> you will find us black and all black. Lady Northumberland and the great ladies put off their assemblies: diversions begin again to-morrow with the mourning.

You perceive London cannot furnish half so long a letter as the little town of Sluys; at least I have not the art of making one out. In truth, I believe I should not have writ this unless Lady Ailesbury had bid me; but she does not care how much trouble it gives me, provided it amuses you for a moment. Good night!

P. S. I forgot to tell you that the King has granted my Lord Marischall's pardon, at the request of M. de Knyphausen.<sup>2</sup> I believe the Pretender himself could get his attainder reversed if he would apply to the King of Prussia.

593. TO JOHN CHUTE, ESQ.

*Arlington Street, Feb. 1, 1759.*

WELL! my dear Sir, I am now convinced that both Mr. Keate's panic and mine were ill-founded; but pray, another time, don't let him be afraid of being afraid for fear of frightening me: on the contrary, if you will dip your gout in lemonade, I hope I shall be told of it. If you have not had it in your stomach, it is not your fault: drink brandy, and be thankful. I would desire you to come to town, but I must rather desire you not to have a house to come to. Mrs. H. Grenville is passionately enamoured of yours, and begged I would ask you what will be the lowest price, with all the particulars, which I assured her you had stated very ill for yourself. I

<sup>1</sup> The Princess of Orange died on the 12th of January.—WRIGHT.

<sup>2</sup> By a letter from Sir Andrew Mitchell, of the 8th of January, in the 'Chatham Correspondence,' it will be seen that the Lord Marischal's pardon was granted at the earnest request of the King of Prussia, who said he "should consider it as a personal favour done to himself." The Earl Marischal was attainted for his share of the Rebellion of 1715.—WRIGHT.



don't quite like this commission; if you part with your house in town, you will never come hither; at least, stow your cellars with drams and gunpowder as full as Guy Fawkes's—you will be drowned if you don't blow yourself up. I don't believe that the Vine is within the verge of the rainbow: seriously, it is too damp for you.

Colonel Campbell marries the Duchess of Hamilton forthwith. The house of Argyle is content, and think that the head of the Hamiltons had purified the blood of Gunning; but I should be afraid that his grace was more likely to corrupt blood than to mend it.

Never was anything so crowded as the House last night for the Prussian cantata; the King was hoarse, and could not go to sing his own praises. The dancers seemed transplanted from Sadler's Wells; there were milkmaids riding on dolphins; Britain and Prussia kicked the King of France off the stage, and there was a *petit-maitre* with his handkerchief full of holes; but this vulgarism happily was hissed.

I am deeper than ever in Gothic antiquities: I have bought a monk of Glastonbury's chair,<sup>1</sup> full of scraps of the Psalms; and some seals of most reverend illegibility. I pass all my mornings in the thirteenth century, and my evenings with the century that is coming on. Adieu!

594. TO JOHN CHUTE, ESQ.

MY DEAR SIR:

*Arlington Street, Feb. 2, 1759.*

I AM glad to see your writing again, and can now laugh very cordially at my own fright, which you take a great deal too kindly. I was not quite sure you would like my proceedings, but just then I could not help it, and perhaps my natural earnestness had more merit than my friendship; and yet it is worth my while to save a friend, if I think I can—I have not so many! you yourself are in a manner lost to me! I must not, cannot repine at your having a fortune that delivers you from uneasy connections with a world that is sure to use ill those that have any dependence on it; but undoubtedly some of the satisfaction that you have acquired is taken out of my scale; I will not, however, moralise, though I am in a

<sup>1</sup> The monk of Glastonbury's chair was sold at Strawberry Hill in 1842 for 73*l.* 10*s.* It was the "gilt tub" which Robins the auctioneer sat in throughout the sale.—CUNNINGHAM.

very proper humour for it, being just come home from an outrageous crowd at Northumberland-house, where there were five hundred people, that would have been equally content or discontent with any other five hundred. This is pleasure! You invite so many people to your house, that you are forced to have constables at your door to keep the peace; just as the royal family, when they hunted, used to be attended by surgeons. I allow honour and danger to keep company with one another, but diversion and breaking one's neck are strangely ill-matched. Mr. Spence's *Magliabechi*<sup>1</sup> is published to-day from Strawberry; I believe you saw it, and shall have it; but 'tis not worth sending you on purpose. However, it is full good enough for the generality of readers. At least there is a proper dignity in *my* saying so, who have been so much abused in all the magazines lately for my Catalogue. The chief points in dispute lie in a very narrow compass; they think I don't understand English, and I am sure they don't: yet they will not be convinced, for I shall certainly not take the pains to set them right. Who *them* are I don't know; the highest, I believe, are Dr. Smollett, or some chaplain of my uncle [old Horace].

Adieu! I was very silly to alarm you so; but the wisest of us, from Solomon to old Carr's cousin, are poor souls! Maybe you don't know anything of Carr's cousin. Why then, Carr's cousin was—I don't know who; but Carr was very ill, and had a cousin, as I may be, to sit up with her. Carr had not slept for many nights—at last she dozed—her cousin jogged her: “Cousin, cousin!”—“Well!” said Carr, “what would you have?”—“Only, cousin, if you die, where will you be buried?” This resemblance mortifies me ten times more than a thousand Reviews could do: there is nothing in being abused by Carr's cousin, but it is horrid to be like Carr's cousin! Good night!

595. TO GROSVENOR BEDFORD.<sup>2</sup>

DEAR SIR:

*Arlington Street, Feb. 3, 1759.*

I AM glad the time is not lapsed when I should have paid the tax. I have writ to Mr. Legge for directions, and in the mean time can give you no other than to pay whatever shall be demanded, and to

<sup>1</sup> Spence's *Parallel of Magliabechi and Mr. Hill*, a tailor of Buckingham. See vol. i. p. lxix.—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>2</sup> Now first printed. See vol. i. p. lxxxiv.—CUNNINGHAM.



answer *any* questions that are asked, as I at first desired you to do. I am very indifferent about the money, exceedingly delicate not to take any advantage of exemption. It may be in the power of many persons to hurt my fortune, but it shall never be in their power to touch my character for disinterestedness. You can be my witness ever since you came into the office, how scrupulous I have been not to take any improper advantage, and how constantly I have enjoined you not to think of my interest, but where I had the most exact right. Adieu!

Yours ever,

H. WALPOLE.

596. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

*Arlington Street, Feb. 2, 1759.*

THE Dutch have not declared war and interrupted our correspondence, and yet it seems ceased as if we had declared war with one another. I have not heard from you this age—how happens it? I have not seized any ships of yours—you carry on no counterband trade—oh! perhaps you are gone *incognito* to Turin, are determined to have a King of Prussia of your own! I expect to hear that the King of Sardinia, accompanied by Sir Horace Mann, the British minister, suddenly appeared before Parma at the head of an hundred thousand men, that had been *privately* landed at Leghorn. I beg, as Harlequin did when he had a house to sell, that you will send me a brick, as a sample of the first town you take—the Strawberry-press shall be preparing a congratulatory ode.

The Princess Royal has been dead some time; and yet the Dutch and we continue in amity, and put on our weepers together. In the mean time our warlike eggs have been some time under the hen, and one has hatched and produced Gorée. The expedition, called to Quebec, departs on Tuesday next, under Wolfe, and George Townshend, who has thrust himself again into the service, and as far as wrongheadedness will go, very proper for a hero. Wolfe, who was no friend of Mr. Conway last year, and for whom I consequently have no affection, has great merit, spirit, and alacrity, and shone extremely at Louisbourg. I am not such a Juno but I will forgive him after eleven more labours.<sup>1</sup> Prince Edward asked to go with

<sup>1</sup> Speaking of Wolfe in his 'Memoires,' Walpole says, "Ambition, industry, passion for the service, were conspicuous in him. He seemed to breathe for nothing

them, but was refused. It is clever in him to wish to distinguish himself; I, who have no partiality to royal blood, like his good-nature and good-breeding.

Except the horrid Portuguese histories, that between Jesuits<sup>1</sup> and executions make one's blood run hot and cold, we have no news. The Parliament has taken a quieting-draught. Of private story, the Duchess of Hamilton is going to marry Colonel Campbell, Lady Ailesbury's brother. It is a match that would not disgrace Arcadia. Her beauty has made sufficient noise, and in some people's eyes is even improved—he has a most pleasing countenance, person, and manner, and if they could but carry to Scotland some of our sultry English weather, they might restore the ancient pastoral life, when fair Kings and Queens reigned at once over their subjects and their sheep. Besides, exactly like antediluvian lovers, they reconcile contending clans, the great houses of Hamilton and Campbell—and all this is brought about by a Gunning! I talked of *our sultry weather*, and this is no air. While Italy, I suppose, is buried in snow, we are extinguishing fires, and panting for breath. In short, we have had a wonderful winter—beyond an earthquake winter—we shall soon be astonished at frost, like an Indian. Shrubs and flowers and blossoms are all in their pride; I am not sure that in some counties the corn is not cut.

I long to hear from you; I think I never was so long without a letter. I hope it is from no bad reason. Adieu!

597. TO MR. GRAY.

*Arlington Street, Feb. 15, 1759.*

THE enclosed, which I have this minute received from Mr. Bentley, explains much that I had to say to you—yet I have a question or two more.

Who and what sort of man is a Mr. Sharp of Benet? I have received a most obliging and genteel letter from him, with the very letter of Edward VI. which you was so good as to send me. I have

but fame, and lost no moments in qualifying himself to compass that object. Presumption on himself was necessary for his object, and he had it. He was formed to execute the designs of such a master as Pitt."—WALPOLE.

<sup>1</sup>The strange and mysterious conspiracy against the life of the King of Portugal, which was attempted as he was going one night through the streets of Lisbon in his coach. Many Jesuits were put to death for it, and also several of the noble families of the Dukes d'Aveiro, and Marquises of Tavora.—DOVER.



answered his, but should like to know a little more about him. Pray thank the Dean of Lincoln too for me : I am much obliged to him for his offer, but had rather draw upon his *Lincolnship* than his *Cambridgehood*.<sup>1</sup> In the library of the former are some original letters of Tiptoft, as you will find in my Catalogue. When Dr. Greene is there, I shall be glad if he will let me have them copied.

I will thank you if you will look in some provincial history of Ireland for Odo (Hugh) Oneil, King of Ulster. When did he live ? I have got a most curious seal of his, and know no more of him than of Ouacraw, King of the Pawwaws.

I wanted to ask you, whether you, or anybody that you believe in, believe in the Queen of Scots' letter to Queen Elizabeth.<sup>2</sup> If it is genuine, I don't wonder she cut her head off—but I think it must be some forgery that was not made use of.

Now to my distress. You must have seen an Advertisement, perhaps the book itself, the villainous book itself, that has been published to defend me against the Critical Review.<sup>3</sup> I have been childishly unhappy about it, and had drawn up a protestation or affidavit of my knowing nothing of it ; but my friends would not let me publish it. I sent to the printer, who would not discover the author—nor could I guess. They tell me nobody can suspect my being privy to it: but there is an intimacy affected that I think will deceive many—and yet I must be the most arrogant fool living, if I could know and suffer anybody to speak of me in that style. For God's sake, do all you can for me, and publish my abhorrence. To-day I am told that is that puppy Doctor Hill, who has chosen to make war with the Magazines through my sides. I could pardon him any abuse, but I never can forgive this *friendship*. Adieu !

598. TO THE RIGHT HON. LADY HERVEY.

Feb. 20, 1759.

I MET with this little book 't'other day by chance, and it pleased

<sup>1</sup> He was master of Benet College, Cambridge.—WALPOLE.

<sup>2</sup> See Murden's 'State Papers,' p. 558, for this curious letter.—BERRY.

<sup>3</sup> It was called "Observations on the account given of the Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors of England, &c. &c. in article vi. of the Critical Review, No. XXV., for December 1758, where the unwarrantable liberties taken with that work, and the honourable author of it, are examined and exposed."—WALPOLE. See vol. i. p. lxi. —CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>4</sup> "Divers portraits de quelques personnages de la Cour" [de Louis XIV.] by Madame de la Fayette.—BERRY.

me so much, that I cannot help lending it to your ladyship, as I know it will amuse you from the same causes. It contains many of those important truths which history is too proud to tell, and too dull from not telling.

Here Grignon's soul the living canvas warms :  
 Here fair Fontange assumes unfading charms :  
 Here Mignard's pencil bows to female wit ;  
 Louis rewards, but ratifies Fayette :  
 The philosophic duke, and painter too,  
 Thought from her thoughts—from her ideas drew.

599. TO SIR DAVID DALRYMPLE.

*Strawberry Hill, Feb. 25, 1759.*

I THINK, Sir, I have perceived enough of the amiable benignity of your mind, to be sure that you will like to hear the praises of your friend. Indeed, there is but one opinion about Mr. Robertson's *History* [of Scotland]. I don't remember any other work that ever met universal approbation. Since the Romans and the Greeks, who have now an exclusive charter for being the best writers in every kind, he is the historian that pleases me best ; and though what he has been so indulgent as to say of me ought to shut my mouth, I own I have been unmeasured in my commendations. I have forfeited my own modesty rather than not do justice to him. I did send him my opinion some time ago, and hope he received it. I can add, with the strictest truth, that he is regarded here as one of the greatest men that this island has produced. I say *island*, but you know, Sir, that I am disposed to say *Scotland*. I have discovered another very agreeable writer among your countrymen, and in a profession where I did not look for an author ; it is Mr. Ramsay,<sup>1</sup> the painter, whose pieces being anonymous, have been overlooked. He has a great deal of genuine wit, and a very just manner of reasoning. In his own walk, he has great merit. He and Mr. Reynolds are our favourite painters, and two of the very best we ever had. Indeed, the number of good has been very small, considering the numbers there are. A very few years ago there were computed two thousand portrait-painters in London ; I do not exaggerate the computation, but diminish it ; though I think it must have been exaggerated. Mr.

<sup>1</sup> Allan Ramsay, died 1784, son of Allan Ramsay, author of 'The Gentle Shepherd.' He was a favourite with Dr. Johnson. His skill as a portrait-painter has been, since his death, unjustly underrated.—CUNNINGHAM.



Reynolds and Mr. Ramsay can scarce be rivals; their manners are so different. The former is bold, and has a kind of tempestuous colouring, yet with dignity and grace; the latter is all delicacy. Mr. Reynolds seldom succeeds in women; Mr. Ramsay is formed to paint them.

I fear I neglected, Sir, to thank you for your present of the history of the Conspiracy of the Gowries; but I shall never forget all the obligations I have to you. I don't doubt but in Scotland you approve what is liked here almost as much as Mr. Robertson's History; I mean the marriage of Colonel Campbell and the Duchess of Hamilton. If her fortune is singular, so is her merit. Such uncommon noise as her beauty made has not at all impaired the modesty of her behaviour. Adieu!

600. TO DR. WILLIAM ROBERTSON.<sup>1</sup>

*March 4, 1759.*

IF I can throw in any additional temptation to your disposition for writing, it is worth my while, even at the hazard of my judgment and my knowledge, both of which, however, are small enough to make me tender of them. Before I read your History, I should probably have been glad to dictate to you, and (I will venture to say it—it satirises nobody but myself) should have thought I did honour to an obscure Scotch Clergyman, by directing his studies with my superior lights and abilities. How you have saved me, Sir, from making a ridiculous figure, by making so great an one yourself! But could I suspect that a man I believe much younger, and whose dialect I scarce understood, and who came to me with all the diffidence and modesty of a very middling author, and who I was told had passed his life in a small living near Edinburgh; could I suspect that he had not only written what all the world now allows the best modern history, but that he had written it in the purest English, and with as much seeming knowledge of men and courts as if he had passed all his life in important embassies? In short, Sir, I have not power to make you, what you ought to be, a Minister of State; but I will do all I can, I will stimulate you to continue writing, and I shall do it without presumption.

I should like either of the subjects you mention, and I can figure one or two others that would shine in your hands. In one light the

<sup>1</sup> Now first collected.—CUNNINGHAM.





yet vanity is an amiable machine if it operates to benevolence. Antoninus Pius seems to have been as good as human nature royalised can be. Adrian's persecution of the Christians would be objected, but then it is much controverted. I am no admirer of elective monarchies; and yet it is remarkable that when Aurelius's diadem descended to his natural heir, not to the heir of his virtues, the line of beneficence was extinguished; for I am sorry to say that *hereditary* and *bad* are almost synonymous.

But I am sensible, Sir, that I am a bad adviser for you; the chastity, the purity, the good sense, and regularity of your manner, that unity you mention, and of which you are the greatest master, should not be led away by the licentious frankness, and, I hope, honest indignation of my way of thinking. I may be a fitter companion than a guide; and it is with most sincere zeal that I offer myself to contribute any assistance in my power towards polishing your future work, whatever it shall be. You want little help; I can give little; and indeed I, who am taxed with incorrectnesses, should not assume airs of a corrector. My *Catalogue*<sup>1</sup> I intended should have been exact enough in style: it has not been thought so by some; I tell you, that you may not trust me too much. Mr. Gray, a very perfect judge, has sometimes censured me for parliamentary phrases, familiar to me, as your Scotch law is to you. I might plead for my inaccuracies, that the greatest part of my book was written with people talking in the room; but that is no excuse to myself, who intended it for correct. However, it is easier to remark inaccuracies in the work of another than in one's own; and, since you command me, I will go again over your second volume, with an eye to the slips, a light in which I certainly did not intend my second examination of it.

## 601. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

*Strawberry Hill, March 4, 1759.*

I KNOW you are *ministerial* enough or *patriot* enough (two words that it is as much the fashion to couple now as it was formerly to part them) to rejoice over the least bit of a conquest, and therefore I hurry to send you a morsel of Martinico, which you may lay under your head, and dream of having taken the whole island. As dreams often go by contraries, you must not be surprised if you wake and

<sup>1</sup> A Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors, &c.—CUNNINGHAM.

of the present moment we are  
 to France, and the King of France  
 the 16th of the month. They were dismissed at  
 their not intending  
 if we have not great  
 him. The French  
 quite so near either  
 Maritimo! But you are  
 send me all your Gazettes  
 Scaramo's heroism may not be  
 when he was the only King in  
 but now the King of  
 their generation oath. *Appropos.*  
 is not the Emperor's  
 the right, that he may have a  
 comes by a pavilion. What  
 upon the belfry at Leghorn?  
 write your last letter, that it  
 I don't happen to have a key to bad  
 that interests my vanity extremely  
 governor of Milan is a  
 at one syllable of his  
 between one's pride  
 What-d'ye-call-em,  
 can have a more  
 than to tell me Governor  
 give him any more Straw-  
 they are all begged imme-  
 complete set, as I wish you to  
 the governor of Milan.  
 set richly bound! I am  
 say: you will oblige me  
 any little historical  
 I have some distant  
 peace may probably  
 in my wish, another  
 Relations relating  
 his Library? Could I



get at any state-letters and papers there? Do think of this; I assure you I do. Thank you for the trouble you have taken about the Neapolitan books, and for the medals that are coming.

Colonel Campbell and the Duchess of Hamilton are married. My sister [Lady Mary Churchill], who was at the Opera last Tuesday, and went from thence to a great ball at the Duke of Bridgewater's, where she stayed till three in the morning, was brought to bed in less than four hours afterwards of a fifth boy: she has had two girls too, and I believe left it entirely to this child to choose what it would be. Adieu! my dear Sir.

## 602. TO JOHN CHUTE, ESQ.

*Arlington Street, March 13, 1759.*

I AM puzzled to know how to deal with you: I hate to be officious, it has a horrid look; and to let you alone till you die at the Vine of mildew, goes against my conscience. Don't it go against yours to keep all your family there till they are mouldy? Instead of sending you a physician, I will send you a dozen brasiers; I am persuaded that you want to be dried and aired more than physicked. For God's sake don't stay there any longer:—

“Mater Cyrene, mater quæ gurgitis hujus  
Ima tenes—”

send him away!—Nymphs and Jew doctors! I don't know what I shall pray to next against your obstinacy.

No more news yet from Guadaloupe! A persecution seems to be raising against General Hobson—I don't wonder! Wherever Commodore Moore is, one may expect treachery and blood. Good night!

## 603. TO THE REV. HENRY ZOUCHE.

SIR:

*Arlington Street, March 15, 1759.*

You judge very rightly, Sir, that I do not intend to meddle with accounts of *religious* houses; I should not think of them at all, unless I could learn the names of any of the architects, not of the founders. It is the history of our architecture that I should search after, especially the beautiful Gothic. I have by no means digested the plan of my intended work. The materials I have ready in great

find we have been beaten back ; but at this present moment all dreaming of victory. A frigate has been taken going with an account that our troops landed on the island on January, without opposition. A seventy-gun ship was the same time, which is thought a symptom of their to resist. It certainly is not Mr. Pitt's fault if we success ; and if we have, it is certainly owing to him talk of invading us ; I hope they will not come qu to victory or defeat, as to land on our Martinic going to have a war of your own. Pray send m extraordinary. I wish the King of Sardinia's h grown a little rusty. Time was when he w Europe that had fought in his waistcoat ; Prussia has almost made it part of their coron pray remember that the Emperor's pavilion parillon ; though you are so far in the n pavilion, but I don't conceive how he Tuscan colours has he, unless a streamer You was so deep in politics when you was almost in cipher, and as I don't writing, I could not read a word that in —I unravelled enough to learn that a great admirer of me, but I could not name, and it is very uncomfortable and oneself, to be forced to talk who has so good a taste. I th important occasion for dispatchin —'s name. In the mean ti berry editions ; of some I pr diately, and then you will have, notwithstanding all Perhaps, upon the peace a little more serious in if at your leisure you tracts that relate to thoughts of writing execute what you journey to Floren to them ; would t

<sup>1</sup> Count Firmi  
Horace Mann



to Mr. Robertson. Since I wrote to him, another subject has started to me, which would make as agreeable a work, both to the writer and to the reader, as any I could think of; and would be a very tractable one, because capable of being extended or contracted, as the author should please. It is the History of the House of Medici. There is an almost unknown republic, factions, banishment, murders, commerce, conquests, heroes, cardinals, all of a new stamp, and very different from what appear in any other country. There is a scene of little polite Italian courts, where gallantry and literature were uncommonly blended, particularly in that of Urbino, which without any violence might make an episode. The Popes on the greater plan enter of course. What a morsel Leo the Tenth! the revival of letters! the torrent of Greeks that imported them! Extend still farther, there are Catherine and Mary, Queens of France. In short, I know nothing one could wish in a subject that would not fall into this—and then it is a complete subject, the family is extinct: even the state is so, as a separate dominion.

I could not help smiling, Sir, at being taxed with insincerity for my encomiums on Scotland. They were given in a manner a little too serious to admit of irony, and (as partialities cannot be supposed entirely ceased) with too much risk of disapprobation in this part of the world, not to flow from my heart. My friends have long known my opinion on this point, and it is too much formed on fact for me to retract it, if I were so disposed. With regard to the Magazines and Reviews, I can say with equal and great truth, that I have been much more hurt at a gross defence of me than by all that railing.

Mallet still defers his Life of the Duke of Marlborough; I don't know why: sometimes he says he will stay till the peace; sometimes that he is translating it, or having it translated, into French, that he may not lose that advantage.

## 605. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

*Arlington Street, April 11, 1759.*

I HAVE waited and waited, in hopes of sending you the rest of Martinico or Guadaloupe; nothing else, as you guessed, has happened, or I should have told you. But at present I can stay no longer, for I, who am a little more expeditious than a squadron, have made a great conquest myself, and in less than a month since the first

thought started. I hurry to tell you, lest you should go and consult the map of Middlesex, to see whether I have any dispute about boundaries with the neighbouring Prince of Isleworth, or am likely to have fitted out a secret expedition upon Hounslow Heath—in short, I have married, that is, am marrying, my niece Maria, my brother's second daughter, to Lord Waldegrave.<sup>1</sup> What say you? A month ago I was told he liked her—does he? I jumbled them together, and he has already proposed. For character and credit, he is the first match in England—for beauty, I think she is. She has not a fault in her face and person, and the detail is charming. A warm complexion tending to brown, fine eyes, brown hair, fine teeth, and infinite wit and vivacity. Two things are odd in this match; he seems to have been doomed to a Maria Walpole—if his father had lived, he had married my sister [Lady Maria Churchill]; and this is the second of my brother's daughters that has married into the house of Stuart. Mr. Keppel<sup>2</sup> comes from Charles,—Lord Waldegrave from James II. My brother has luckily been tractable and left the whole management to me. My family don't lose any rank or advantage, when they let me dispose of them—a Knight of the Garter for my Niece; 150,000*l.* for my Lord Orford if he would have taken her;<sup>3</sup> these are not trifling establishments.

It were miserable after this to tell you that Prince Ferdinand has cut to pieces two or three squadrons of Austrians. I frame to myself that if I was a commander-in-chief, I should on a sudden appear in the middle of Vienna, and oblige the Empress to give an Archduchess with half a dozen provinces to some infant prince or other, and make a peace before the bread waggons were come up. Difficulties are nothing; all depends on the sphere in which one is placed.

You must excuse my altitudes; I feel myself very impertinent just now, but as I know it, I trust I shall not be more so than is becoming.

The Dutch cloud is a little dispersed; the privy council have squeezed out some rays of sunshine by restoring one of their ships, and by adjudging that we captors should prove the affirmative of contraband goods, instead of the goods proving themselves so: just

<sup>1</sup> James, second Earl of Waldegrave, knight of the garter, and governor of George Prince of Wales, afterwards George III.—WALPOLE.

<sup>2</sup> Frederick Keppel, fourth son of William Anne, Earl of Albemarle, by Lady Anne Lenox, daughter of the first Duke of Richmond.—WALPOLE.

<sup>3</sup> Miss Nichols, afterwards Marchioness of Carnarvon.—WALPOLE. See vol. i. p. lxxii; vol. ii. p. 246 and p. 254, and Walpole's George III. vol. i. p. 214.—CUNNINGHAM.



as if one was ordered to believe that if a blackamoor is christened Thomas, he is a white. These distinctions are not quite adapted to the meridian of a flippant English privateer's comprehension: however, the murmur is not great yet. I don't know what may betide if the *minister* should order the mob to be angry with the *ministry*, nor whether Mr. Pitt or the mob will speak first. He is laid up with the gout, and it is as much as the rest of the administration can do to prevent his flying out. I am sorry, after you have been laying in such bales of Grotius and Puffendorf, that you must be forced to correct the text by a Dutch comment. You shall have the pamphlet you desire, and Lord Mansfield's famous answer to the Prussian manifesto, (I don't know whether it is in French), but you must now read *Hardwickius in usum Batavorum*.<sup>1</sup>

We think we have lost Fort St. David, but have some scanty hopes of a victorious codicil, as our fleet there seems to have had the superiority. The King of Spain is certainly not dead, and the Italian war in appearance is blown over. This summer, I think, must finish all war, for who will have men, who will have money to furnish another campaign? Adieu!

P.S. Mr. Conway has got the first regiment of dragoons on Hawley's death.

606. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

*Arlington Street, April 26, 1759.*

YOUR brother, your Wetenbells, and the ancient Baron and Baroness Dacre of the South, are to dine with me at Strawberry Hill next Sunday. Divers have been the negotiations about it: your sister, you know, is often impeded by a prescription or a prayer; and I, on the other hand, who never rise in the morning, have two balls on my hands this week to keep me in bed the next day till dinner-time. Well, it is charming to be so young! the follies of the town are so much more agreeable than the wisdom of my brethren the authors, that I think for the future I shall never write beyond a card, nor print beyond Mrs. Clive's benefit tickets. Our great match approaches; I dine at Lord Waldegrave's presently, and suppose I shall then hear the day. I have quite reconciled my Lady Townshend

<sup>1</sup> Philip Yorke, Earl of Hardwicke.—WALPOLE.

to the match (saving her abusing us all), by desiring her to choose my wedding clothes ; but I am to pay the additional price of being ridiculous, to which I submit ; she has chosen me a white ground with purple and green flowers. I represented that, however young my spirits may be, my bloom is rather past ; but the moment I declared against juvenile colours, I found it was determined I should have nothing else : so be it. T'other night I had an uncomfortable situation with the Duchess of Bedford : we had played late at loo at Lady John Scot's ; I came down stairs with their two graces of Bedford and Grafton : there was no chair for me : I said, I will walk till I meet one. "Oh !" said the Duchess of Grafton, "the Duchess of Bedford will set you down : " there were we charmingly awkward and complimenting ; however, she was forced to press it, and I to accept it ; in a minute she spied a hackney chair—" Oh ! there is a chair,—but I beg your pardon, it looks as if I wanted to get rid of you, but indeed I don't ; only I am afraid the Duke will want his supper." You may imagine how much I was afraid of making him wait.

The ball, at Bedford-house, on Monday, was very numerous and magnificent. The two Princes were there, deep hazard, and the Dutch deputies, who are a proverb for their dulness : they have brought with them a young Dutchman who is the richest man of Amsterdam. I am amazed Mr. Yorke has not married him ! But the delightful part of the night was the appearance of the Duke of Newcastle, who is veering round again, as it is time to betray Mr. Pitt. The Duchess [of Bedford] was at the very upper end of the gallery, and though some of the Pelham court were there too, yet they showed so little cordiality to this revival of connection, that Newcastle had nobody to attend him but Sir Edward Montagu, who kept pushing him all up the gallery. From thence he went into the hazard-room, and wriggled, and shuffled, and lisped, and winked, and spied, till he got behind the Duke of Cumberland, the Duke of Bedford, and Rigby ; the first of whom did not deign to notice him ; but he must come to it. You would have died to see Newcastle's pitiful and distressed figure,—nobody went near him : he tried to flatter people, that were too busy to mind him ; in short, he was quite disconcerted ; his treachery used to be so sheathed in folly, that he was never out of countenance ; but it is plain he grows old. To finish his confusion and anxiety, George Selwyn, Brand, and I, went and stood near him, and in half whispers, that he might hear, said, "Lord, how he is broke ! how old he looks !" then I said,



"This room feels very cold : I believe there never is a fire in it." Presently afterwards I said, "Well, I'll not stay here ; this room has been washed to-day." In short, I believe we made him take a double dose of Gascoign's powder when he went home. Next night Brand and I communicated this interview to Lord Temple, who was in agonies ; and yesterday his chariot was seen in forty different parts of the town. I take for granted that Fox will not resist these overtures, and then we shall see the Paymastership, the Secretaryship of Ireland, and all Calcraft's regiments once more afloat.

May 1. I did not finish this letter last week, for the picture could not set out till next Thursday. Your kin brought Lord Mandeville with them to Strawberry ; he was very civil and good-humoured, and I trust I was so too. My nuptialities dined here yesterday. The wedding is fixed for the 15th. The town, who saw Maria set out in the Earl's coach, concluded it was yesterday. He notified his marriage to the monarch last Saturday, and it was received civilly. Mrs. Thornhill is dead, and I am impatient to hear the fate of Miss Mildmay. The Princes Ferdinand and Henry have been skirmishing, have been beaten, and have beat, but with no decision.

The ball at Mr. Conolly's<sup>1</sup> was by no means delightful. The house is small, it was hot, and was composed of young Irish. I was retiring when they went to supper, but was fetched back to sup with Prince Edward and the Duchess of Richmond, who is his present passion. He had chattered as much love to her as would serve ten balls. The conversation turned on the *Guardian*—most unfortunately the Prince asked her if she should like *Mr. Clackit*—"No, indeed, Sir," said the Duchess. Lord Tavistock<sup>2</sup> burst out into a loud laugh, and I am afraid none of the company quite kept their countenances. Adieu ! This letter is gossiping enough for any Mrs. Clackit, but I know you love these details.

<sup>1</sup> Thomas Conolly, Esq., son of Lady Anne Conolly, sister of Thomas Earl of Strafford, and who inherited great part of her brother's property. Mr. Conolly was married to Lady Louisa Lenox, sister of the Duke of Richmond, and of Lady Holland. They died without issue.—WRIGHT.

<sup>2</sup> Francis Marquis of Tavistock, only son of John Duke of Bedford. He died before his father, in 1767, in consequence of a fall from his horse when hunting.—WRIGHT.

## 607. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

*Strawberry Hill, May 10, 1759.*

THE laurels we began to plant in Guadaloupe do not thrive—we have taken half the island, and despair of the other half which we are gone to take. General Hobson is dead, and many of our men—it seems all climates are not equally good for conquest—Alexander and Cæsar would have looked wretchedly after a yellow fever. A hero that would have leaped a rampart, would perhaps have shuddered at the thought of being scalped. Glory will be taken in its own way, and cannot reconcile itself to the untoward barbarism of America. In short, if we don't renounce expeditions, our history will be a journal of miscarriages. What luck must a general have that escapes a flux, or being shot abroad—or at home! How fatal a war has this been! From Pondicherry to Canada, from Russia to Senegal, the world has been a great bill of mortality! The King of Prussia does not appear to have tapped his campaign yet—he was slow last year; it is well if he concludes this as thunderingly as he did the last.

Our winter-politics are drawn to the dregs. The King is gone to Kensington, and the Parliament is going out of town. The Ministers who don't agree, will, I believe, let the war decide their squabbles too. Mr. Pitt will take Canada and the cabinet-council together, or miscarry in both. There are Dutch deputies here, who are likely to be here some time: their negotiations are not of an epigrammatic nature, and we are in no hurry to decide on points which we cannot well give up, nor maintain without inconvenience. But it is idle to describe what describes itself by not being concluded.

I have received yours of the 7th of last month, and fear you are quite in the right about a history of the house of Medici—yet it is pity it should not be written! You don't, I know, want any spur to incite you to remember me and any commission with which I trouble you; and therefore you must not take it in that light, but as the consequence of my having just seen the Neapolitan book of Herculaneum, that I mention it to you again. Though it is far from being finely engraved, yet there are bits in it that make me wish much to have it, and if you could procure it for me, I own I should be pleased. Adieu! my dear Sir.



608. TO GROSVENOR BEDFORD, ESQ.<sup>1</sup>

DEAR SIR :

*Strawberry Hill, Wednesday, 9th.*

I MUST desire you will speak to Mr. Tonson to send me another parcel of paper for my printing, but I wish he would order it to be carefully examined, because in the last parcel there were several thin sheets interspersed. As I shall be in town the end of this week, I shall be glad if he would have the bills made up of the expenses of the press, &c. that I may pay them.

I shall be much obliged too if you will call as soon as you can at M<sup>r</sup>Ardell's in Henrietta Street, and take my picture from him.<sup>2</sup> I am extremely angry, for I heard he has told people of the print. If the plate is finished, be so good as to take it away, and all the impressions he has taken off, for I will not let him keep one. If it is not finished, I shall be most unwilling to leave the print with him. If he pretends he stays for the inscription, I will have nothing but these words, *Horace Walpole, youngest son of Sir Robert Walpole, Earl of Orford*. I must beg you will not leave it with him an hour, unless he locks it up, and denies to everybody there is any such thing. I am extremely provoked at him, and very sorry to give you so much trouble.

## 609. TO THE REV. HENRY ZOUCH.

SIR :

*Strawberry Hill, May 14, 1759.*

You accuse me with so much delicacy and with so much seeming justice, that I must tell you the truth, cost me what it will. It is in fact, I own, that I have been silent, not knowing what to say to you, or how not to say something about your desire that I would attend the affair of the navigation of Calder in Parliament. In truth, I scarce ever do attend private business on solicitation. If I attend, I cannot help forming an opinion, and when formed I do not care *not* to be guided by it, and at the same time it is very unpleasant to vote against a person whom one went to serve. I knew nothing of

<sup>1</sup> Now first printed.—CUNNINGHAM.<sup>2</sup> The Marquis of Hertford has the original picture by Reynolds so finely engraved by M<sup>r</sup>Ardell, with the particular inscription ordered in the letter, and the Marquis of Lansdowne, the Grosvenor Bedford duplicate, engraved by Bromley.—CUNNINGHAM.

the merits of the navigation in question, and it would have given me great pain to have opposed, as it might have happened, a side espoused by one for whom I had conceived such an esteem as I have for you, Sir. I did not tell you my scruples, because you might have thought them affected, and because, to say the truth, I choose to disguise them. I have seen too much of the parade of conscience to expect that an ostentation of it in me should be treated with uncommon lenity. I cannot help having scruples; I can help displaying them; and now, Sir, that I have made you my confessor, I trust you will keep my secret for my sake, and give me absolution for what I have committed against you.

I certainly do propose to digest the materials that Vertue had collected<sup>1</sup> relating to English artists; but doubting of the merit of the subject, as you do, Sir, and not proposing to give myself much trouble about it, I think, at present, that I shall still call the work *his*. However, at your leisure, I shall be much obliged to you for any hints. For *nobler* or any other game, I don't think of it; I am sick of the character of author; I am sick of the consequences of it; I am weary of seeing my name in the newspapers; I am tired with reading foolish criticisms on me, and as foolish defences of me; and I trust my friends will be so good as to let the last abuse of me pass unanswered. It is called "Remarks" on my Catalogue,\* asperses the Revolution more than it does my book, and, in one word, is written by a nonjuring preacher, who was a dog-doctor. Of me he knows so little, that he thinks to punish me by abusing King William! Had that Prince been an author, perhaps I might have been a little ungentle to him too. I am not dupe enough to think that anybody wins a crown for the sake of the people. Indeed, I am Whig enough to be glad to be abused; that is, that anybody may write what they please; and though the Jacobites are the only men who abuse outrageously that liberty of the press which all their labours tend to demolish, I would not have the nation lose such a blessing for *their* impertinences. That their spirit and project revive is certain. All the histories of England, Hume's, as you observe, and Smollett's more avowedly, are calculated to whiten the house of Stuart. All the Magazines are erected to depress writers of the other side, and as it has been learnt within these few days, France is pre-

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Walpole, in his dedication of the 'Anecdotes of Painting,' says, he is rather an *Editor* than an *Author*; but much as he certainly derived from Vertue, his own share in this interesting work entitles him to the thanks of every lover of the fine arts, and of British antiquities.—CROKER.



paring an army of commentators<sup>1</sup> to illustrate the works of those professors. But to come to what ought to be a particular part of this letter. I am very sensible, Sir, to the confidence you place in me, and shall assuredly do nothing to forfeit it; at the same time, I must take the liberty you allow me, of making some objections to your plan. As your friend, I must object to the subject. It is heroic to sacrifice one's own interest to do good, but I would be sure of doing some before I offered myself up. You will make enemies; are you sure you shall make proselytes? I am ready to believe you have no ambition now—but may you not have hereafter? Are bishops corrigible or placable? Few men are capable of forgiving being told of their faults in private; who can bear being told of them publicly?—Then you propose to write in Latin: that is, you propose to be read by those only whom you intend to censure, and whose interest it will be to find faults in your work. If I proposed to attack the clergy, I would at least call in the laity to hear my arguments, and I fear the laity do not much listen to Latin. In short, Sir, I wish much to see something of your writing, and consequently I wish to see it in a shape in which it would give me most pleasure.

You will say, that your concealing your name is an answer to all I have said. A bad author may be concealed, but then what good does he do? I am persuaded you would write well—ask your heart, Sir, if you then would like to conceal yourself. Forgive my frankness; I am not old, but I have lived long enough to be sure that I give you good advice.

There is lately published a voluminous history of Gustavus Adolphus [by Harte], sadly written, yet very amusing, from the matter.

610. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

*Arlington Street, May 16, 1759.*

I PACKED up a long letter to you in the case with the Earl of Manchester, which I suppose did not arrive at Greatworth before you left it. Don't send for it, for there are private histories in it, that should not travel post, and which will be full as new to you a month hence.

<sup>1</sup> The French were at this time attempting to play the farce of invasion. Flat-bottomed boats were building in all the ports of Normandy and Brittany, calculated to transport an army of a hundred thousand men.—CROKER.

Well! Maria was married yesterday. Don't we manage well? the original day was not once put off: lawyers and milliners were all ready canonically. It was as sensible a wedding as ever was. There was neither form nor indecency, both which generally meet on such occasions. They were married at my brother's in Pall-Mall, just before dinner, by Mr. Keppel; the company, my brother, his son, Mrs. Keppel, and Charlotte, Lady Elizabeth Keppel, Lady Betty Waldegrave, and I. We dined there; the Earl and new Countess got into their post-chaise at eight o'clock, and went to Navestock [in Essex] alone, where they stay till Saturday night: on Sunday she is to be presented, and to make my Lady Coventry distracted, who, t'other day, told Lady Anne Connolly how she dreaded Lady Louisa's arrival; "But," said she, "now I have seen her, I am easy."

Maria was in a white silver gown, with a hat very much pulled over her face; what one could see of it was handsomer than ever; a cold maiden blush gave her the sweetest delicacy in the world. I had liked to have demolished the solemnity of the ceremony by laughing, when Mr. Keppel read the words, "Bless thy servant and thy handmaid;" it struck me how ridiculous it would have been, had Miss Drax been the handmaid, as she was once to have been.

Did I ever tell you what happened at my Lord Hertford's wedding? You remember that my father's style was not purity itself. As the bride was so young and so exceedingly bashful, and as my Lord Hertford is a little of the prude himself, great means were used to keep Sir Robert within bounds. He yawned, and behaved decently. When the *dessert* was removed, the Bishop, who married them, said "Sir Robert, what health shall we drink?" It was just after Vernon's conquest of Porto Bello. "I don't know," replied my father: "why, drink the admiral in the streights of Bocca Cieca."

We have had a sort of debate in the House of Commons on the bill for fixing the augmentation of the salaries of the judges: Charles Townshend says, the book of *Judges* was saved by the book of *Numbers*.

Lord Weymouth<sup>1</sup> is to be married on Tuesday, or, as he said himself, to be turned off. George Selwyn told him he wondered that he had not been turned off before, for he still sits up drinking all night and gaming.

<sup>1</sup> Afterwards created Marquis of Bath. He married Lady Elizabeth Cavendish Bentinck, daughter of William third Duke of Portland.—WRIGHT.



Well! are you ready to be invaded? for it seems invasions from France are coming into fashion again. A descent on Ireland at least is expected. There has been a great quarrel between Mr. Pitt and Lord Anson, on the negligence of the latter. I suppose they will be reconciled by agreeing to hang some admiral, who will come too late to save Ireland, after it is impossible to save it.

Dr. Young has published a new book,<sup>1</sup> on purpose, he says himself, to have an opportunity of telling a story that he has known these forty years. Mr. Addison sent for the young Lord Warwick, as he was dying, to show him in what peace a Christian could die—unluckily he died of brandy—nothing makes a Christian die in peace like being maudlin! but don't say this in Gath, where you are. Adieu!

P.S. I forgot to tell you two good stories of the little Prince Frederick. He was describing to Lady Charlotte Edwin<sup>2</sup> the eunuchs of the Opera; but not easily finding proper words, he said, "I can't tell you, but I will show you how they make them," and began to unbutton. T'other day as he was with the Prince of Wales, Kitty Fisher<sup>3</sup> passed by, and the child named her; the Prince, to try him, asked who that was? "Why, a Miss." "A Miss," said the Prince of Wales; "why, are not all girls Misses?" "Oh! but a particular sort of Miss—a Miss that sells oranges."<sup>4</sup> "Is there any harm in selling oranges?" "Oh! but they are not such oranges as you buy; I believe they are a sort that my brother Edward buys."

611. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

*Strawberry Hill, June 1, 1759.*

I HAVE not announced to you in form the invasion from France, of which all our newspapers have been so full, nor do I tell you every time the clock strikes. An invasion frightens one but once. I am grown to fear no invasions but those we make. Yet I believe there are people really afraid of this—I mean the new militia, who have

<sup>1</sup> "Conjectures on Original Composition; in a Letter to the author of Sir Charles Grandison."—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>2</sup> The Right Honourable Lady Charlotte Edwin: died 19 Dec. 1776.—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>3</sup> A celebrated courtesan, afterwards Mrs. Norris, still a "*huckaback*" beauty by the exquisite pictures of her, from the pencil of Sir Joshua Reynolds.—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>4</sup> Orange-girls at theatres were invariably courtesans.—CUNNINGHAM.

received orders to march. The war in general seems very languishing : Prince Henry of Prussia is the only one who keeps it up with any spirit. The Parliament goes into the country to-morrow.

One of your last friends, Lord Northampton,<sup>1</sup> is going to marry Lady Anne Somerset, the Duke of Beaufort's sister. She is rather handsome. He seems to have too much of the coldness and dignity of the Comptons.

Have you had the comet in Italy ? It has made more noise here than it deserved, because Sir Isaac Newton foretold it, and it was very near disappointing him. Indeed, I have a notion that it is not the right, but a little one that they put up as they were hunting for the true—in short, I suppose, like pine-apples and gold pheasants, comets will grow so common as to be sold at Covent-Garden market.

I am glad you approve the marriage of my charming niece—she is now Lady Waldegrave in all the forms.

I envy you who can make out whole letters to me—I find it grow every day more difficult; we are so far and have been so long removed from little events in common that serve to fill up a correspondence, that though my heart is willing, my hand is slow. Europe is a dull magnificent subject to one who cares little and thinks still less about Europe. Even the King of Prussia, except on post-days, don't occupy a quarter of an inch in my memory. He must kill a hundred thousand men once a fortnight to put me in mind of him. Heroes that do so much in a book, and seem so active to posterity, lie fallow a vast while to their contemporaries—and how it would humble a vast Prince who expects to occupy the whole attention of an age, to hear an idle man in his easy chair cry, "Well ! why don't the King of Prussia do something ?" If one means to make a lasting bustle, one should contrive to be the hero of a village ; I have known a country rake talked of for a riot, whole years after the battle of Blenheim has grown obsolete. Fame, like an essence, the farther it is diffused, the sooner it vanishes. The million in London devour an event and demand another to-morrow. Three or four families in a hamlet twist and turn it, examine, discuss, mistake, repeat their mistake, remember their mistake, and teach it to their children. Adieu !

<sup>1</sup> Charles Compton, seventh Earl of Northampton ; died 1763.—CUNNINGHAM.



## 612. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

June 2, 1759.

STRAWBERRY HILL is grown a perfect Paphos; it is the land of beauties. On Wednesday the Duchesses of Hamilton and Richmond, and Lady Ailesbury dined there; the two latter stayed all night. There never was so pretty a sight as to see them all three sitting in the shell; a thousand years hence, when I begin to grow old, if that can ever be, I shall talk of that event, and tell young people how much handsomer the women of my time were than they will be then: I shall say, "Women alter now; I remember Lady Ailesbury looking handsomer than her daughter, the pretty Duchess of Richmond, as they were sitting in the shell on my terrace with the Duchess of Hamilton, one of the famous Gunnings." Yesterday t'other more famous Gunning [Coventry] dined there. She has made a friendship with my charming niece, to disguise her jealousy of the new Countess's beauty: there were they two, their lords, Lord Buckingham, and Charlotte. You will think that I did not choose men for my parties so well as women. I don't include Lord Waldegrave in this bad election.

Loo is mounted to its zenith; the parties last till one and two in the morning. We played at Lady Hertford's last week, the last night of her lying-in, till deep into Sunday morning, after she and her lord were retired. It is now adjourned to Mrs. Fitzroy's, whose child the town calls *Pam—ela*. I proposed, that instead of receiving cards for assemblies, one should send in a morning to Dr. Hunter's, the man-midwife, to know where there is loo that evening. I find poor Charles Montagu is dead:<sup>1</sup> is it true, as the papers say, that his son comes into Parliament? The invasion is not half so much in fashion as loo, and the King demanding the assistance of the militia does not add much dignity to it. The great Pam of Parliament, who made the motion, entered into a wonderful definition of the several sorts of fear; *from fear that comes from pusillanimity, up to fear from magnanimity*. It put me in mind of that wise Pythian, my Lady Londonderry, who, when her sister, Lady Donnegal, was dying, pronounced, that if it were a *fever from a fever*, she would live; but if it were a *fever from death*, she would die.

Mr. Mason has published another drama, called 'Caractacus;'

<sup>1</sup> Charles Montagu, M.P. for Northampton.—CUNNINGHAM.

there are some incantations poetical enough, and odes so Greek as to have very little meaning. But the whole is laboured, uninteresting, and no more resembling the manners of Britons than of Japanese. It is introduced by a piping elegy ; for Mason, in imitation of Gray, "will cry and roar all night" without the least provocation.

Adieu ! I shall be glad to hear that your Strawberry tide is fixed.

613. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

*Arlington Street, June 8, 1759.*

THIS is merely a letter about your commission, and I hope it will get to you with wondrous haste. I have not lost a minute in trying to execute what you desire, but it is impossible to perform all that is required. A watch, perfect by Ellicot or Gray, with all the accompaniments, cannot possibly be had for near seventy-five pounds. Though the directions do not expressly limit me to seventy-five, yet I know Italians enough to be sure that when they name seventy-five, they would not bear a codicil of fifty-five more. Ellicot (and Gray is rather dearer) would have for watch and chain a hundred and thirty-four guineas ; the seals will cost sixteen more. Two hundred and sixty-eight sequins are more than I dare lay out. But I will tell you what I have done : Deard,<sup>1</sup> one of the first jewellers and toymen here, has undertaken to make a watch and chain, enamelled according to a pattern I have chosen of the newest kind, for a hundred guineas, with two seals for sixteen more ; and he has engaged that, if this is not approved, he will keep it himself ; but to this I must have an immediate answer. He will put his own name to it, as a warrant to the goodness of the work ; and then, except the name of Ellicot or Gray, your friend will have as good a watch as he can desire. I take for granted, at farthest, that I can have an answer by the 15th of July ; and then there will be time, I trust, to convey it to you ; I suppose by sea, for unless a fortunate messenger should be going *à point nommé*, you may imagine that a traveller would not arrive there in any time. My dear Sir, you know how happy I am to do anything you desire ; and I shall pique myself on your credit in this, but your friend has

<sup>1</sup> Deard lived in Pall Mall and died in 1761. "Deard's deluding toys" are mentioned by Garrick in the epilogue spoken by Mrs. Woffington, at the opening of Drury Lane Theatre, in 1747.—CUNNINGHAM.



expected what, altogether, it is almost impossible to perform—what can be done, shall be.

There is not a syllable of news—if there was, I should not confine myself solely to the commission. Some of our captains in the East Indies have behaved very ill; if there is an invasion, which I don't believe there will, I am glad they were not here. Adieu!

## 614. TO THE EARL OF STRAFFORD.

MY DEAR LORD:

*Strawberry Hill, June 12, 1759.*

AFTER so kind a note as you left for me at your going out of town, you cannot wonder that I was determined to thank you the moment I knew you settled in Yorkshire. At least I am not ungrateful, if I deserve your goodness by no other title. I was willing to stay till I could amuse you, but I have not a battle big enough even to send in a letter. A war that reaches from Muscovy to Alsace, and from Madras to California, don't produce an article half so long as Mr. Johnson's riding three horses at once. The King of Prussia's campaign is still in its *papillotes*; Prince Ferdinand is laid up like the rest of the pensioners on Ireland; Guadaloupe has taken a sleeping-draught, and our heroes in America seem to be planting suckers of laurels that will not make any figure these three years. All the war that is in fashion lies between those two ridiculous things, an invasion and the militia. Prince Edward is going to sea, to inquire after the invasion from France; and all the old pot-bellied country colonels are preparing to march and make it drunk when it comes. I don't know, as it is an event in Mr. Pitt's administration, whether the Jacobite corporations, who are converted by his eloquence which they never heard, do not propose to bestow their freedom on the first corps of French that shall land.

Adieu, my lord and my lady! I hope you are all beauty and verdure. We are drowned with obtaining ours.

## 615. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

*Arlington Street, June 22, 1759.*

WELL! they tell us in good earnest that we are to be invaded; Mr. Pitt is as positive of it as of his own invasions. As the French

affect an air of grandeur in all they do, "Mr. Pitt sent ten thousands, but they send fifty thousands." You will be inquisitive after our force—I can't tell you the particulars; I am only in town for to-day, but I hear of mighty preparations. Of one thing I am sure; they missed the moment when eight thousand men might have carried off England and set it down in the gardens of Versailles. In the last war, when we could not rake together four thousand men, and were all divided, not a flat-bottomed boat lifted up its leg against us! There is a great spirit in motion; my Lord Orford is gone with his Norfolk militia to Portsmouth: everybody is raising regiments or themselves—my Lord Shaftesbury,<sup>1</sup> one of the new colonels of militia, is to be a brigadier-general. I shall not march my Twickenham militia for some private reasons; my farmer has got an ague, my printer is run away, my footboy is always drunk, and my gardener is a Scotchman,<sup>2</sup> and I believe would give intelligence to the enemy. France has notified to the Dutch that she intends to *surprise us*; and this makes us still more angry. In the mean time, we have got Guadaloupe to play with. I did not send you any particulars, for this time the Gazette piqued itself upon telling its own story from beginning to end; I never knew it so full of chat. It is very comfortable, that if we lose our own island, we shall at least have all America to settle in. Quebec is to be conquered by the 15th of July, and two more expeditions, I don't know whither, are to be crowned with all imaginable success, I don't know when; so you see our affairs, upon the whole, are in a very prosperous train. Your friend, Colonel Clavering, is the real hero of Guadaloupe; he is come home, covered with more laurels than a boar's head: indeed he has done exceedingly well. A much older friend of yours is just dead, my Lady Murray;<sup>3</sup> she caught her death by too strict attendance on her sister, Lady Binning, who has been ill. They were a family of love, and break their hearts for her. She had a thousand good qualities; but no mortal was ever so surprised as I when I was first told that she was the nymph Arthur Gray would have ravished. She had taken care to guard against any more such danger by more wrinkles than ever twisted round a human face. Adieu! If you have a mind to be fashionable, you must raise a regiment of Florentine militia.

<sup>1</sup> Anthony Ashley Cooper, fourth Earl of Shaftesbury: died 1771.—DOVER.

<sup>2</sup> Daughter of George Baillie, Esq. See an epistle from Arthur Gray, her footman, to her, in the poems of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu.—WALPOLE. Lady Hervey speaks very highly of her in her Letters.—CUNNINGHAM.



## 616. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

*Strawberry Hill, June 23, 1759.*

As you bid me fix a day about six weeks from the date of your last, it will suit me extremely to see you here the 1st of August. I don't mean to treat you with a rowing for a badge, but it will fall in very commodely between my parties. You tell me nothing of the old house you were to see near Blenheim: I have some suspicion that Greatworth is coming into play again. I made your speeches to Mr. Chute, and to Mr. Müntz, and to myself; your snuff-box is bespoke, your pictures not done, the print of Lady Waldegrave not begun.

News there are none, unless you have a mind for a panic about the invasion. I was in town yesterday, and saw a thousand people from Kensington, with faces as loyally long as if it was the last accession of this family that they were ever to see. The French are coming with fifty thousand men, and we shall meet them with fifty addresses. Pray, if you know how, frighten your neighbours, and give them courage at the same time.

My Lady Coventry and my niece Waldegrave have been mobbed in the Park.<sup>1</sup> I am sorry the people of England take all their liberty out in insulting pretty women.

<sup>1</sup> "The only particular that is worth sending you, is a very silly action of Lady Coventry, who, having been insulted in the Park, Sunday was se'night, the King heard of it, and said that to prevent the same for the future he would have a guard. Upon this foundation her ladyship ventured boldly again into the Park on Sunday evening, but she was attended with two sergeants of the guards in front, with their halberds, and no less than twelve followed her. The whole guard was ready to have turned out if there had been occasion, and the colonel of the guard in waiting kept at the proper distance: with this ridiculous parade she walked there from 8 of the clock till 10, and as all this could not prevent the mob from having curiosity, some impertinent things were still uttered, though at some little farther distance, and some of Fielding's men that attended took up the most troublesome."—*Mr. Jenkinson to George Grenville, June 26, 1759.*

"Will it be of any news to inform you that last Sunday se'night, your friend Lady Coventry was mobb'd in the Park? and that to prevent it, last Sunday twelve sergeants of the guards were ordered to disperse themselves about in case of a riot, and a sergeant and twelve men were ready in case of wanting assistance. This her ladyship knew, went to the Park and pretended to be frightened directly, desired the assistance of the officer on guard, who ordered the twelve sergeants to march a-breast before her, and the sergeant and twelve behind her, and in this pomp did the idiot walk all the evening with more mob about her than ever, as you may imagine; her sensible husband supporting her on one side and Lord Pembroke on the other. This is at present the talk of the whole town."—*Honourable J. West to Lord Nuneham, June 26, 1759 (MS.).—CUNNINGHAM.*

You will be diverted with what happened to Mr. Meynell lately. He was engaged to dine at a formal old lady's, but stayed so late hunting that he had not time to dress, but went as he was, with forty apologies. The matron very affected, and meaning to say something very civil, cried, "Oh! Sir, I assure you I can see the gentleman through a pair of buckskin breeches as well as if he was in silk or satin."

I am sure I can't tell you anything better, so good night! Yours ever.

P. S. I hope you have as gorgeous weather as we have; it is even hot enough for Mr. Bentley. I live upon the water.

617. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

*Strawberry Hill, July 8, 1759.*

THIS will be the most indecisive of all letters: I don't write to tell you that the French are *not* landed at Deal, as was believed yesterday. An officer arrived post in the middle of the night, who saw them disembark. The King was called up; my Lord Ligonier buckled on his armour. Nothing else was talked of in the streets; yet there was no panic.<sup>1</sup> Before noon, it was known that the invasion was a few Dutch hoys. The day before, it was triumph. Rodney was known to be before Havre de Grace; with two bomb-ketches he set the town on fire in different places, and had brought up four more to act, notwithstanding a very smart fire from the forts, which, however, will probably force him to retire without burning the flat-bottomed boats, which are believed out of his reach. The express came from him on Wednesday morning. This is Sunday noon, and I don't know that farther intelligence is arrived. I am sorry for this sort of war, not only for the sufferers, but I don't like the precedent, in case the French should land. I think they will scarce venture; for besides the force on land, we have a mighty chain of fleet and frigates along the coast. There is great animosity to them, and few can expect to return.

Our part of the war in Germany seems at an end: Prince

<sup>1</sup> "Everybody," says Gray, in a letter to Dr. Wharton, of the 21st, "continues as quiet about the invasion as if a Frenchman, as soon as he set his foot on our coast, would die, like a toad in Ireland. Yet the King's tents and equipage are ordered to be ready at an hour's warning."—*Works, by Mitford*, vol. iii. p. 218.—WRIGHT.



Ferdinand is retiring, and has all the advantage of that part of great generalship, a retreat. From America we expect the greatest things; our force there by land and sea is vast. I hope we shall not be to buy England back by restoring the *North Indies*! I will gladly give them all the hundred thousand acres that may fall to my share on the Ohio for my twenty acres here. Truly I don't like having them endangered for the limits of Virginia!

I wait impatiently for your last orders for the watch; if the worst comes to the worst, I can convey it to you by some French officer.

The weather is sultry; this country never looked prettier. I hope our enemies will not have the heart to spoil it! It would be much disappointment to me, who am going to make great additions to my castle; a gallery, a round tower, and a cabinet, that is to have all the air of a Catholic chapel—bar consecration. Adieu! I will tell you more soon, or I hope no more.

618. TO SIR DAVID DALRYMPLE.

*Strawberry Hill, July 11, 1759.*

You will repent, Sir, I fear, having drawn such a correspondent upon yourself. An author flattered and encouraged is not easily shaken off again; but if the interests of my book did not engage me to trouble you, while you are so good as to write me the most entertaining letters in the world, it is very natural for me to lay snares to inveigle more of them. However, Sir, excuse me this once, and I will be more modest for the future in trespassing on your kindness. Yet, before I break out on my new wants, it will be but decent, Sir, to answer some particulars of your letter.

I have lately read Mr. Goodall's<sup>1</sup> book. There is certainly ingenuity in parts of his defence; but I believe one seldom thinks a defence *ingenious* without meaning that it is unsatisfactory. His work left me fully convinced of what he endeavoured to disprove; and showed me, that the piece you mention is not the only one that he has written against moderation.

I have lately got Lord Cromerty's Vindication of the legitimacy of King Robert [the Third], and his 'Synopsis Apocalyptica,' and thank you much, Sir, for the notice of any of his pieces. But if

<sup>1</sup> An examination of the Letters said to be written by Mary to the Earl of Bothwell, in which he endeavoured to prove them to be forgeries.—WRIGHT.

you expect that his works should lessen my esteem for the writers of Scotland, you will please to recollect, that the letter which paints Lord Cromerty's pieces in so ridiculous a light, is more than a counterbalance in favour of the writers of your country; and of all men living, Sir, you are the last who will destroy my partiality for Scotland.

There is another point, Sir, on which, with all your address, you will persuade me as little. Can I think that we want writers of history while Mr. Hume and Mr. Robertson are living? It is a truth, and not a compliment, that I never heard objections made to Mr. Hume's History without endeavouring to convince the persons who found fault with it, of its great merit and beauty; and for what I saw of Mr. Robertson's work, it is one of the purest styles, and of the greatest impartiality, that I ever read. It is impossible for me to recommend a subject to him; because I cannot judge of what materials he can obtain. His present performance will undoubtedly make him so well known and esteemed, that he will have credit to obtain many new lights for a future history; but surely those relating to his own country will always lie most open to him. This is much my way of thinking with regard to myself. Though the Life of Christina is a pleasing and a most uncommon subject, yet, totally unacquainted as I am with Sweden and its language, how could I flatter myself with saying anything new of her? And when original letters and authentic papers shall hereafter appear, may not they contradict half one should relate on the authority of what is already published? for though *Memoirs written* nearest to the time are likely to be the truest, those *published* nearest to it are generally the falsest.<sup>1</sup>

But, indeed, Sir, I am now making you only civil excuses; the real one is, I have no kind of intention of continuing to write. I could not expect to succeed again with so much luck,—indeed, I think it so,—as I have done; it would mortify me more now, after a little success, to be despised, than it would have done before; and if I could please as much as I should wish to do, I think one should dread being a voluminous author. My own idleness, too, bids me desist. If I continued, I should certainly take more pains than I did in my Catalogue; the trouble would not only be more than I care to encounter, but would probably destroy what I believe the only

<sup>1</sup> Many recently *published* volumes of *Memoirs* confirm the sound sense of this observation.—CUNNINGHAM.



merit of my last work, the ease. If I could incite you to tread in steps which I perceive you don't condemn, and for which it is evident you are so well qualified, from your knowledge, the grace, facility, and humour of your expression and manner, I shall have done a real service, where I expected at best to amuse.

## 619. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

*Strawberry Hill, July 19, 1759.*

WELL, I begin to expect you; you must not forget the first of August. If we do but look as well as we do at present, you will own Strawberry is still in its bloom. With English verdure, we have had an Italian summer, and

Whatever sweets Sabæan springs disclose,  
Our Indian jâsmin, and the Persian rose.

I am forced to talk of Strawberry, lest I should weary you with what everybody wearies me, the French and the militia. They, I mean the latter only, not the former, passed just by us yesterday, and though it was my own *clan*, I had not the curiosity to go and see them. The crowds in Hyde Park, when the King reviewed them, were unimaginable. My Lord Orford, their colonel, I hear, looked gloriously martial and genteel, and I believe it; <sup>1</sup> his person and air have a noble wildness in them; the regimentals, too, are very becoming, scarlet faced with black, buff waistcoats, and gold buttons. How knights of shires, who have never shot anything but woodcocks, like this warfare, I don't know; but the towns through which they pass adore them; everywhere they are treated and regaled. The Prince of Wales followed them to Kingston, and gave fifty guineas among the private men.

I expect some anecdotes from you of the coronation at Oxford; I hear my Lord Westmoreland's own retinue was all be-James'd with true-blue ribands; and that because Sir William Calvert, who was a fellow of a college, and happened to be Lord Mayor, attended the Duke of Newcastle at his inthronisation, they dragged down the present Lord Mayor to Oxford, who is only a dry-salter.

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Pitt, in a letter of this day, to Lady Hester, says, "Nothing could make a better appearance than the two Norfolk battalions. Lord Orford, with the port of Mars himself, and really the genteelest figure under arms I ever saw, was the theme of every tongue."—*Chatham Correspondence*, vol. ii. p. 4.—WRIGHT.

I have your Butler's posthumous works.<sup>1</sup> The poetry is most uncouth and incorrect, but with infinite wit; especially one thing on plagiaries is equal to anything in Hudibras. Have you read my Lord Clarendon's [Life]? I am enchanted with it; 'tis very incorrect, but I think more entertaining than his History. It makes me quite out of humour with other memoirs. Adieu!

## 620. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

*Arlington Street, July 26, 1759.*

I AM dying in a hot street, with my eyes full of dust, and my table full of letters to be answered—yet I must write you a line. I am sorry your first of Augustness is disordered; I'll tell you why: I go to Ragley on the twelfth. There is to be a great party at loo for the Duchess of Grafton, and thence they adjourn to the Warwick races. I have been engaged so long to this, that I cannot put it off; and besides, I am under appointments at George Selwyn's, &c. afterwards. If you cannot come before all this to let me have enough of your company, I should wish you to postpone it to the first of September, when I shall be at leisure for ten or twelve days, and could go with you from Strawberry to the Vine; but I could like to know certainly, for as I never make any of my visits while Strawberry is in bloom, I am a little crowded with them at the end of the season.

I came this morning in all this torrent of heat from Lord Waldegrave's at Navestock [in Essex]. It is a dull place, though it does not want prospect backwards. The garden is small, consisting of two French *allées* of old limes, that are comfortable, two groves that are not so, and a green canal; there is besides a paddock. The house was built by his father,<sup>2</sup> and ill finished, but an air seigneurial in the furniture: French glasses in quantities, handsome commodes, tables, screens, &c. goodish pictures in rich frames, and a deal of noblesse à la *St. Germain*—James II., Charles II., the Duke of Berwick, her Grace of Buckingham, the Queen Dowager in the dress she visited Madame Maintenon, her daughter the Princess Louisa, a Lady Gerard that died at Joppa returning from a

<sup>1</sup> "The Genuine Remains, in prose and verse, of Samuel Butler; with notes by R. Thyer."—WRIGHT.

<sup>2</sup> The first Earl Waldegrave, died 1741.—CUNNINGHAM.



pilgrimage to Jerusalem, and above all *La Godfrey*,<sup>1</sup> and not at all ugly, though she does not show her thighs. All this is leavened with the late King, the present King, and Queen Caroline. I shall take care to sprinkle a little *unholy* water from our *well*.

I am very sorry you have been so ill; take care of yourself; there are wicked sore-throats in vogue; poor Lady Essex and Mrs. Charles Yorke<sup>2</sup> died of them in an instant.

Do let me have a line, and do fix a day; for instead of keeping me at home one by fixing it, you will keep me there five or six days by not fixing it. Adieu!

## 621. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

*Strawberry Hill, Aug. 1, 1759.*

I HAVE received your two letters about the watch, the first came with surprising celerity. I wish, when the watch is finished, I may be able to convey it to you with equal expedition.

Nothing is talked of here, as you may imagine, but the invasion—yet I don't grow more credulous. Their ridiculous lists of fifty thousand men don't contribute to frighten me—nay, though they specify the numbers of apothecaries and chaplains that are to attend. Fifty thousand men cannot easily steal a march over the sea. Sir Edward Hawke will take care of them till winter, and by that time we shall have a great force at land. The very militia is considerable: the spirit, or at least the fashion of it, catches every day. We are growing such ancient Britons, that I don't know whether I must not mount some pop-guns upon the battlements of my castle, lest I should not be thought hero enough in these West-Saxon times. Lord Pulteney has done handsomely, and what is more surprising, so has his father. The former has offered to raise a regiment, and to be only lieutenant-colonel, provided the command is given to a Colonel Crawford, an old soldier, long postponed—Lord Bath is at the expense, which will be five thousand pounds. All the country squires are in regimentals—a pedestal is making for little Lord Mountford, that he may be placed at the head of the Cambridge-shire militia. In short, we have two sorts of armies, and I hope neither will be necessary—what the consequences of this militia

<sup>1</sup> Arabella Churchill, sister of the great Duke of Marlborough, and mistress of King James II.; she married Godfrey, of the Jewel House.—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>2</sup> Wife of the Solicitor-General.—CUNNINGHAM.

may be hereafter, I don't know. Indifferent I think it cannot be. A great force upon an old plan, exploded since modern improvements, must make some confusion. If they do not become ridiculous, which the real officers are disposed to make them, the crown or the disaffected will draw considerable consequences, I think, from an establishment popular by being constitutional, and of great weight from the property it will contain.

If the French pursue their vivacity in Germany, they will send us more defenders; our eight thousand men there seem of very little use. Both sides seem in all parts weary of the war; at least are grown so cautious, that a battle will be as great a curiosity in a campaign as in the midst of peace. For the Russians, they quite make one smile; they hover every summer over the north of Germany, get cut to pieces by September, disappear, have a general disgraced, and in winter out comes a memorial of the Czarina's steadiness to her engagements, and of the mighty things she will do in spring. The Swedes follow them like Sancho Panza, and are rejoiced at not being bound by the laws of chivalry to be thrashed too.

We have an evil that threatens us more nearly than the French. The heat of the weather has produced a contagious sore-throat in London. Mr. Yorke, the solicitor-general, has lost his wife, his daughter, and a servant. The young Lady Essex<sup>1</sup> died of it in two days. Two servants are dead in Newcastle-house, and the Duke has left it; anybody else would be pitied, but his terrors are sure of being a joke.<sup>2</sup> My niece, Lady Waldegrave, has done her part for repairing this calamity, and is breeding.

Your Lord Northampton has not acted a much more gallant part by his new mistress than by his fair one at Florence. When it was all agreed, he refused to marry unless she had eighteen thousand pounds. Eight were wanting. It looked as if he was more attached to his old flame than to his new one; but her uncle, Norborne Berkeley,<sup>3</sup> has nobly made up the deficiency.

I told Mr. Fox of the wine that is coming, and he told me what

<sup>1</sup> See vol. ii. p. 394 and 512.—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>2</sup> "I have heard the Duke of Newcastle is much broke ever since his sister Castle-comer died; not that he cared for her, or saw her above once a year; but she was the last of the brood that was left; and he now goes regularly to church, which he never did before."—Gray, *Works by Mitford*, vol. iii. p. 218.—WRIGHT.

<sup>3</sup> Brother of the Duchess of Beaufort, mother of Lady Anne Somerset, whom Lord Northampton did marry.—WALPOLE. Norborne Berkeley afterwards established his claim to the ancient barony of Botetourt.—DOVER.



I had totally forgot, that he has left off Florence, and chooses to have no more. He will take this parcel, but you need not trouble yourself again. Adieu! my dear Sir, don't let Marshal Botta terrify you: when the French dare not stir out of any port they have, it will be extraordinary if they venture to come into the heart of us.

## 622. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

*Arlington Street, Aug. 8, 1759.*

IF anybody admires expedition, they should address themselves to you and me, who order watches, negotiate about them by couriers, and have them finished, with as little trouble as if we had nothing to do, but, like the men of business in the Arabian tales, rub a dark lantern, a genie appears, one bespeaks a bauble worth two or three Indies, and finds it upon one's table the next morning at breakfast. The watch was actually finished, and delivered to your brother yesterday. I trust to our good luck for finding quick conveyance. I did send to the White-horse Cellar here in Piccadilly, whence all the stage-coaches set out, but there was never a genie boot and spurred, and going to Florence on a sun-beam. If you are not charmed with the watch, never deal with us devils any more. If anything a quarter so pretty was found in Herculaneum, one should admire Roman enamellers more than their Scipios and Cæsars. The device of the second seal I stole; it is old, but uncommon; a cupid standing on two joined hands over the sea; *si la foy manque, l'amour perira*—I hope for the honour of the device, it will arrive before half the honeymoon is over!—But, alack! I forget the material point; Mr. Deard,<sup>1</sup> who has forty times more virtue than if he had been taken from the plough to be colonel of the militia, instead of one hundred and sixteen *pounds* to which I pinned him down, to avoid *guineas*, will positively take but one hundred and ten pounds. I did all I could to corrupt him with six more, but he is immaculate—and when our posterity is abominably bad, as all posterity always is till it grows one's ancestor's, I hope Mr. Deard's integrity will be quoted to them as an instance of the virtues that adorned the simple and barbarous age of George the Second. Oh! I can tell you the age of George the Second is likely to be celebrated for more primitivity than the disinterestedness of Mr. Deard—here is such a

<sup>1</sup> See vol. iii. p. 230.—CUNNINGHAM.

victory come over that—it can't get over. Mr. Yorke has sent word that a Captain Ligonier is coming from Prince Ferdinand to tell us that his Serene Highness has beaten Monsieur Contades to such a degree, that every house in London is illuminated, every street has two bonfires, every bonfire has two hundred squibs, and the poor charming moon yonder, that never looked so well in her life, is not at all minded, but seems only staring out of a garret window at the frantic doings all over the town.<sup>1</sup> We don't know a single particular, but we conclude that Prince Ferdinand received all his directions from my Lord Granby, who is the mob's hero. We are a little afraid, if we could fear anything to-night, that the defeat of the Russians by General Weidel was a mistake for this victory of Prince Ferdinand. Pray Heaven! neither of these glories be turned sour, by staying so long at sea! You said in your last, what slaughter must be committed by the end of August! Alas! my dear Sir, so there is by the beginning of it; and we, wretched creatures, are forced to be glad of it, because the greatest part falls on our enemies.

Fifteen hundred men have stolen from Dunkirk, and are said to be sailed northward—some think to Embden—too poor a pittance surely where they thought themselves so superior, unless they meant to hinder our receiving our own troops from thence—as paltry, too, if this is their invasion—but if to Scotland, not quite a joke. However, Prince Ferdinand seems to have found employment for the rest of their troops, and Monsieur de Botta will not talk to you in quite so high a style.

D' Aubreu, the pert Spanish minister, said the other day at court to poor Alt, the Hessian, "Monsieur, je vous félicite; Munster est pris." Mr. Pitt, who overheard this cruel apostrophe, called out, "Et moi, Monsieur Alt, je vous félicite; les Russes sont battus."

I am here in town almost every day; Mrs. Leneve, who has so long lived with my father, and with me, is at the point of death; she is seventy-three, and has passed twenty-four of them in continual ill health; so I can but wish her released. Her long friendship with our family makes this attention a duty; otherwise I

<sup>1</sup> "I have the joy to tell you," writes Mr. Pitt, on the 6th, to Lady Hester, "that our happy victory *ne fait que croître et embellir*: by letters come this day, the hereditary Prince, with his troops, had passed the Weser, and attacked, with part of them, a body of six thousand French, defeated it, took many prisoners, some trophies and cannon: M. de Contades's baggage, coaches, mules, letters, and correspondences have fallen into our hands. Words in letters say, 'qu'on se lasse de prendre des prisonniers.'" *Chatham Correspondence*, vol. ii. p. 8.—WRIGHT.



should certainly not be in town this most gorgeous of all summers! I should like to know in how many letters this wonderful summer has been talked of.

It is above two years, I think, since you sent home any of my letters—will you by any convenient opportunity?

Adieu! There is great impatience, as you may believe, to learn the welfare of our young lords and heroes—there are the Duke of Richmond, Lord Granby, Lord George Sackville, Lord Downe, Fitzroy, General Waldegrave, and others of rank.

623. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

*Strawberry Hill, Aug. 9, 1759.*

UNLESS your Colonel Johnston<sup>1</sup> is a man of no note, he is safe and well, for we have not lost one officer of any note—now will you conclude that we are beaten, and will be crying and roaring all night for Hanover. Lord! where do you live? If you had any ears, as I have none left with the noise, you would have heard the racket that was made from morning till night yesterday on the news of the total victory<sup>2</sup> gained by Prince Ferdinand over the French. He has not left so many alive as there are at any periwig-maker's in London. This is all we know, the particulars are to come at their leisure, and with all the gravity due to their importance. If the King's heart were not *entirely English*, I believe he would be complimented with the title of Germanicus from the name of the country where this great event happened; for we don't at all know the precise spot, nor has the battle yet been christened—all that is certain is, that the poor Duke [of Cumberland] is neither father nor godfather.

I was sent for to town yesterday, as Mrs. Leneve was at the point of death; but she has had a surprising change, and may linger on still. I found the town distracted, and at night it was beautiful beyond description. As the weather was so hot, every window was open, and all the rails illuminated; every street had one or two bonfires, the moon was in all its glory, the very middle of the streets crowded with officers and people of fashion talking of the news. Every squib in town got drunk, and rioted about the streets till morning. Two of our regiments are said to have suffered

<sup>1</sup> See vol. ii. p. 24.—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>2</sup> At the battle of Minden.—CUNNINGHAM.

much, of which Napier's most. Adieu! If you should be over-English with this, there is a party of one thousand five hundred men stolen out of Dunkirk, that some weeks hence may bring you to your senses again, provided they are properly planted and watered in Scotland.

## 624. TO THE EARL OF STRAFFORD.

MY DEAR LORD:

*Strawberry Hill, Thursday, 3 o'clock, Aug. 9, 1759.*

LORD GRANBY has entirely defeated the French!—The foreign gazettes, I suppose, will give this victory to Prince Ferdinand; but the mob of London, whom I have this minute left, and who must know best, assure me that it is all their own Marquis's doing. Mr. Yorke<sup>1</sup> was the first to send this news, "to be laid with himself and all humility at his Majesty's feet,"<sup>2</sup> about eleven o'clock yesterday morning. At five this morning came Captain Ligonier, who was dispatched in such a hurry that he had not time to pack up any particulars in his portmanteau: those we are expecting with our own army, who we conclude are now at Paris, and will lie to-morrow night at Amiens. All we know is, that not one Englishman is killed, nor one Frenchman left alive. If you should chance to meet a bloody waggon-load of heads, you will be sure that it is the part of the spoils that came to Downe's share, and going to be hung up in the great hall at Cowick.<sup>3</sup>

We have a vast deal of other good news; but as not one word of it is true, I thought you would be content with this victory. His Majesty is *in high spirits*, and is to make a triumphal entry into Hanover on Tuesday fortnight. I envy you the illuminations and rejoicings that will be made at Worksop on this occasion.

Four days ago we had a great victory over the Russians; but in the hurry of this triumph it has somehow or other been mislaid, and nobody can tell where to find it:—however, it is not given over for lost.

Adieu, my dear lord! As I have been so circumstantial in the account of this battle, I will not tire you with anything else. My compliments to the lady of the menagerie. I see your new offices rise<sup>4</sup> every day in a very respectable manner.

<sup>1</sup> Afterwards Lord Dover, then Minister at the Hague.—WALPOLE.

<sup>2</sup> The words of his dispatch.—WALPOLE.

<sup>3</sup> Lord Downe's seat in Yorkshire.—WALPOLE.

<sup>4</sup> At Lord Strafford's house at Twickenham.—WALPOLE.



## 625. TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

*Arlington Street, Aug. 14, 1759.*

I AM here in the most unpleasant way in the world, attending poor Mrs. Leneve's death-bed, a spectator of all the horrors of tedious suffering and clear sense, and with no one soul to speak to—but I will not tire you with a description of what has quite worn me out.

Probably by this time you have seen the Duke of Richmond or Fitzroy—but lest you should not, I will tell you all I can learn, and a wonderful history it is. Admiral Byng was not more unpopular than Lord George Sackville. I should scruple repeating his story, if Betty<sup>1</sup> and the waiters at Arthur's did not talk of it publicly, and thrust Prince Ferdinand's orders into one's hand.

You have heard, I suppose, of the violent animosities that have reigned for the whole campaign between him and Lord Granby—in which some other warm persons have been very warm too. In the heat of the battle, the Prince, finding thirty-six squadrons of French coming down upon our army, sent Ligonier to order our thirty-two squadrons, under Lord George, to advance. During that transaction, the French appeared to waver; and Prince Ferdinand, willing, as it is supposed, to give the honour to the British horse of terminating the day, sent Fitzroy to bid Lord George bring up only the British cavalry. Ligonier had but just delivered his message, when Fitzroy came with his.—Lord George said, "This can't be so—would he have me break the line? here is some mistake." Fitzroy replied, he had not argued upon the orders, but those were the orders. "Well!" said Lord George, "but I want a guide." Fitzroy said, he would be his guide. Lord George, "Where is the Prince?" Fitzroy, "I left him at the head of the left wing, I don't know where he is now." Lord George said he would go seek him, and have this explained. Smith then asked Fitzroy to repeat the orders to him; which being done, Smith went and whispered Lord George, who says he then bid Smith carry up the cavalry. Smith is come, and says he is ready to answer anybody any question. Lord George says, Prince Ferdinand's behaviour to him has been most infamous, has asked leave to resign his command, and to come over, which is granted.<sup>2</sup> Prince Ferdinand's behaviour is summed up in the

<sup>1</sup> See vol. ii. p. 213.—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Pitt, in a letter of the 15th to Lord Bute, says, "the King has given leave to Lord George Sackville to return to England, his lordship having, in a letter to Lord

enclosed extraordinary paper : which you will doubt as I did, but which is certainly genuine. I doubted, because, in the military, I thought direct disobedience of orders was punished with an immediate arrest, and because the last paragraph seemed to me very foolish. The going out of the way to compliment Lord Granby with what he would have done, seems to take off a little from the compliments paid to those that have done something ; but, in short, Prince Ferdinand or Lord George, one of them, is most outrageously in the wrong, and the latter has much the least chance of being thought in the right.

The particulars I tell you, I collected from the most *accurate* authorities.—I make no comments on Lord George, it would look like a little dirty court to you ; and the best compliment I can make you, is to think, as I do, that you will be the last man to enjoy this revenge.

You will be sorry for poor M'Kinsey and Lady Betty, who have lost their only child at Turin. Adieu !

626. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

*Strawberry Hill, Aug. 29, 1759.*

TRULY I don't know whether one is to be rejoicing or lamenting ! Every good heart is a bonfire for Prince Ferdinand's success, and a funeral pile for the King of Prussia's defeat.<sup>1</sup> Mr. Yorke, who every week "lays himself most humbly at the King's feet" with some false piece of news, has almost ruined us in illuminations for defeated victories—we were singing "Te Deums" for the King of Prussia, when he was actually reduced to be King of Custrin, for he has not only lost his neighbour's capital, but his own too. Mr. Bentley has long said, that we should see him at Somerset House<sup>2</sup> next winter ; and really I begin to be afraid that he will not live to write the history of the war himself—I shall be content, if he is forced to do it even by subscription. Oh, *that* Daun ! how he sits

Holdernessee, requested to be recalled from his command. This mode of returning, your lordship will perceive, is a very considerable softening of his misfortune. The current in all parts bears hard upon him. As I have already, so I shall continue to give him, as a most unhappy man, all the offices of humanity which our first, sacred duty, the public good, will allow." *Chatham Correspondence*, vol. i. p. 417.—WRIGHT.

<sup>1</sup> Prince Ferdinand's victory was the celebrated battle of Minden, won from the French on the 1st of August ; the King of Prussia's defeat was that of Kunersdorf, lost to the Russians on the 12th of August.—DOVER.

<sup>2</sup> Then an uninhabited palace of the sovereign.—CUNNINGHAM.



silent on his drum, and shoves the King a little and a little farther out of the world! The most provoking part of all is, (for I am mighty soon comforted when a hero tumbles from the top of Fame's steeple and breaks his neck,) that that tawdry toad, Bruhl,<sup>1</sup> will make a triumphant entry into the ruins of Dresden, and rebuild all his palaces with what little money remains in the country!

The mob, to comfort themselves under these mishaps, and for the disappointment of a complete victory, that might have been *more compleater*, are now grinding their teeth and nails, to tear Lord George<sup>2</sup> to pieces the instant he lands. If he finds more powerful friends than poor Admiral Byng, assure yourself he has ten thousand times the number of *personal* enemies; I was going to say *real*, but Mr. Byng's were real enough, with no reason to be personal. I don't talk of the event itself, for I suppose all Europe knows just as much as we know here. I suspend my opinion till Lord George speaks himself—but I pity his father, who has been so unhappy in his sons, who loved this so much, and who had such fair prospects for him. Lord George's fall is prodigious; nobody stood higher, nobody has more ambition or more sense.

You, I suppose, are taking leave of your new King of Spain<sup>3</sup>—what a bloody war is saved by this death, by its happening in the midst of one that cannot be more bloody! I detest a correspondence now; it lives like a vampire upon dead bodies! Adieu! I long to have nothing to write about.

P.S. I forgot to ask you if you are not shocked with Bellisle's letter to Contades? The French ought to behave with more spirit than they do, before they give out such sanguinary orders—and if they did, I should think they would not give such orders. And did not you laugh at the enormous folly of Bellisle's conclusion! It is so foolish, that I think he might fairly disavow it. It puts me in mind of a ridiculous passage in Racine's *Bajazet*,

—————“et s'il faut que je meure,  
Mourons, moi, cher Osmin, comme un Visir; et toi  
Comme le favori d'un homme tel que moi.”

<sup>1</sup> Count Bruhl, favourite and prime minister of Augustus the Third, King of Poland and Elector of Saxony.—WALPOLE.

<sup>2</sup> Lord George Sackville, disgraced at the battle of Minden.—WALPOLE.

<sup>3</sup> Charles III., King of Naples, who had just become King of Spain, by the death of his elder brother.—DOVER.

## 627. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

*Arlington Street, Sept. 13, 1759.*

WITH your unathletic constitution I think you will have a greater weight of glory to represent than you can bear. You will be as *épuisé* as Princess Craon with all the triumphs over Niagara, Ticonderoga, Crown-point, and such a parcel of long names. You will ruin yourself in French horns, to exceed those of Marshal Botta, who has certainly found out a pleasant way of announcing victories. Besides, *all* the West Indies, which we have taken by a panic, there is Admiral Boscawen has demolished the Toulon squadron, and has made *you* Viceroy of the Mediterranean. I really believe the French will come hither now, for they can be safe nowhere else. If the King of Prussia should be totally undone in Germany, we can afford to give him an appanage, as a younger son of England, of some hundred thousand miles on the Ohio. Sure universal monarchy was never so put to shame as that of France! What a figure do they make! They seem to have no ministers, no generals, no soldiers! If anything could be more ridiculous than their behaviour in the field, it would be in the cabinet! Their invasion appears not to have been designed against us, but against their own people, who, they fear, will mutiny, and to quiet whom they disperse expresses, with accounts of the progress of their arms in England. They actually have established posts, to whom people are directed to send their letters for their friends *in England*. If, therefore, you hear that the French have established themselves at Exeter or Norwich, don't be alarmed, nor undeceive the poor women who are writing to their husbands for English baubles.

We have lost another Princess, Lady Elizabeth.<sup>1</sup> She died of an inflammation in her bowels in two days. Her figure was so very unfortunate, that it would have been difficult for her to be happy, but her parts and application were extraordinary. I saw her act in "Cato" at eight years old, (when she could not stand alone, but was forced to lean against the side-scene,) better than any of her brothers and sisters. She had been so unhealthy, that at that age she had not been taught to read, but had learned the part of Lucia by hearing the others study their parts. She went to her father and

<sup>1</sup> Second daughter of Frederick, Prince of Wales.—WALPOLE.



mother, and begged she might act. They put her off as gently as they could—she desired leave to repeat her part, and when she did, it was with so much sense, that there was no denying her.

I receive yours of August 25. To all your alarms for the King of Prussia I subscribe. With little Brandenburg he could not exhaust all the forces of Bohemia, Hungary, Austria, Muscovy, Siberia, Tartary, Sweden, &c. &c. &c.—but not to politicize too much, I believe the world will come to be fought for somewhere between the North of Germany and the back of Canada, between Count Daun and Sir William Johnson.<sup>1</sup>

You guessed right about the King of Spain; he is dead, and the Queen Dowager may once more have an opportunity of embroiling the little of Europe that remains unembroiled.

Thank you, my dear Sir, for the Herculaneum and Caserta that you are sending me. I wish the watch may arrive safe, to show you that I am not insensible to all your attentions for me, but endeavour, at a great distance, to imitate you in the execution of commissions.

I would keep this letter back for a post, that I might have but one trouble of sending you Quebec too; but when one has taken so many places, it is not worth while to wait for one more.

Lord George Sackville, the hero of all conversation, if one can be so for not being a hero, is arrived. He immediately applied for a Court-Martial, but was told it was impossible now, as the officers necessary are in Germany. This was in writing from Lord Holderness—but Lord Ligonier in words was more squab—"If he wanted a Court-Martial, he might go seek it in Germany." All that could be taken from him, is, his regiment, above two thousand pounds a year: commander in Germany at ten pounds a day, between three and four thousand pounds: lieutenant-general of the ordnance, one thousand five hundred pounds: a fort, three hundred pounds. He remains with a patent place in Ireland of one thousand two hundred pounds, and about two thousand pounds a year of his own and wife's. With his parts and ambition it cannot end here; he calls himself ruined, but when the Parliament meets, he will probably attempt some sort of revenge.

They attribute, I don't know with what grounds, a sensible kind of plan to the French; that De la Clue was to have pushed for Ireland, Thurot for Scotland, and the Brest fleet for England—but

<sup>1</sup> The American general.—WALPOLE.

before they lay such great plans, they should take care of proper persons to execute them.

I cannot help smiling at the great objects of our letters. We never converse on a less topic than a kingdom. We are a kind of citizens of the world, and battles and revolutions are the common incidents of our neighbourhood. But that is and must be the case of distant correspondences: Kings and Empresses that we never saw, are the only persons we can be acquainted with in common. We can have no more familiarity than the "Daily Advertiser" would have if it wrote to the "Florentine Gazette." Adieu! My compliments to any monarch that lives within five hundred miles of you.

#### 623. TO THE EARL OF STRAFFORD.

MY DEAR LORD:

*Arlington Street, Sept. 13, 1759.*

You are very good to say you would accept of my letters, though I should have no particular news to tell you; but at present, it would be treating heroes and conquerors with great superciliousness, if I made use of your indulgence and said nothing of them. We have taken more places and ships in a week than would have set up such pedant nations as Greece and Rome to all futurity. If we did but call Sir William Johnson "Gulielmus Johnsonus Niagaricus," and Amherst "Galfridus Amhersta Ticonderogicus," we should be quoted a thousand years hence as the patterns of valour, virtue, and disinterestedness; for posterity always ascribes all manner of modesty and self-denial to those that take the most pains to perpetuate their own glory. Then Admiral Boscawen has, in a very Roman style, made free with the coast of Portugal, and used it to make a bonfire of the French fleet. When Mr. Pitt was told of this infraction of a neutral territory, he replied, "It is very true, but they are burned."—In short, we want but a little more insolence and a worse cause to make us a very classic nation.

My Lady Townshend, who has not learning enough to copy a Spartan mother, has lost her youngest son.<sup>1</sup> I saw her this morning—her affectation is on t'other side; she affects grief—but not so much for the son she has lost, as for t'other that she may lose.

Lord George is come, has asked for a court-martial, was put off,

<sup>1</sup> The Hon. Roger Townshend, third son of Viscount Townshend, killed at *Roundheads* on the 25th of July.—WRIGHT.



and is turned out of everything. Waldegrave has his regiment, for what he did; and Lord Granby the ordnance—for what he would have done.

Lord Northampton is to be married to-night in full *Comptonhood*. I am indeed happy that Mr. Campbell<sup>1</sup> is a general; but how will his father like being the *dowager-general* Campbell?

You are very kind, my lord (but that is not new), in interesting yourself about Strawberry Hill. I have just finished a Holbein-chamber, that I flatter myself you will not dislike; and I have begun to build a new printing-house, that the old one may make room for the gallery and round tower. This noble summer is not yet over with us—it seems to have cut a colt's *week*. I never write without talking of it, and should be glad to know in how many letters *this summer* has been mentioned.

I have lately been at Wilton, and was astonished at the heaps of rubbish. The house is grand, and the place glorious; but I should shovel three parts of the marbles and pictures into the river. Adieu, my lord and lady!

629. TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

*Arlington Street, Sept. 13, 1759.*

I INTENDED to send you the brief chronicle of Lord George Sackville, but your brother says he has writ to you this morning. If you want to know minute particulars, which neither he nor I should care to detail in a letter, I will tell you them if you will call for a minute at Strawberry on Sunday or Monday, as you go to your camp. I ask this boldly, though I have not been with you; but it was impossible; George Montagu and his brother returned to Strawberry with me from the Vine, and I am expecting Mr. Churchill and Lady Mary, who sent me word they would come to me as soon as I came back, and I think you will find them with me.

Lady Mary Coke is stripping off all the plumes that she has been wearing for Niagara, &c., and is composing herself into religious melancholy against to-morrow night, when she goes to Princess Elizabeth's burial. I passed this whole morning most deliciously at my Lady Townshend's. Poor Roger, for whom she is not concerned, has given her a hint that her hero George may be mortal too; she scarce spoke, unless to improve on some bitter thing that

<sup>1</sup> Afterwards Duke of Argyle.—WALPOLE.

Charles said, who was admirable. He made me all the speeches that Mr. Pitt will certainly make next winter, in every one of which Charles says, (and I believe,) he will talk of *this great campaign*, "memorable to all posterity with all its imperfections—a campaign which, though obstructed, cramped, maimed—but I will say no more."

The campaign in Ireland, I hear, will be very warm; the Primate is again to be the object; Ponsonby, commander against him. Lord George's situation will not help the Primate's. Adieu!

630. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

*Strawberry Hill, Saturday, Oct. 11, 1759.*

I DON'T desire any such conviction of your being ill as seeing you ill, nor can you wonder that I wish to persuade myself that what I should be very sorry for, never happens. Poor Fred. Montagu's gout seems more serious: I am concerned that he has so much of a judge in him already.

You are very good in thinking of me about the sofas; but you know the Holbein chamber is complete, and old matters are not flung away upon you yourself. Had not you rather have your sofa than Lord Northampton's running footman? Two hundred years hence one might be amused with reading of so fantastic a dress, but they are horrid in one's own time. Mr. Bentley and I go to-morrow to Chalfont for two or three days. Mr. Chute is at the Vine already, but, I believe, will be in town this week.

I don't know whether it proceeds from the menaced invasion or the last comet, but we are all dying of heat. Everybody has put out their fires, and, if it lasts, I suppose will next week make summer clothes. The mornings are too hot for walking: last night I heard of strawberries. I impute it to the hot weather that my head has been turned enough to contend with the bards of the newspapers. You have seen the French epigram on Madame Pompadour, and fifty vile translations of it. Here is mine—

O yes! here are flat-bottomed boats to be sold,  
And soldiers to let—rather hungry than bold:  
Here are ministers richly deserving to swing,  
And commanders whose recompense should be a string.  
O France! still your fate you may lay at Pitt's door;  
You were saved by a Maid, and undone by a \* \* \* \* \*

People again believe the invasion; and I don't wonder, con-



sidering how great a militia we have, with such a boy as you mention. I own, before I begin to be afraid, I have a little curiosity to see the militia tried. I think one shall at least laugh before one cries. Adieu! what time have you fixed for looking southwards?

P. S. Your pictures you may have when you please; I think you had better stay and take them with you, than risk the rubbing them by the waggon. Mr. Muntz has not been lately in town—that is, Hannah has drawn no bill on him lately—so he knows nothing of your snuff-box. This it is to trust to my vivacity, when it is past its bloom. Lord! I am a mere antiquarian, a mere pains-taking mortal. Mr. Bentley says, that if all antiquarians were like me, there would be no such thing as an antiquarian, for I set down everything so circumstantially that I leave them nothing to find out.

## 631. TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

*Strawberry Hill, Oct. 14, 1759.*

IF Strawberry Hill was not as barren of events as Chatham, I would have writ to you again; nay, if it did not produce the very same events. Your own Light Horse are here, and commit the only vivacities of the place—two or three of them are in the cage every day for some mischief or other. Indeed, they seem to have been taken from school too soon, and, as Rigby said of some others of these new troops, the moment their exercise is over, they all go a bird's-nesting. If the French load their flat-bottomed boats with rods instead of muskets, I fear all our young heroes will run away. The invasion seems again come into fashion: I wish it would come, that one might hear no more of it—nay, I wish it for two or three reasons. If they don't come, we shall still be fatigued with the militia, who will never go to plough again till they see an enemy: if there is a peace before the militia runs away, one shall be robbed every day by a constitutional force. I want the French, too, to have come, that you may be released; but that will not be soon enough for me, who am going to Park-place. I came from Chalfont to-day, and I cannot let the winter appear without making my Lady Ailesbury a visit. Hitherto my impediments may have looked like excuses, though they were nothing less. Lady Lyttelton goes on Wednesday: I propose to follow her on Monday; but I won't

announce myself, that I may not be disappointed, and be a little more welcome by the surprise; though I should be very ungrateful, if I affected to think that I wanted that.

I cannot say I have read the second letter on Lord George; but I have done what will satisfy the booksellers more; I have bought nine or ten pamphlets: my library shall be *au fait* about him, but I have an aversion to paper wars, and I must be a little more interested than I am about him, before I can attend to them: my head is to be filled with more sacred trash.

The Speaker was here t'other day, and told me of the intimacy between his son and you and the militia. He says the lawyers are examining whether Lord George can be tried or not. I am sorry Lord Stormont is marriediski;<sup>1</sup> he will pass his life under the north pole, and whip over to Scotland by way of Greenland without coming to London.

I dined t'other day at Sion with the Holdernesses; Lady Mary Coke was there, and in this great dearth of candidates she permits Haslang to die for her. They were talking in the bow-window, when a sudden alarm being given that dinner was on table, he expressed great joy and appetite. You can't imagine how she was offended. Adieu!

632. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

*Arlington Street, Oct. 16, 1759.*

I LOVE to prepare your countenance for every event that may happen, for an ambassador, who is nothing but an actor, should be that greatest of actors, a philosopher; and with the leave of wise men (that is, hypocrites), philosophy I hold to be little more than presence of mind: now undoubtedly preparation is a prodigious help to presence of mind. In short, you must not be surprised that we have failed at Quebec, as we certainly shall. You may say, if you please, in the style of modern politics, that your court never supposed it could be taken; the attempt was only made to draw off the Russians from the King of Prussia, and leave him at liberty to attack Daun. Two days ago came letters from Wolfe, despairing, as much as heroes can despair. The town is well victualled, Amherst is not arrived, and fifteen thousand men encamped defend it. We

<sup>1</sup> Lord Stormont had recently married Henrietta Frederica, daughter of Count Bunau, of Saxony.—WRIGHT.



have lost many men by the enemy, and some by our friends—that is, we now call our nine thousand only seven thousand. How this little army will get away from a much larger, and in this season in that country, I don't guess—yes, I do.

You may be making up a little philosophy too against the invasion, which is again come into fashion, and with a few trifling incidents in its favour, such as our fleet dispersed and driven from their coasts by a great storm. Before that, they were actually embarking, but with so ill a grace that an entire regiment mutinied, and they say is broke. We now expect them in Ireland, unless this dispersion of our fleet tempts them hither. If they do not come in a day or two, I shall give them over.

You will see in our gazettes that we make a great figure in the East Indies. In short, Mr. Pitt and this little island appear of some consequence even in the map of the world. He is a new sort of Fabius,

*Qui verbis restituit rem.*

Have you yet received the watch? I see your poor Neapolitan Prince<sup>1</sup> is at last set aside—I should honour Dr. Serrao's integrity, if I did not think it was more humane to subscribe to the poor boy's folly, than hazard his being poisoned by making it doubtful.

My charming niece is breeding—you see I did not make my Lord Waldegrave an useless present. Adieu! my dear Sir.

633. TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

*Strawberry Hill, Oct. 18, 1759.*

I INTENDED my visit to Park-place to show my Lady Ailesbury that when I come thither it is not solely on your account, and yet I will not quarrel with my journey thither if I should find you there; but seriously I cannot help begging you to think whether you will go thither or not, just now. My first thought about you has ever been what was proper for you to do; and though you are the man in the world that think of that the most yourself, yet you know I have twenty scruples, which even you sometimes laugh at. I will tell them to you, and then you will judge, as you can best. Sir Edward Hawke and his fleet is dispersed, at least driven back to Plymouth:

<sup>1</sup> The King's second son, Don Philip, set aside for being in a state of incurable idiocy.—WRIGHT.

the French, if one may believe that they have broken a regiment for mutinying against embarking, were actually embarked at that instant. The most sensible people I know, always thought they would postpone their invasion, if ever they intended it, till our great ships could not keep the sea, or were eaten up by the scurvy. Their ports are now free; their situation is desperate: the new account of our taking Quebec leaves them in the most deplorable condition; they will be less able than ever to raise money, we have got ours for next year; and this event would facilitate it, if we had not: they must try for a peace, they have nothing to go to market with but Minorca. In short, if they cannot strike some desperate blow in this island or Ireland, they are undone: the loss of twenty thousand men to do us some mischief, would be cheap. I should even think Madame Pompadour in danger of being torn to pieces, if they did not make some attempt. Madame Maintenon, not half so unpopular, mentions in one of her letters her unwillingness to trust her niece Mademoiselle Aumale on the road, for fear of some such accident. You will smile perhaps at all this reasoning and pedantry; but it tends to this—if desperation should send the French somewhere, and the wind should force them to your coast, which I do not suppose their object, and you should be out of the way, you know what your enemies would say; and, strange as it is, even you have been proved to have enemies. My dear Sir, think of this! Wolfe, as I am convinced, has fallen a sacrifice to his rash blame of you. If I understand anything in the world, his letter that came on Sunday said this: "Quebec is impregnable; it is flinging away the lives of brave men to attempt it. I am in the situation of Conway at Rochefort; but having blamed him, I must do what I now see he was in the right to see was wrong, and yet what he would have done; and as I am commander, which he was not, I have the melancholy power of doing what he was prevented doing."<sup>1</sup> Poor man! his life has paid

<sup>1</sup> General Wolfe's letter, written four days before his death, which will be found in the Chatham Correspondence, does not contain a single sentence which can be tortured into the construction here given to it. "The extreme heat of the weather in August," he says, "and a good deal of fatigue, threw me into a fever; but that the business might go on, I begged the generals to consider amongst themselves what was fittest to be done. Their sentiments were unanimous, that (as the easterly winds begin to blow, and ships can pass the town in the night with provisions, artillery, &c.) we should endeavour, by conveying a considerable corps into the upper river, to draw them from their inaccessible situation and bring them to an action. I agreed to the proposal; and we are now here, with about three thousand six hundred men, waiting an opportunity to attack them, when and wherever they can best be got at. The weather has been extremely unfavourable for a day or two, so that we have been



the price of his injustice; and as his death has purchased such benefit to his country, I lament him, as I am sure you, who have twenty times more courage and good-nature than I have, do too. In short, I, who never did anything right or prudent myself, (not, I am afraid, for want of knowing what was so,) am content with *your* being perfect, and with suggesting anything to you that may tend to keeping you so:—and (what is not much to the present purpose) if such a pen as mine can effect it, the world hereafter shall know that you was so. In short, I have pulled down my Lord Falkland,<sup>1</sup> and I desire you will take care that I may speak truth when I erect you in his place; for remember, I love truth even better than I love you. I always confess my own faults, and I will not palliate yours.—But, laughing apart, if you think there is no weight in what I say, I shall gladly meet you at Park-place, whither I shall go on Monday, and stay as long as I can, unless I hear from you to the contrary. If you should think I have hinted anything to you of consequence, would not it be handsome, if, after receiving leave, you should write to my Lord Ligonier, that though you had been at home but one week in the whole summer, yet as there might be occasion for your presence in the camp, you should decline the permission he had given you?—See what it is to have a wise relation, who preaches a thousand fine things to you which he would be the last man in the world to practise himself. Adieu!

## 634. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

*Strawberry Hill, Oct. 19, 1759.*

I HAD no occasion to be in such a hurry to prepare your ambassatorial countenance; if I had stayed but one day more, I might have left its muscles to behave as they pleased. The notification of a probable disappointment at Quebec came only to heighten the pleasure of the conquest. You may now give yourself what airs you please, you are master of East and West Indies. An ambassador is the only man in the world whom bullying becomes: I beg your pardon, but you are spies, if you are not bragadochios. All

inactive. I am so far recovered as to do business; but my constitution is entirely ruined, without the consolation of having done any considerable service to the state, or without any prospect of it." Walpole, however, in his animated description of the capture of Quebec, in his 'Memoires,' does ample justice to the character of Wolfe.—WRIGHT.

<sup>1</sup> In his 'Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors,' and for which he is heartily abused by Gifford in the last volume of his edition of Ben Jonson.—CUNNINGHAM.

precedents are on your side : Persians, Greeks, Romans, always insulted their neighbours when they conquered Quebec. Think how pert the French would have been on such an occasion, and remember that they are Austrians to whom you are to be saucy. You see, I write as if my name was Belleisle and yours Contades.

It was a very singular affair, the generals on both sides slain, and on both sides the second in command wounded ; in short, very near what battles should be, in which only the principals ought to suffer. If their army has not ammunition and spirit enough to fall again upon ours before Amherst comes up, all North America is ours.

Poetic justice could not have been executed with more rigour than it has been on the perjury, treachery, and usurpations of the French. I hope Mr. Pitt will not leave them at the next treaty an opportunity of committing so many national crimes again. How they or we can make a peace, I don't see ; can we give all back, or they give all up ? No, they must come hither ; they have nothing left for it but to conquer us.

Don't think it is from forgetting to tell you particulars, that I tell you none ; I am here, and don't know one but what you will see in the Gazette, and by which it appears that the victory was owing to the impracticability, as the French thought, and to desperate resolution on our side. What a scene ! an army in the night dragging itself up a precipice by stumps of trees to assault a town and attack an army strongly entrenched and double in numbers !

Adieu ! I think I shall not write to you again this twelvemonth ; for, like Alexander, we have no more worlds left to conquer.

P.S. Monsieur Thurot is said to be sailed with his tiny squadron—but can the lords of America be afraid of half a dozen canoes ? Mr. Chute is sitting by me, and says, nobody is more obliged to Mr. Pitt than you are : he has raised you from a very uncomfortable situation to hold your head above the Capitol.

635. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

*Strawberry Hill, Oct. 21, 1759.*

Your pictures shall be sent as soon as any of us go to London, but I think that will not be till the Parliament meets. Can we easily leave the remains of such a year as this ? It is still all gold.



I have not dined or gone to bed by a fire till the day before yesterday. Instead of the glorious and ever-memorable year 1759, as the newspapers call it, I call it this ever-warm and victorious year. We have not had more conquest than fine weather: one would think we had plundered East and West Indies of sunshine. Our bells are worn threadbare with ringing for victories. I believe it will require ten votes of the House of Commons before people will believe it is the Duke of Newcastle that has done this, and not Mr. Pitt. One thing is very fatiguing—all the world is made knights or generals. Adieu! I don't know a word of news less than the conquest of America. Adieu! yours ever.

P.S. You shall hear from me again if we take Mexico or China before Christmas.

2d P.S. I had sealed my letter, but break it open again, having forgot to tell you that Mr. Cowslade has the pictures of Lord and Lady Cutts, and is willing to sell them.

## 636. TO THE EARL OF STRAFFORD.

MY DEAR LORD:

*Strawberry Hill, Oct. 30, 1759.*

It would be very extraordinary indeed if I was not glad to see one whose friendship does me so much honour as your lordship's, and who always expresses so much kindness to me. I have an additional reason for thanking you now, when you are erecting a building after the design of the Strawberry committee. It will look, I fear, very selfish if I pay it a visit next year; and yet it answers so many selfish purposes that I certainly shall.

My ignorance of all the circumstances relating to Quebec is prodigious; I have contented myself with the rays of glory that reached hither, without going to London to bask in them. I have not even seen the conqueror's mother,<sup>1</sup> though I hear she has covered herself with more laurel-leaves than were heaped on the children in the wood. Seriously it is very great; and as I am too inconsiderable to envy Mr. Pitt, I give him all the honour he deserves.

I passed all the last week at Park-place, where one of the

<sup>1</sup> Lady Townshend. On the death of General Wolfe, Colonel, now [1798] Marquis, Townshend received the surrender.—BERRY.

bravest men in the world, who is not permitted to contribute to our conquests, was indulged in being the happiest by being with one of the most deserving women—for Campbell-goodness no more wears out than Campbell-beauty—all their good qualities are *huckaback*.<sup>1</sup> You see the Duchess<sup>2</sup> has imbibed so much of their durability, that she is good-humoured enough to dine at a tavern at seventy-six.

Sir William Stanhope wrote to Mrs. Ellis,<sup>3</sup> that he had pleased himself, having seen much of Mr. Nugent and Lady Berkeley this summer, and having been so charmed with the felicity of their menage, that he could not resist marrying again. His daughter replied, that it had always been her opinion, that people should please themselves, and that she was glad he had; but as to taking the precedent of my Lady Berkeley, she hoped it would answer in nothing but in my Lady Stanhope having three children the first year. You see, my lord, Mrs. Ellis has bottled up her words,<sup>4</sup> till they sparkle at last!

I long to have your approbation of my Holbein-chamber; it has a comely sobriety that I think answers very well to the tone it should have. My new printing-house is finished, in order to pull down the old one, and lay the foundations next summer of my round tower. Then follows the gallery and chapel-cabinet. I hear your lordship has tapped your magnificent front too. Well, when all your magnificences and my *minimificences* are finished, then, we—won't sit down and drink, as Pyrrhus said,—no, I trust we shall never conclude our plans so filthily; then—I fear we shall begin others. Indeed, I don't know what the Countess may do: if she imitates her mother, she will go to a tavern at fourscore, and then she and Pyrrhus may take a bottle together—I hope she will live to try at least whether she likes it. Adieu, both!

<sup>1</sup> Lady Allesbury and Lady Strafford, both Campbells, preserved their beauty so long, that Mr. Walpole called them *huckaback beauties*, that never wear out.—WALPOLE.

<sup>2</sup> The Duchess of Argyle, widow of John Campbell, Duke of Argyle, and mother to Lady Strafford.—WALPOLE.

<sup>3</sup> His daughter.—WALPOLE.

<sup>4</sup> She was very silent.—WALPOLE.



## 637. TO THE RIGHT HON. LADY HERVEY.

## POOR ROBIN'S ALMANACK.

Thick fogs, and some wet. Go not out of town. Gouts and rheumatisms are abroad. Warm clothes, good fires, and a room full of pictures, glasses, and scarlet damask, are the best physic.

Saturday,  
Nov. 3rd,  
1759.

In short, for fear your ladyship should think of Strawberry on Saturday, I can't help telling you that I am to breakfast at Petersham that day with Mr. Fox and Lady Caroline, Lord and Lady Waldegrave. How did you like the farce? George Selwyn says he wants to see "High Life below Stairs,"<sup>1</sup> as he is weary of low life above stairs.

## 638. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

*Arlington Street, Nov. 8, 1759.*

YOUR pictures will set out on Saturday; I give you notice, that you may inquire for them. I did not intend to be here these three days, but my Lord Bath taking the trouble to send a man and horse to ask me to dinner yesterday, I did not know how to refuse; and besides, as Mr. Bentley said to me, "you know he was an old friend of your father."

The town is empty, but is coming to dress itself for Saturday. My Lady Coventry showed George Selwyn her clothes; they are blue, with spots of silver, of the size of a shilling, and a silver trimming, and cost—my lord will know what. She asked George how he liked them; he replied, "Why, you will be change for a guinea."<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> This popular farce was written by the Rev. James Townley, high master of Merchant Tailors' School. Dr. Johnson said of it, "Here is a farce which is really very diverting when you see it acted, and yet one may read it and not know that one has been reading any thing at all;" and of the actors, Goldsmith tells us, that "Mr. Palmer and Mr. King were entirely what they desired to represent; and Mrs. Clive (but what need I talk of her, since without exaggeration she has more true humour than any actor or actress, upon the English or any other stage, I have seen), she, I say, did the part all the justice it was capable of." In England it was very successful; but in Edinburgh the gentlemen of the party-coloured livery raised violent riots in the theatre whenever it was performed.—WRIGHT.

<sup>2</sup> "Pray tell the Duchess [of Bedford] the height of Lady Coventry's ambition at

I find nothing talked of but the French bankruptcy; <sup>1</sup> Sir Robert Brown, I hear—and am glad to hear—will be a great sufferer. They put gravely into the article of bankrupts in the newspaper, “Louis le Petit, of the city of Paris, peace-breaker, dealer, and chapman;” it would have been still better if they had said, “Louis Bourbon of petty France.” We don’t know what is become of their Monsieur Thurot,<sup>2</sup> of whom we had still a little mind to be afraid. I should think he would do like Sir Thomas Hanmer, make a faint effort, beg pardon of the Scotch for their disappointment, and retire. Here are some pretty verses just arrived.

Pourquoi le baton à Soubise,  
Puisque Chevert est le vainqueur?  
C'est de la cour une méprise,  
Ou bien le but de la faveur.  
Je ne vois rien là qui m'étonne,  
Repond aussitot un railleur;  
C'est à l'aveugle qu'on le donne,  
Et non pas au conducteur.

Lady Meadows has left nine thousand pounds in reversion after her husband to Lord Sandwich's daughter. *Apropos* to my Lady Meadows's maiden name,<sup>3</sup> a name I believe you have sometimes heard; I was diverted t'other day with a story of a lady of that name,<sup>4</sup> and a lord, whose initial is no farther from hers than he himself is sometimes supposed to be. Her postilion, a lad of sixteen, said, “I am not such a child but I can guess something: whenever my Lord Lyttelton comes to my lady, she orders the porter to let in nobody else, and then they call for a pen and ink, and say they are going to write history.”<sup>5</sup> Is not this *finesse* so like him? Do you know that I am persuaded, now he is parted, that he will forget

present is to play at quadrille, at which she plays four hours a day to be worthy of your parties at your return: she says she likes it immensely, and prefers it to all other diversions.” *Lady Elizabeth Waldegrave to the Duke of Bedford*, Nov. 26, 1757.—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>1</sup> The public credit in France had, at this time, suffered a very severe blow, the court having stopped the payment of several of the public bills and funds, to a vast amount.—WRIGHT.

<sup>2</sup> The captain of a privateer, who had commanded the French squadron off Dunkirk, destined for an attack on Scotland.—WRIGHT.

<sup>3</sup> *Montagu*.—WALPOLE.

<sup>4</sup> Elizabeth, daughter of Matthew Robinson, Esq., of the Rokeby family, widow of Edward Montagu, grandson of the first Earl of Sandwich, and founder of the Blue-stocking Club. She wrote ‘Three Dialogues of the Dead,’ printed with those of Lord Lyttelton; and in 1769 published her ‘Essay on the Genius and Writings of Shakespeare.’ She died in 1800.—WRIGHT.

<sup>5</sup> Walpole has elsewhere related a like story of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu and Lord Lincoln.—CUNNINGHAM.



he is married, and propose himself in form to some woman or other.

When do you come? if it is not soon, you will find a new town. I stared to-day at Piccadilly like a country squire; there are twenty new stone houses: at first I concluded that all the grooms, that used to live there, had got estates and built palaces. One young gentleman, who was getting an estate, but was so indiscreet as to step out of his way to rob a comrade, is convicted, and to be transported; in short, one of the waiters at Arthur's. George Selwyn says, "What a horrid idea he will give of us to the people in Newgate!"

I was still more surprised to-day, than at seeing Piccadilly, by receiving a letter from the north of Ireland from a clergyman, with violent encomiums on my 'Catalogue of Noble Authors'—and this when I thought it quite forgot. It put me in mind of the queen<sup>1</sup> that sunk at Charing-cross and rose at Queenhithe.

Mr. Chute has got his commission to inquire about your Cutts, but he thinks the lady is not your grandmother. You are very ungenerous to hoard tales from me of your ancestry: what relation have I spared? If your grandfathers were knaves, will your bottling up their bad blood mend it? Do you only take a cup of it now and then by yourself, and then come down to your parson, and boast of it, as if it was pure old metheglin? I sat last night with the Mater Gracchorum—oh! 'tis a Mater Jagorum; if her descendants taste any of her black blood, they surely will make as wry faces at it as the servant in Don John does when the ghost decants a corpse. Good night! I am just returning to Strawberry, to husband my two last days and to avoid all the pomp of the birthday. Oh! I had forgot, there is a Miss Wynne coming forth, that is to be handsomer than my Lady Coventry; but I have known one threatened with such every summer for these seven years, and they are always addled by winter!

639. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

*Arlington Street, Nov. 16, 1759.*

Now the Parliament is met, you will expect some new news; you will be disappointed: no battles are fought in Parliament now—the House of Commons is a mere war-office, and only sits for the

<sup>1</sup> Eleanor, Queen of Edward I.—CUNNINGHAM.

dispatch of military business. As I am one of the few men in England who am neither in the army nor militia, I never go thither. By the King's speech, and Mr. Pitt's *t'other* speech, it looks as if we intended to finish the conquest of the world next campaign. The King did not go to the House; his last eye is so bad that he could scarce read his answer to the address, though the letters were as long and as black as Ned Finch.<sup>1</sup> He complains that everybody's face seems to have a crape over it. A person much more expected and much more missed, was not at the House neither; Lord George Sackville. He came to town the night before the opening, but did not appear—it looks as if he gave everything up. Did you hear that M. de Contades saluted Prince Ferdinand on his installation with twenty-one cannons? The French could distinguish the outside of the ceremony, and the Prince sent word to the Marshal, that if he observed any bustle that day, he must not expect to be attacked—it would only be a chapter of the Garter.

A very extraordinary event happened the day after the meeting: Lord Temple resigned the privy-seal. The account he gives himself is, that he continued to be so ill used by the King, that it was notorious to all the world: that in hopes of taking off that reproach, he had asked for the garter.<sup>2</sup> Being refused, he had determined to resign, at the same time beseeching Mr. Pitt not to resent anything for him, and insisting with his two brothers that they should keep their places, and act as warmly as ever with the administration. That in an audience of twenty-five minutes he hoped he had removed his Majesty's prejudices, and should now go out of town, as well satisfied as any man in England. The town says, that it was concerted that he should not quit till Mr. Pitt made his speech on

<sup>1</sup> Another allusion to the family of the Dismals, the black funereal Finches. See Coxe's 'Sir Robert Walpole,' ii. p. 51. ed. 4to.—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>2</sup> By the following passage of a letter from Lord Temple himself to Mr. Pitt, of the 13th of October, it will be seen that it was not his lordship who solicited the garter but Mr. Pitt:—"You have been so good as to ask of his Majesty the garter for me, as a reward to yourself, and the only one you desire for all the great and eminent services you have done to the King, to the nation, and to the electorate; to which request you have, it seems, hitherto met with a refusal. At the same time that I thank you, and am proud to receive any testimony of your kind regard, permit me to add, that I am not so mean-spirited as to condescend to receive, in my own person, the reward of another man's services, however dear to me,—as you so deservedly are on every account. Let the King continue to enjoy in peace the pleasure and honour of this refusal; for if he should happen to be disposed, for other reasons than those of gratitude to you, which will have no weight with him, to give me that mark of distinction, I will not accept it on such terms." *Chatham Correspondence*, vol. i. p. 438.—WRIGHT.



the first day, declaring that nothing should make him break union with the rest of the ministers, no, not for the nearest friend he had. All this is mighty fine; but the affair is, nevertheless, very impertinent. If Lord Temple hoped to involve Mr. Pitt in his quarrel, it was very wicked at such a crisis as this—and if he could, I am apt to believe he would—if he could not, it was very silly. To the Garter nobody can have slenderer pretensions; his [Lord Temple's] family is scarce older than his earldom, which is of the youngest. His person is ridiculously awkward;<sup>1</sup> and if chivalry were in vogue, he has given proofs of having no passion for tilt and tournament. Here ends the history of King George the Second, and Earl Temple the First.

We are still advised to believe in the invasion, though it seems as slow in coming as the millennium. M. Thurot and his pigmy navy have scrambled to Gottenburg, where it is thought they will freight themselves with half a dozen pounds of Swedes. We continue to *militiate*, and to raise light troops, and when we have armed every apprentice in England, I suppose we shall translate our fears to Germany. In the mean time the King is overwhelmed with addresses on our victories; he will have enough to paper his palace. He told the City of London, that all was owing to *unanimity*, but I think he should have said, to *unmanimity*, for it were shameful to ascribe our brilliancy to anything but Mr. Pitt.

The new King of Spain seems to think that our fleet is the best judge of the incapacity of his eldest son, and of the fitness of his disposition of Naples, for he has expressed the highest confidence of Wall, and the strongest assurances of neutrality. I am a little sorry that Richcourt is not in Florence; it would be pleasant to dress yourself up in mural crowns and American plumes in his face. Adieu!

640. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

*Arlington Street, Nov. 17, 1759.*

I REJOICE over your brother's honours, though I certainly had no hand in them. He probably received his staff from the Board of Trade. If any part of the consequences could be placed to partiality for me, it would be the prevention of your coming to town, which

<sup>1</sup> Lord Temple went by the name of Gawky.—CUNNINGHAM.

I wished. My Lady Cutts<sup>1</sup> is indubitably your own grandmother : the Trevors would once have had it, but by some misunderstanding the old Cowslade refused it. Mr. Chute has twenty more corroborating circumstances, but this one is sufficient.

Fred. Montagu told me of the pedigree. I shall take care of all your commissions. Felicitate yourself on having got from me the two landscapes ; that source is stopped. Not that Mr. Müntz is eloped to finish the conquest of America, nor promoted by Mr. Secretary's zeal for my friends, nor because the ghost of Mrs. Leneve has appeared to me, and ordered me to drive Hannah and Ishmael into the wilderness. A cause much more familiar to *me* has separated us—nothing but a tolerable quantity of ingratitude on his side, both to me and Mr. Bentley. The story is rather too long for a letter : the substance was most extreme impertinence to me, concluded by an abusive letter against Mr. Bentley, who sent him from starving on seven pictures for a guinea to one hundred pounds a-year, my house, table, and utmost countenance. In short, I turned his head, and was forced to turn him out of doors. You shall see the *documents*, as it is the fashion to call proof papers. Poets and painters imagine *they* confer the honour when they are protected, and they set down impertinence to the article of their own virtue, when you dare to begin to think that an ode or a picture is not a patent for all manner of insolence.

My Lord Temple, as vain as if he was descended from the stroller Pindar, or had made up card-matches at the siege of Genoa, has resigned the Privy Seal, because he has not the Garter. You cannot imagine what an absolute prince I feel myself with knowing that nobody can force me to give the garter to Müntz.

My Lady Carlisle<sup>2</sup> is going to marry a Sir William Musgrave, who is but three-and-twenty : but, in consideration of the match, and of her having years to spare, she has made him a present of ten, and calls them three-and-thirty. I have seen the new Lady Stanhope.<sup>3</sup> I assure you her face will introduce no plebeian charms into the faces of the Stanhopes. Adieu !

<sup>1</sup> Lady Cutts (George Montagu always, as we have seen, very much in want of a portrait of her) was the grandmother of Walpole's correspondent. Compare Walpole's Works, vol. i. p. 521.—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>2</sup> Isabella, daughter of William, fourth Lord Byron. She was left a widow in 1758, and died in 1795. Selwyn's correspondent, Frederick, fifth Earl of Carlisle (1758—1825) was her son.—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>3</sup> Miss Delaval, married 6 Oct. 1759, to Sir William Stanhope, Bart.—CUNNINGHAM.



641. TO THE RIGHT HON. WILLIAM PITT.<sup>1</sup>

SIR :

*Arlington Street, Nov. 19, 1759.*

ON coming to town, I did myself the honour of waiting on you and Lady Hester Pitt; and though I think myself extremely distinguished by your obliging note, I should be sorry for having given you the trouble of writing it, if it did not lend me a very pardonable opportunity of saying what I much wished to express, but thought myself too private a person, and of too little consequence, to take the liberty to say. In short, Sir, I was eager to congratulate you on the lustre you have thrown on this country; I wished to thank you for the security you have fixed to me of enjoying the happiness I do enjoy. You have placed England in a situation in which it never saw itself—a task the more difficult, as you had not to improve, but recover.

In a trifling book [A Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors] written two or three years ago, I said (speaking of the name in the world the most venerable to me), “sixteen unfortunate and inglorious years since his removal have already written his eulogium.” It is but justice to you, Sir, to add, that that period ended when your administration began.

Sir, do not take this for flattery: there is nothing in your power to give that I would accept; nay, there is nothing I could envy, but what I believe you would scarce offer me—your glory. This may seem very vain and insolent; but consider, Sir, what a monarch is a man who wants nothing! consider how he looks down on one who is only the most illustrious man in England! But, Sir, freedoms apart, insignificant as I am, probably it must be some satisfaction to a great mind like yours to receive incense, when you are sure there is no flattery blended with it; and what must any Englishman be that could give you a moment’s satisfaction and would hesitate?

Adieu! Sir. I am unambitious, I am uninterested, but I am vain. You have, by your notice, uncanvassed, unexpected, and at

<sup>1</sup> This (it is right to apprise the reader) is one of many letters in this edition which Walpole wrote without any design of publication. His letters were not, it is true, in the first instance written for the printer, but the bulk of them (and those the best) fell into his own hands and were annotated, and in some instances corrected by him in point of style. The letters to Mr. Pitt appear as they were sent to Mr. Pitt. They are stiff in style (unlike his other letters) but still with the Walpole touch throughout.—CUNNINGHAM.

a period when you certainly could have the least temptation to stoop down to me, flattered me in the most agreeable manner. If there could arrive the moment when you could be nobody and I anybody, you cannot imagine how grateful I would be. In the mean time, permit me to be, as I have been ever since I had the honour of knowing you, Sir, your most obedient humble servant.

## 642. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

*Arlington Street, Nov. 30th of the Great Year.*

HERE is a victory more than I promised you! For these thirteen days we have been in the utmost impatience for news. The Brest fleet had got out; Duff, with three ships, was in the utmost danger—Ireland ached—Sir Edward Hawke had notice in ten hours, and sailed after Conflans—Saunders arrived the next moment from Quebec, heard it, and sailed after Hawke without landing his glory. No express arrived, storms blew; we knew not what to think. This morning at four we heard that, on the 20th, Sir Edward Hawke came in sight of the French, who were pursuing Duff. The fight began at half an hour past two—that is, the French began to fly, making a running fight. Conflans tried to save himself behind the rocks of Belleisle, but was forced to burn his ship of eighty guns and twelve hundred men. The Formidable, of eighty, and one thousand men, is taken; we burned the Hero of seventy-four, eight hundred and fifteen men. The Thesée and Superbe of seventy-four and seventy, and of eight hundred and fifteen and eight hundred men, were sunk in the action, and the crews lost. Eight of their ships are driven up the Vilaine, after having thrown over their guns; they have moored two frigates to defend the entrance, but Hawke hopes to destroy them. Our loss is a scratch, one lieutenant and thirty-nine men killed, and two hundred and two wounded. The Resolution of seventy-four guns, and the Essex of sixty-four, are lost, but the crews saved; they, it is supposed, perished by the tempest, which raged all the time, for

<sup>1</sup> "We rode in the whirlwind and directed the storm."

Sir Edward heard guns of distress in the night, but could not tell whether of friend or foe, nor could assist them.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Altered from a line in Addison's 'Campaign.'—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>2</sup> This was Hawke's famous victory, for which he received the thanks of Parliament, and a pension of two thousand pounds a-year. In 1765 he was created a peer.—DOVER.



Thus we wind up this wonderful year! Who that died three years ago and could revive, would believe it! Think, that from Petersburg to the Cape of Good Hope, from China to California,

De Paris à Perou,

there are not five thousand Frenchmen in the world that have behaved well! Monsieur Thurot is piddling somewhere on the coast of Scotland, but I think our sixteen years of fears of invasion are over—after sixteen victories. If we take Paris, I don't design to go thither before spring. My Lord Kinnoul is going to Lisbon to ask pardon for Boscawen's beating De la Clue in their *House*; it will be a proud supplication, with another victory in bank.<sup>1</sup> Adieu! I would not profane this letter with a word of anything else for the world.

643. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

*Arlington Street, Dec. 13, 1759.*

THAT ever you should pitch upon me for a mechanic or geometric commission! How my own ignorance has laughed at me since I read your letter! I say, *your* letter, for as to Dr. Perelli's, I know no more of a Latin term in mathematics than Mrs. Goldsworthy<sup>2</sup> had an idea of verbs. I will tell you an early anecdote in my own life, and you shall judge. When I first went to Cambridge, I was to learn mathematics of the famous blind professor Sanderson.<sup>3</sup> I had not frequented him a fortnight, before he said to me, "Young man, it is cheating you to take your money: believe me, you never can learn these things; you have no capacity for them." I can smile now, but I cried then with mortification. The next step, in order to comfort myself, was not to believe him: I could not conceive that I had not talents for anything in the world. I took, at my own expense, a private instructor,<sup>4</sup> who came to me once a-day for a year. Nay, I took infinite pains, but had so little capacity, and so little

<sup>1</sup> The object of Lord Kinnoul's mission to the court of Portugal was to remove the misunderstanding between the two crowns, in consequence of Admiral Boscawen's having destroyed some French ships under the Portuguese fort in the bay of Lagos.—WRIGHT.

<sup>2</sup> Wife of the English consul at Leghorn, where, when she was learning Italian by grammar, she said, "Oh! give me a language in which there are no verbs!" concluding, as she had not learnt her own language by grammar, that there were no verbs in English. [See vol. i. p. 79.]—WALPOLE.

<sup>3</sup> See vol. i. p. 3.—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>4</sup> Dr. Trevigar.—WALPOLE.

attention (as I have always had to anything that did not immediately strike my inclinations), that after mastering any proposition, when the man came the next day, it was as new to me as if I had never heard of it; in short, even to common figures, I am the dullest dunce alive. I have often said it of myself, and it is true, that nothing that has not a proper name of a man or a woman to it, affixes any idea upon my mind. I could remember who was King Ethelbald's great-aunt, and not be sure whether she lived in the year 500 or 1500. I don't know whether I ever told you, that when you sent me the seven gallons of drams, and they were carried to Mr. Fox by mistake for Florence wine, I pressed him to keep as much as he liked; for, said I, I have seen the bill of lading, and there is a vast quantity. He asked how much? I answered seventy gallons; so little idea I have of quantity. I will tell you one more story of myself, and you will comprehend what sort of a head I have! Mrs. Leneve said to me one day, "There is a vast waste of coals in your house; you should make the servants take off the fires at night." I recollected this as I was going to bed, and, out of *economy*, put my fire out with a bottle of Bristol water! However, as I certainly will neglect nothing to oblige you, I went to Sisson, and gave him the letter. He has undertaken both the engine and the drawing, and has promised the utmost care in both. The latter, he says, must be very large, and that it will take some time to have it performed very accurately. He has promised me both in six or seven weeks. But another time, don't imagine, because I can bespeak an enamelled bauble, that I am fit to be entrusted with the direction of the machine at Marli. It is not to save myself trouble, for I think nothing so for you, but I would have you have credit, and I should be afraid of dishonouring you.

There! there is the King of Prussia has turned all our war and peace topsy-turvy! If Mr. Pitt will conquer Germany too, he must go and do it himself. Fourteen thousand soldiers and nine generals taken, as it were, in a partridge-net! and, what is worse, I have not heard yet that the monarch owns his rashness.<sup>1</sup> As often as he does, indeed, he is apt to repair it. You know I have always dreaded Daun—one cannot make a blunder but he profits of it—and this just at the moment that we heard of nothing but new

<sup>1</sup> It was not Frederick's fault; he was not there; but that of General Finck, who had placed himself so injudiciously, that he was obliged to capitulate to the Austrians, with fourteen thousand men.—Dover.



bankruptcy in France. I want to know what a kingdom is to do when it is forced to run away?

14th—Oh! I interrupt my reflections—here is another bit of a victory! Prince Henry, who has already succeeded to his brother's crown, as king of the fashion, has beaten a parcel of Wirtemberghers, and taken four battalions. Daun is gone into Bohemia, and Dresden is still to be ours. The French are gone into winter quarters—thank God! What weather is here to be lying on the ground! Men should be statues, or will be so, if they go through it. Hawke is enjoying himself in Quiberon Bay, but I believe has done no more execution. Dr. Hay says, it will soon be as shameful to beat a Frenchman as to beat a woman. Indeed, one is forced to ask every morning what victory there is, for fear of missing one. We talk of a congress at Breda, and some think Lord Temple will go thither: if *he* does, I shall really believe it will be peace; and a good one, as it will then be of Mr. Pitt's making.

I was much pleased that the watch succeeded so triumphantly, and *beat the French* watches, though they were two to one. For the Fugitive Pieces: the Inscription for the Column<sup>1</sup> was written when I was with you at Florence, though I don't wonder that you have forgotten it after so many years. I would not have it talked of, for I find some grave personages are offended with the liberties I have taken with so imperial a head. What could provoke them to give a column Christian burial? Adieu!

644. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

*Strawberry Hill, Dec. 23, 1759.*

How do you do? are you thawed again? how have you borne the country in this bitter weather? I have not been here these three weeks till to-day, and was delighted to find it so pleasant, and to meet a comfortable south-east wind, the fairest of all winds, in spite of the scandal that lies on the east; though it is the west that is the parent of all ugliness. The frost was succeeded by such fogs that I could not find my way out of London.

Has your brother told you of the violences in Ireland? There wanted nothing but a Massaniello to overturn the government; and luckily for the government and for Rigby, he, who was made for

<sup>1</sup> The Inscription for the neglected Column in St. Mark's Place at Florence.—WRIGHT.

Massaniello, happened to be first minister there. Tumults, and insurrections, and oppositions,

Like arts and sciences, have travelled west.

Pray make the general collect authentic accounts of those civil wars against he returns—you know where they will find their place, and that you are one of the very few that will profit of them. I will grind and dispense to you all the corn you bring to my mill.

We good-humoured souls vote eight millions with as few questions as if the whole House of Commons was at the club at Arthur's; and we live upon distant news, as if London was York or Bristol. There is nothing domestic, but that Lord George Lenox, being refused Lord Ancram's consent, set out for Edinburgh with Lady Louisa Kerr, the day before yesterday; and Lord Buckingham is going to be married to our Miss Pitt of Twickenham,<sup>1</sup> daughter of that strange woman who had a mind to be my wife, and who sent Mr. Raftor to know why I did not marry her. I replied, "Because I was not sure that the two husbands, that she had at once, were both dead." *Apropos* to my wedding, Prince Edward<sup>2</sup> asked me at the Opera t'other night, when I was to marry Lady Mary Coke: I answered, as soon as I got a Regiment; which, you know, is now the fashionable way.

The kingdom of beauty is in as great disorder as the kingdom of Ireland. My Lady Pembroke looks like a ghost—poor Lady Coventry is going to be one; and the Duchess of Hamilton is so altered I did not know her. Indeed, she is big with child, and so big, that, as my Lady Northumberland says, it is plain she has a camel in her belly, and my Lord Edgumbe says, it is as true it did not go through the eye of a needle. That Countess has been laid up with a hurt in her leg; Lady Rebecca Paulett pushed her on the birth-night against a bench; the Duchess of Grafton asked if it was true that Lady Rebecca kicked her? "Kick me, Madam! when did you ever hear of a Percy that took a kick?" I can tell you another anecdote of that house, that will not divert you less. Lord March [Duke of Queensberry] making them a visit this summer at Alnwick Castle, my lord received him at the gate, and said, "I believe, my lord, this is the first time that ever a Douglas and a

<sup>1</sup> This marriage did not take place; the strange woman was——.—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>2</sup> Afterwards Duke of York; Lady Mary Coke fancied herself in love with the Duke, and now and then, in the belief that she was married to him, signed her name like a royal personage. Compare 'Walpole's George III.,' vol. iv. 361.—CUNNINGHAM.



Percy met here in friendship." Think of this from a Smithson to a true Douglas!

I don't trouble my head about any connection; any news into the country I know is welcome, though it comes out higlepigledy, just as it happens to be packed up. The cry in Ireland has been against Lord Hillsborough, supposing him to mediate an union of the two islands; George Selwyn, seeing him set t'other night between my Lady Harrington and Lord Barrington, said, "Who can say that my Lord Hillsborough is not an enemy to an union?"

I will tell you one more story, and then good night. Lord Lyttelton was at Covent Garden; Beard came on: the former said, "How comes Beard here? what made him leave Drury Lane?" Mr. Shelley, who sat next him, replied, "Why, don't you know he has been such a fool as to go and marry a Miss Rich? He has married Rich's daughter."<sup>1</sup> My lord coloured; Shelley found out what he had said, and ran away.

I forgot to tell you, that you need be in no disturbance about Müntz's pictures; they were a present I made you. Good night!

645. TO THE REV. HENRY ZOUCHE.

SIR:

*Strawberry Hill, Dec. 23, 1759.*

I OWN I am pleased, for your sake as well as my own, at hearing from you again. I felt sorry at thinking that you was displeased with the frankness and sincerity of my last. You have shown me that I made a wrong judgment of you, and I willingly correct it.

You are extremely obliging in giving yourself the least trouble to make collections for me. I have received so much assistance and information from you, that I am sure I cannot have a more useful friend. For the Catalogue, I forgot it, as in the course of things I suppose it is forgot. For the Lives of English Artists, I am going immediately to begin it, and shall then fling it into the treasury of the world, for the amusement of the world for a day, and then for the service of anybody who shall happen hereafter to peep into the dusty drawer where it shall repose.

For my Lord Clarendon's new work,<sup>2</sup> of which you ask me, I am

<sup>1</sup> Lord Lyttelton's second wife was daughter of Sir Robert Rich, with whom he lived unhappily.—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>2</sup> The Life of the great Lord Chancellor, written by himself, and first published this year.—CUNNINGHAM.

charmed with it. It entertains me more almost than any book I ever read. I was told there was little in it that had not already got abroad, or was not known by any other channels. If that is true, I own I am so scanty an historian as to have been ignorant of many of the facts; but sure, at least, the circumstances productive of, or concomitant on several of them, set them in very new lights. The deductions and stating of arguments are uncommonly fine. His language I find much censured—in truth, it is sometimes involved, particularly in the indistinct usage of *he* and *him*. But in my opinion his style is not so much inferior to the former History as it seems. But this I take to be the case; when the former part appeared, the world was not accustomed to a good style as it is now. I question if the 'History of the Rebellion' had been published but this summer, whether it would be thought so fine in point of style as it has generally been reckoned. For his veracity, alas! I am sorry to say, there is more than one passage in the new work which puts one a little upon one's guard in lending him implicit credit. When he says that Charles I. and his Queen were a pattern of conjugal affection, it makes one stare. Charles was so, I verily believe; but can any man in his historical senses believe, that my Lord Clarendon did not know that, though the Queen was a pattern of affection, it was by no means of the conjugal kind?<sup>1</sup> Then the subterfuges my Lord Clarendon uses to avoid avowing that Charles II. was a Papist, are certainly no grounds for corroborating his veracity. In short, I don't believe him when he does not speak truth; but he has spoken so much truth, that it is easy to see when he does not.

Lucan is in poor forwardness. I have been plagued with a succession of bad printers, and am not got beyond the fourth book. It will scarce appear before next winter. Adieu! Sir. I have received so much pleasure and benefit from your correspondence, that I should be sorry to lose it. I will not deserve to lose it, but endeavour to be, as you will give me leave to be, your, &c.

646. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

*Arlington Street, Jan. 7, 1760.*

You must not wonder I have not written to you a long time; a

<sup>1</sup> "The lustful Henrietta's Romish shade."—*Walpole (Epistle to Ashton)*. See also the story of Harry Jermyn and the Queen, preserved from Dr. Birch's conversation in *Walpole's Works*, i. 355.—CUNNINGHAM.



person of my consequence! I am now almost ready to say, *We*, instead of *I*. In short, I live amongst royalty—considering the plenty, that is no great wonder. All the world lives with them, and they with all the world. Princes and Princesses open shops in every corner of the town, and the whole town deals with them. As I have gone to one, I chose to frequent all, that I might not be particular, and seem to have views; and yet it went so much against me, that I came to town on purpose a month ago for the Duke's levee, and had engaged Brand to go with me—and then could not bring myself to it. At last, I went to him and Princess Emily yesterday. It was well I had not flattered myself with being still in my bloom; I am grown so old since they saw me, that neither of them knew me. When they were told, he just spoke to me (I forgive him; he is not out of my debt, even with that): she was exceedingly gracious, and commended Strawberry to the skies. To-night, I was asked to their party at Norfolk House. These parties are wonderfully select and dignified: one might sooner be a knight of Malta than qualified for them; I don't know how the Duchess of Devonshire, Mr. Fox, and I, were forgiven some of our ancestors. There were two tables at loo, two at whist, and a quadrille. I was commanded to the Duke's loo; he was sat down: not to make him wait, I threw my hat upon the marble table, and broke four pieces off a great crystal chandelier. I stick to my etiquette, and treat them with great respect; not as I do my friend, the Duke of York. But don't let us talk any more of Princes. My *Lucan* appears to-morrow; I must say it is a noble volume. Shall I send it you—or won't you come and fetch it?

There is nothing new of public, but the violent commotions in Ireland,<sup>1</sup> whither the Duke of Bedford still persists in going. *Æolus* to quell a storm!

I am in great concern for my old friend, poor Lady Harry

<sup>1</sup> Walpole, in his *Memoires*, vol. ii. p. 401, gives a particular account of these commotions. Gray, in a letter to Dr. Wharton, of the 23rd of January, says, "They placed an old woman on the throne, and called for pipes and tobacco; made my Lord Chief Justice administer an oath (which they dictated) to my Lord Chancellor; beat the Bishop of Killaloe black and blue; played at foot-ball with Chenevix, the old refugee Bishop of Waterford; rolled my Lord Farnham in the kennel; pulled Sir Thomas Prendergast by the nose (naturally large) till it was the size of a cauliflower; and would have hanged Rigby if he had not got out of a window. At last the guard was obliged to move (with orders not to fire), but the mob threw dirt at them. Then the horse broke in upon them, cutting and slashing, and took seventeen prisoners. The notion that had possessed the crowd was, that an union was to be voted between the two nations, and they should have no more parliaments there." — *Gray's Works*, by Mitford, vol. iii. p. 233.—WRIGHT.

Beauclerc; her lord dropped down dead two nights ago, as he was sitting with her and all their children. Admiral Boscawen is dead by this time.<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Osborn<sup>2</sup> and I are not much afflicted: Lady Jane Coke too is dead, exceedingly rich; I have not heard her will yet.

If you don't come to town soon, I give you warning, I will be a lord of the bedchamber, or a gentleman usher.<sup>3</sup> If you will, I will be nothing but what I have been so many years—my own and yours ever.

647. TO THE RIGHT HON. LADY HERVEY.

*Jan. 12, 1760.*

I AM very sorry your ladyship could doubt a moment on the cause of my concern yesterday. I saw you much displeased at what I had said; and I felt so innocent of the least intention of offending you, that I could not help being struck at my own ill-fortune, and with the sensation raised by finding you mix great goodness with great severity.

I am naturally very impatient under praise; I have reflected enough on myself to know I don't deserve it; and with this consciousness you ought to forgive me, Madam, if I dreaded that the person whose esteem I valued the most in the world, should think that I was fond of what I know is not my due. I meant to express this apprehension as respectfully as I could, but my words failed me—a misfortune not too common to me, who am apt to say too much, not too little! Perhaps it is that very quality which your ladyship calls wit, and I call tinsel, for which I dread being praised. I wish to recommend myself to you by more essential merits—and if I can only make you laugh, it will be very apt to make me as much concerned as I was yesterday. For people to whose approbation I am indifferent, I don't care whether they commend or condemn me for my wit; in the former case they will not make me admire myself for it, in the latter they can't make me think but what I have thought already. But for the few whose friendship I wish, I would fain have them see, that under all the idleness of my spirits there are some very serious qualities, such as warmth, grati-

<sup>1</sup> This distinguished admiral survived till January, 1761.—WRIGHT.

<sup>2</sup> Daughter of Lord Torrington, and sister of the unfortunate Admiral Byng. She was married to the son of Sir John Osborn, of Chicksand Priory.—WRIGHT.

<sup>3</sup> Compare vol. i. p. 51.—CUNNINGHAM.



tude, and sincerity, which ill returns may render useless or may make me lock up in my breast, but which will remain there while I have a being.

Having drawn you this picture of myself, Madam, a subject I have to say so much upon, will not your good-nature apply it as it deserves, to what passed yesterday? Won't you believe that my concern flowed from being disappointed at having offended one whom I ought by so many ties to try to please, and whom, if I ever meant anything, I had meant to please? I intended you should see how much I despise wit, if I have any, and that you should know my heart was void of vanity and full of gratitude. They are very few I desire should know so much; but my passions act too promptly and too naturally, as you saw, when I am with those I really love, to be capable of any disguise. Forgive me, Madam, this tedious detail; but of all people living I cannot bear that you should have a doubt about me.

648. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

*Arlington Street, Jan. 14, 1760.*

How do you contrive to exist on your mountain in this rude season? Sure you must be become a snowball! As I was not in England in forty-one, I had no notion of such cold. The streets are abandoned; nothing appears in them: the Thames is almost as solid. Then think what a campaign must be in such a season! Our army was under arms for fourteen hours on the twenty-third, expecting the French; and several of the men were frozen when they should have dismounted. What milksops the Marlboroughs and Turennes, the Blakes and the Van Tromps appear now, who whipped into winter quarters and into port, the moment their noses looked blue. Sir Cloudesley Shovel said that an admiral would deserve to be broke, who kept great ships out after the end of September, and to be shot if after October. There is Hawke<sup>1</sup> in the bay weathering *this* winter, after conquering in a storm. For my part, I scarce venture to make a campaign in the Opera-house; for if I once begin to freeze, I shall be frozen through in a moment. I am amazed, with such weather, such ravages, and distress, that there is anything left in Germany, but money; for thither, half the

<sup>1</sup> Sir Edward Hawke had defeated the French fleet, commanded by Admiral Conflans, in the beginning of this winter.—WALPOLE.

treasure of Europe goes: England, France, Russia, and all the Empress can squeeze from Italy and Hungary, all is sent thither, and yet the wretched people have not subsistence. A pound of bread sells at Dresden for eleven-pence. We are going to send many more troops thither; and it is so much the fashion to raise regiments, that I wish there were such a neutral kind of beings in England as abbés, that one might have an excuse for not growing military mad, when one has turned the heroic corner of one's age. I am ashamed of being a young rake, when my seniors are covering their grey toupees with helmets and feathers, and accoutering their pot-bellies with cuirasses and martial masquerade habits. Yet rake I am, and abominably so, for a person that begins to wrinkle reverently. I have sat up twice this week till between two and three with the Duchess of Grafton, at loo, who, by the way, has got a pam-child this morning,<sup>1</sup> and on Saturday night I supped with Prince Edward at my Lady Rochford's, and we stayed till half an hour past three. My favour with that Highness continues, or rather increases. He makes everybody make suppers for him to meet me, for I still hold out against going to court. In short, if he were twenty years older, or I could make myself twenty years younger, I might carry him to Campden-house, and be as impertinent as ever my Lady Churchill<sup>2</sup> was; but, as I dread being ridiculous, I shall give my Lord Bute no uneasiness. My Lady Maynard, who divides the favour of this tiny court with me, supped with us. Did you know she sings French ballads very prettily? Lord Rochford played on the guitar, and the Prince sung; there were my two nieces, and Lord Waldegrave, Lord Huntingdon, and Mr. Morrison the groom, and the evening was pleasant; but I had a much more agreeable supper last night at Mrs. Clive's, with Miss West, my niece Cholmondeley, and Murphy, the writing actor, who is very good company, and two or three more. Mrs. Cholmondeley is very lively; you know how entertaining the Clive is, and Miss West is an absolute original.

There is nothing new, but a very dull pamphlet, written by Lord Bath, and his chaplain Douglas, called a 'Letter to Two Great Men.' It is a plan for the peace, and much adopted by the City, and much admired by all who are too humble to judge for themselves.

<sup>1</sup> On the 13th of January the Duchess of Grafton was delivered of a son.—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>2</sup> Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough. See *An Account of the Conduct of the Dowager Duchess of Marlborough, &c.* Campden House is at Kensington.—CUNNINGHAM.



I was much diverted the other morning with another volume on birds, by Edwards, who has published four or five. The poor man, who is grown very old and devout, begs God to take from him the love of natural philosophy; and having observed some heterodox proceedings among bantam cocks, he proposes that all schools of girls and boys should be promiscuous, lest, if separated, they should learn wayward passions. But what struck me most were his dedications, the last was to God; this is to Lord Bute, as if he was determined to make his fortune in one world or the other.

Pray read Fontaine's fable of the lion grown old; don't it put you in mind of anything? No! not when his shaggy majesty has borne the insults of the tiger and the horse, &c., and the ass comes last, kicks out his only remaining fang, and asks for a blue bridle? *Apropos*, I will tell you the turn Charles Townshend gave to this fable. "My lord," said he, "has quite mistaken the thing; he soars too high at first: people often miscarry by not proceeding by degrees; he went and at once asked for my *Lord* Carlisle's garter—if he would have been contented to ask first for my *Lady* Carlisle's garter, I don't know but he would have obtained it." Adieu!

## 649. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

*Strawberry Hill, Jan. 20, 1760.*

I AM come hither in the bleakest of all winters, not to air and exercise, but to look after my gold-fish and orange-trees. We import all the delights of hot countries, but as we cannot propagate their climate too, such a season as this is mighty apt to murder rarities. And it is this very winter that has been used for the invention of a campaign in Germany! where all fuel is so destroyed that they have no fire but one out of the mouth of a cannon. If I were writing to an Italian as well as into Italy, one might string concetti for an hour, and describe how heroes are frozen on their horses till they become their own statues. But seriously, does not all this rigour of warfare throw back an air of effeminacy on the Duke of Marlborough and the brave of ancient days, who only went to fight as one goes out of town in spring, and who came back to London with the first frost? Our generals are not yet arrived, though the Duke de Broglio's last miscarriage seems to determine that there shall at last be such a thing as winter quarters; but Daun and the King of Prussia are still *choosing King and Queen* in the field.

There is a horrid scene of distress in the family of Cavendish; the Duke's sister,<sup>1</sup> Lady Besborough, died this morning of the same fever and sore throat of which she lost four children four years ago. It looks as if it was a plague fixed in the walls of their house: it broke out again among their servants, and carried off two, a year and a half after the children. About ten days ago Lord Besborough was seized with it, and escaped with difficulty; then the eldest daughter had it, though slightly: my lady, attending them, is dead of it in three days. It is the same sore throat which carried off Mr. Pelham's two only sons, two daughters, and a daughter of the Duke of Rutland, at once. The physicians, I think, don't know what to make of it.

I am sorry you and your friend Count Lorenzi<sup>2</sup> are such political foes, but I am much more concerned for the return of your headaches. I don't know what to say about Ward's<sup>3</sup> medicine, because the cures he does in that complaint are performed by him in person. He rubs his hand with some preparation and holds it upon your forehead, from which several have found instant relief. If you please, I will consult him whether he will send you any preparation for it; but you must first send me the exact symptoms and circumstances of your disorder and constitution, for I would not for the world venture to transmit to you a blind remedy for an unexamined complaint.

You cannot figure a duller season: the weather bitter, no party, little money, half the world playing the fool in the country with the militia, others raising regiments or with their regiments; in short, the end of a war and of a reign furnish few episodes. Operas are more in their decline than ever. Adieu!

<sup>1</sup> Caroline, eldest daughter of William, third Duke of Devonshire, and wife of William Ponsonby, Earl of Besborough.—WALPOLE.

<sup>2</sup> Minister of France at Florence, though a Florentine.—WALPOLE.

<sup>3</sup> [Joshua] Ward, the empiric, whose pill and drop were supposed, at this time, to have a surprising effect. He is immortalised by Pope—

See Ward by batter'd beaux invited over.

There is a curious statue of him in marble at the Society of Arts, in full dress and a flowing wig.—DOVER. His drops were first introduced in 1732 by Sir Thomas Robinson; upon which occasion Sir Thomas Robinson addressed to him his poem, commencing:—

Say, knight, for learning most renown'd,  
What is this wondrous drop?—WRIGHT.



## 650. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

*Arlington Street, Jan. 28, 1760.*

I SHALL almost frighten you from coming to London, for whether you have the constitution of a horse or a man, you will be equally in danger. All the horses in town are laid up with sore throats and colds, and are so hoarse, you cannot hear them speak. I, with all my immortality, have been half killed; that violent bitter weather was too much for me; I have had a nervous fever these six or seven weeks every night, and have taken bark enough to have made a rind for Daphne: nay, have even stayed at home two days; but I think my eternity begins to bud again. I am quite of Dr. Garth's mind, who, when anybody commended a hard frost to him, used to reply, "Yes, Sir, 'fore Gad, very fine weather, Sir, very wholesome weather, Sir; kills trees, Sir; very good for man, Sir." There has been cruel havoc among the ladies; my Lady Granby<sup>1</sup> is dead; and the famous Polly,<sup>2</sup> Duchess of Bolton, and my Lady Besborough. I have no great reason to lament the last, and yet the circumstances of her death, and the horror of it to her family, make one shudder. It was the same sore throat and fever that carried off four of their children a few years ago. My lord now fell ill of it, very ill, and the eldest daughter slightly: my lady caught it, attending her husband, and concealed it as long as she could. When at last the physician insisted on her keeping her bed, she said, as she went into her room, "Then, Lord have mercy on me! I shall never come out of it again," and died in three days. Lord Besborough grew outrageously impatient at not seeing her, and would have forced into her room, when she had been dead about four days. They were obliged to tell him the truth: never was an answer that expressed so much horror! he said "And how many children have I left?" not knowing how far this calamity might have reached. Poor Lady Coventry is near completing this black list.

You have heard, I suppose, a horrid story of another kind, of Lord Ferrers murdering his steward in the most barbarous and

<sup>1</sup> Daughter of the Duke of Somerset by his second wife, Lady Charlotte Finch. — CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>2</sup> Lavinia Fenton, the original *Polly Peachum* in the 'Beggars' Opera.' — CUNNINGHAM. Charles, Duke of Bolton, took her off the stage, had children by her, and afterwards married her. — WALPOLE.

his servants but one, and, when he carried the poor man home, he followed them after him, and was determined to kill him. He shot, but in vain; was shot, and his action was from the consequence of his behaviour; he got drunk, and did not attempt to escape, till he was determined to take him alive to Leicester, and will soon be at Westminster Hall, and I suppose to be put to death; prophesied in the House of Commons to be shut up, till he had thought too mad to be executed;" and I am sure, that no man is more careful in his vocation, than other

men. In my entertainments, I will tell you how I was made to go to the Magdalen-chapel, in Hertford-house at five, and set out in a coach, with Colonel Brudenel his groom, Lady Mary Coke, Lady Carlisle, Miss Pelham, and Lord Huntingdon, old Bowman, and I assure you, beyond Goodman's-fields, and I assure you, he was alive. We were received by ———— princes are not so common at that end of Hertford, at the head of the governors of the school, at the door, and led the Prince to the altar, where the altar, was an arm-chair for the Prince, a *pro-Dieu*, and a footstool of black velvet. We sat on forms near him. There were Lord and Lady Carlisle, and many city ladies. The walls were hung with Gothic paper, and the floor was covered with a blue carpet. At the west end were enclosed the sisters of the school, all in greyish brown stuffs, and straw hats, with a blue riband, pulled down over their eyes. As soon as we entered the chapel, the organ

[178] The same of whom Richard-  
son says, in his *Grandison*, had he not  
been a Quaker, he would have been a  
Quaker. See also Sir Charles Gunter Nicholl, K.B.



played, and the Magdalens sung a hymn in parts; you cannot imagine how well. The chapel was dressed with orange and myrtle, and there wanted nothing but a little incense to drive away the devil—or to invite him. Prayers then began, psalms and a sermon: the latter by a young clergyman, one Dodd,<sup>1</sup> who contributed to the Popish idea one had imbibed, by haranguing entirely in the French style, and very eloquently and touchingly. He apostrophised the lost sheep, who sobbed and cried from their souls; so did my Lady Hertford and Fanny Pelham, till I believe the city dames took them both for Jane Shores. The confessor then turned to the audience, and addressed himself to his Royal Highness, whom he called, most illustrious Prince, beseeching his protection. In short, it was a very pleasing performance, and I got *the most illustrious* to desire it might be printed. We had another hymn, and then were conducted to the *parloir*, where the governors kissed the Prince's hand, and then the lady abbess, or matron, brought us tea. From thence we went to the refectory, where all the nuns, without their hats, were ranged at long tables, ready for supper. A few were handsome, many who seemed to have no title to their profession, and two or three of twelve years old; but all recovered, and looking healthy. I was struck and pleased with the modesty of two of them, who swooned away with the confusion of being stared at. We were then shown their work, which is making linen, and bead-work; they earn ten pounds a week. One circumstance diverted me, but amidst all this decorum, I kept it to myself. The wands of the governors are white, but twisted at top with black and white, which put me in mind of Jacob's rods, that he placed before the cattle to make them breed. My Lord Hertford would never have forgiven me, if I had joked on this; so I kept my countenance very demurely, nor even inquired, whether among the pensioners there were any *novices* from Mrs. Naylor's.

The Court-Martial on Lord George Sackville is appointed: General *Onslow* is to be *Speaker* of it. Adieu! till I see you; I am glad it will be so soon.

<sup>1</sup> The Reverend Dr. William Dodd, executed at Tyburn, in June, 1770, for forgery.—CUNNINGHAM.

## 651. TO SIR DAVID DALRYMPLE.

*Strawberry Hill, Feb. 3, 1760.*

I AM much obliged to you, Sir, for the Irish poetry :<sup>1</sup> they are poetry, and resemble that of the East ; that is, they contain natural images and natural sentiment elevated, before rules were invented to make poetry difficult and dull. The transitions are as sudden as those in Pindar, but not so libertine ; for they start into new thoughts on the subject, without wandering from it. I like particularly the expression of calling Echo, "Son of the Rock." The Monody is much the best.

I cannot say I am surprised to hear that the controversy on the Queen of Scots is likely to continue. Did not somebody write a defence of Nero, and yet none of his descendants remained to *pretend* to the empire ? If Dr. Robertson could have said more, I am sorry it will be forced from him. He had better have said it voluntarily. You will forgive me for thinking his subject did not demand it. Among the very few objections to his charming work, one was, that he seemed to excuse that Queen more than was allowable, from the very papers he has printed in his Appendix ; and some have thought, that though he could not disculpate her, he has diverted indignation from her, by his art in raising up pity for her and resentment against her persecutress, and by much overloading the demerits of Lord Darnley. For my part, Dr. Mackenzie, or anybody else, may write what they please against me : I meant to speak my mind, not to write controversy—trash seldom read but by the two opponents who write it. Yet, were I inclined to reply, like Dr. Robertson, I could say a little more. You have mentioned, Sir, Mr. Dyer's 'Fleece.' I own I think it a very insipid poem. His 'Ruins of Rome' had great picturesque spirit, and his 'Grongar Hill' was beautiful. His 'Fleece' I could never get through ; and from thence I suppose never heard of Dr. Mackenzie.<sup>2</sup>

Your idea of a collection of ballads for the cause of liberty is very public spirited. I wish, Sir, I could say I thought it would answer your view. Liberty, like other good and bad principles, can never

<sup>1</sup> 'Fragments of Ancient Poetry, collected in the Highlands of Scotland, and translated from the Galic or Erse Language,' Edinburgh, 1760, 8vo, pp. 70. The first fragment of 'Ossian,' published by Macpherson.—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>2</sup> "Dr. Mackenzie, late of Worcester, now of Drumsugh, near Edinburgh."—*Note to Dyer's 'Fleece,'* book i.—CUNNINGHAM.



be taught the people but when it is taught them by faction. The mob will never sing Lillibullero but in opposition to some other mob. However, if you pursue the thought, there is an entire treasure of that kind in the library of Magdalen College, Cambridge. It was collected by Pepys, Secretary of the Admiralty, and dates from the battle of Agincourt. Give me leave to say, Sir, that it is very comfortable to me to find gentlemen of your virtue and parts attentive to what is so little the object of public attention now. The extinction of faction, that happiness to which we owe so much of our glory and success, may not be without some inconveniences. A free nation, perhaps, especially when arms are become so essential to our existence as a free people, may want a little opposition: as it is a check that has preserved us so long, one cannot wholly think it dangerous; and though I would not be one to tap new resistance to a government with which I have no fault to find, yet it may not be unlucky hereafter, if those who do not wish so well to it, would a little show themselves. They are not strong enough to hurt; they may be of service by keeping Ministers in awe. But all this is speculation, and flowed from the ideas excited in me by your letter, that is full of benevolence both to public and private. Adieu! Sir; believe that nobody has more esteem for you than is raised by each letter.

## 652. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

*Strawberry Hill, Feb. 3, 1760.*

HERCULANEUM is arrived; Caserta<sup>1</sup> is arrived: what magnificence you send me! My dear Sir, I can but thank you, and thank you—oh! yes, I can do more; greedy creature, I can put you in mind, that you must take care to send me the subsequent volumes of *Herculaneum* as they appear, if ever they do appear, which I suppose is doubtful now that King Carlos<sup>2</sup> is gone to Spain. One thing pray observe, that *I* don't *beg* these scarce books of you, as a bribe to spur me on to obtain for you your extra-extraordinaries. Mr. Chute and I admire Caserta; and he at least is no villanous judge of architecture; some of our English travellers abuse it; but there are far from striking faults; the general idea seems borrowed from Inigo

<sup>1</sup> Prints of the palace of Caserta.—WALPOLE.

<sup>2</sup> Don Carlos, King of Naples, who succeeded his half-brother Ferdinand in the crown of Spain.—WRIGHT.

Jones's Whitehall, though without the glaring uglinesses, which I believe have been lent to Inigo; those plans, I think, were supplied by Lord Burlington, Kent, and others, to very imperfect sketches of the author. Is Caserta finished and furnished? Were not the treasures of Herculaneum to be deposited there?

I am in the vein of drawing upon your benevolence, and shall proceed. Young Mr. Pitt,<sup>1</sup> nephew of *the* Pitt, is setting out for Lisbon with Lord Kinnoul, and will proceed through Granada to Italy, with his friend Lord Strathmore;<sup>2</sup> not the son, I believe, of that poor mad Lady Strathmore<sup>3</sup> whom you remember at Florence. The latter is much commended; I don't know him: Mr. Pitt is not only a most ingenious young man, but a most amiable one: he has already acted in the most noble style—I don't mean that he took a quarter of Quebec, or invaded a bit of France, or has spoken in the House of Commons better than Demosthenes's nephew; but he has an odious father, and has insisted on glorious cuttings off of entails on himself, that his father's debts might be paid and his sisters provided for. My own lawyer,<sup>4</sup> who knew nothing of my being acquainted with him, spoke to me of him in raptures—no small merit in a lawyer to comprehend virtue in cutting off an entail when it was not to cheat; but indeed this lawyer was recommended to me by your dear brother—no wonder he is honest. You will now conceive that a letter I have given Mr. Pitt is not a mere matter of form, but an earnest suit to you to know one you will like so much. I should indeed have given it him, were it only to furnish you with an opportunity of ingratiating yourself with Mr. Pitt's nephew: but I address *him* to *your* heart. Well! but I have heard of *another* honest lawyer! The famous Polly, Duchess of Bolton, is dead, having, after a life of merit, relapsed into her Pollyhood. Two years ago, ill at Tunbridge, she picked up an Irish surgeon. When she was dying, this fellow sent for a lawyer to make her will, but the man, finding who was to be her heir, instead of her children, refused

<sup>1</sup> Thomas, only son of Thomas Pitt of Boconnock [afterwards Lord Camelford], eldest brother of the famous William Pitt.—WALPOLE. A copy of Mr. Thomas Pitt's manuscript Diary of his tour to Spain and Portugal is in the possession of Mr. Bentley, the proprietor of this Correspondence.—WRIGHT.

<sup>2</sup> John Lyon, ninth Earl of Strathmore. He married, in 1767, Miss Bowes, the great heiress, whose disgraceful adventures are so well known.—DOVER.

<sup>3</sup> Lady Strathmore, rushing between her husband and a gentleman, with whom he had quarrelled and was fighting, and trying to hold the former, the other stabbed him in her arms, on which she went mad, though not enough to be confined.—WALPOLE.

<sup>4</sup> His name was Dagge.—WALPOLE.



to draw it. The Court of Chancery did furnish one other, not quite so scrupulous, and her three sons have but a thousand pounds a-piece; the surgeon about nine thousand.

I think there is some glimmering of peace! God send the world some repose from its woes! The King of Prussia has writ to Belleisle to desire the King of France will make peace for him: no injudicious step, as the distress of France will make them glad to oblige him. We have no other news, but that Lord George Sackville has at last obtained a Court-Martial. I doubt much whether he will find his account in it. One thing I know I dislike—a German aid-de-camp is to be an evidence! Lord George has paid the highest compliment to Mr. Conway's virtue. Being told, as an unlucky circumstance for him, that Mr. Conway was to be one of his judges, (but it is not so,) he replied, there was no man in England he should so soon desire of that number. And it is no mere compliment, for Lord George has excepted against another of them—but he knew whatever provocation he may have given to Mr. Conway, whatever rivalry there has been between them, nothing could bias the integrity of the latter. There is going to be another Court-Martial on a mad Lord Charles Hay,<sup>1</sup> who has foolishly demanded it; but it will not occupy the attention of the world like Lord George's. There will soon be another trial of another sort on another madman, an Earl Ferrers, who has murdered his steward. He was separated by Parliament from his wife,<sup>2</sup> a very pretty woman, whom he married with no fortune, for the most groundless barbarity, and now killed his steward for having been evidence for her; but his story and person are too wretched and despicable to give you the detail. He will be dignified by a solemn trial in Westminster-hall.

Don't you like the impertinence of the Dutch? They have lately had a mudquake, and giving themselves terra-firma airs, call it an earthquake! Don't you like much more our noble national charity? Above two thousand pounds has been raised in London alone, besides what is collected in the country, for the French prisoners, abandoned by their monarch. Must not it make the Romans blush in their Appian way, who dragged their prisoners in triumph? What adds

<sup>1</sup> Lord Charles Hay, brother of the Marquis of Tweeddale.—WALPOLE.

<sup>2</sup> Mary, daughter of Amos Meredith, Esq., and sister of Sir William Meredith, Bart. He had no children by her. She married, second, Lord Frederick Campbell, brother to John, fifth Duke of Argyll, and was burnt to death at Coomb Bank, county of Kent, in 1807, in her 70th year.—CUNNINGHAM.

to this benevolence is, that we cannot contribute to the subsistence of our own prisoners in France; they conceal where they keep them, and use them cruelly to make them enlist. We abound in great charities: the distress of war seems to heighten rather than diminish them. There is a new one, not quite so certain of its answering, erected for those wretched women, called abroad *les filles repenties*. I was there the other night, and fancied myself in a convent.

The Marquis of Rockingham and Earl Temple are to have the two vacant Garters to-morrow. Adieu!

*Arlington Street, 6th.*

I am this minute come to town, and find yours of Jan. 12. Pray, my dear child, don't compliment me any more upon my learning; there is nobody so superficial. Except a little history, a little poetry, a little painting, and some divinity, I know nothing. How should I? I, who have always lived in the big busy world; who lie a-bed all the morning, calling it morning as long as you please; who sup in company; who have played at pharaoh half my life, and now at loo till two or three in the morning; who have always loved pleasure; haunted auctions—in short, who don't know so much astronomy as would carry me to Knightsbridge, nor more physic than a physician, nor in short anything that is called science. If it were not that I lay up a little provision in summer, like the ant, I should be as ignorant as all the people I live with. How I have laughed, when some of the Magazines have called me *the learned gentleman*! Pray don't be like the Magazines.

I see by your letter that you despair of peace; I almost do: there is but a gruff sort of answer from the woman of Russia to-day in the papers; but how should there be peace? If *we* are victorious, what is the King of Prussia? Will the distress of France move the Queen of Hungary? When we do make peace, how few will it content! The war was made for America, but the peace will be made for Germany; and whatever geographers may pretend, *Crown-point* lies somewhere in Westphalia. Again Adieu! I don't like your rheumatism, and much less your plague.



## 653. TO THE REV. HENRY ZOUCH.

SIR :

*Strawberry Hill, February 4, 1760.*

I DEFERRED answering your last, as I was in hopes of being able to send you a sheet or two of my new work, but I find so many difficulties and so much darkness attending the beginning, that I can scarce say I have begun. I can only say, in general, that I do not propose to go further back than I have sure footing ; that is, I shall commence with what Vertue had collected from our Records, which, with regard to painting, do not date before Henry III. ; and then from him there is a gap to Henry VII. I shall supply that with a little chronology of intervening paintings, though, hitherto, I can find none of the two first Edwards. From Henry VIII. there will be a regular succession of painters, short lives of whom I am enabled by Vertue's MSS. to write, and I shall connect them historically. I by no means mean to touch on foreign artists, unless they came over hither ; but they are essential, for we had scarce any others tolerable. I propose to *begin* with the Anecdotes of painting only, because, in that branch, my materials are by far most considerable. If I shall be able to publish this part, perhaps it may induce persons of curiosity and knowledge to assist me in the darker parts of the story, touching our architects, statuary, and engravers. But it is from the same kind friendship which has assisted me so liberally already, that I expect to draw most information ; need I specify, Sir, that I mean yours, when the various hints in your last letter speak so plainly for me ?

It is a pleasure to have anybody one esteems agree with one's own sentiments, as you do strongly with mine about Mr. Hurd.<sup>1</sup> It is impossible not to own that he has sense and great knowledge—but sure he is a most disagreeable writer ! He loads his thoughts with so many words, and those couched in so hard a style, and so void of all veracity, that I have no patience to read him. In one point, in the Dialogues you mention, he is perfectly ridiculous. He takes infinite pains to make the world believe, upon *his* word, that they are the genuine productions of the speakers, and yet does not give

<sup>1</sup> "For Bishop Hurd, you know I never admired him, even before he was mitred." *Walpole to Mason*, 3rd March, 1781. "I look upon Bishop Hurd as one of those superficial authors whose works are wonderfully adapted to the public taste." *Walpoliana*, i. 141.—CUNNINGHAM.

himself the least trouble to counterfeit the style of any one of them. What was so easy as to imitate Burnet? In his other work, the notes on Horace, he is still more absurd. He cries up Warburton's preposterous notes on Shakspeare, which would have died of their own folly, though Mr. Edwards<sup>1</sup> had not put them to death with the keenest wit in the world. But what signifies any sense, when it takes Warburton for a pattern, who, with much greater parts, has not been able to save himself from, or rather has affectedly involved himself in, numberless absurdities?—who proved Moses's legation by the sixth book of Virgil;—a miracle (Julian's Earthquake), by proving it was none;—and who explained a recent poet (Pope) by metaphysical notes, ten times more obscure than the text! As if writing were come to perfection, Warburton and Hurd are going back again; and since commentators, obscurity, paradoxes, and visions have been so long exploded, aye, and pedantry too, they seem to think that they shall have merit by reviving what was happily forgotten; and yet these men have their followers, by that balance which compensates to one for what he misses from another. When an author writes clearly, he is imitated; and when obscurely, he is admired. Adieu!

## 654. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

*Arlington Street, Feb. 28, 1760.*

THE next time you see Marshal Botta, and are to act King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, you must abate about an hundredth thousandth part of the dignity of your crown. You are no more monarch of *all* Ireland, than King O'Neil, or King Macdermoch is. Louis XV. is sovereign of France, Navarre, and Carrickfergus. You will be mistaken if you think the peace is made, and that we cede this Hibernian town, in order to recover Minorca, or to keep Quebec and Louisbourg. To be sure, it is natural you should think so: how should so victorious and heroic a nation cease to enjoy any of its possessions, but to save Christian blood? Oh! I know you will suppose there has been another insurrection, and that it is King John<sup>2</sup> of Bedford, and not King George of Brunswick, that has lost this town. Why, I own you are

<sup>1</sup> Thomas Edwards, author of the 'Canons of Criticism,' and a true poet. He died 1757.—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>2</sup> John, Duke of Bedford, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.—WALPOLE.



a great politician, and see things in a moment—and no wonder, considering how long you have been employed in negotiations; but for once all your sagacity is mistaken. Indeed, considering the total destruction of the maritime force of France, and that the great mechanics and mathematicians of this age have not invented a flying bridge to fling over the sea and land from the coast of France to the north of Ireland, it was not easy to conceive how the French should conquer Carrickfergus—and yet they have. But how I run on! not reflecting that by this time the old Pretender must have hobbled through Florence on his way to Ireland, to take possession of this scrap of his recovered domains; but I may as well tell you at once, for to be sure you and the loyal body of English in Tuscany will slip over all this exordium to come to the account of so extraordinary a revolution. Well, here it is. Last week Monsieur Thurot—oh! now you are *au fait*!—Monsieur Thurot, as I was saying, landed last week in the isle of Islay, the capital province belonging to a great Scotch King,<sup>1</sup> who is so good as generally to pass the winter with his friends here in London. Monsieur Thurot had three ships, the crews of which burnt two ships belonging to King George, and a house belonging to his friend the King of Argyll—pray don't mistake; by *his friend*,<sup>2</sup> I mean King George's, not Thurot's friend. When they had finished this campaign, they sailed to Carrickfergus, a poorish town, situated in the heart of the Protestant cantons. They immediately made a moderate demand of about twenty articles of provisions, promising to pay for them; for you know it is the way of modern invasions<sup>3</sup> to make them cost as much as possible to oneself, and as little to those one invades. If this was not complied with, they threatened to burn the town, and then march to Belfast, which is much richer. We were sensible of this civil proceeding, and not to be behindhand, agreed to it; but some how or other this capitulation was broken; on which a detachment (the whole invasion consists of one thousand men) attack the place. We shut the gates, but after the battle of Quebec it is impossible that so great a people should attend to such trifles as locks and bolts, accordingly there were none—and as if there were no gates neither, the two armies fired through them—if this is a blunder, remember I am describing an *Irish* war. I forgot to give you the numbers of

<sup>1</sup> Archibald, Earl of Islay and Duke of Argyle.—WALPOLE.

<sup>2</sup> The Duke of Argyll had been suspected of temporising in the last Rebellion.—WALPOLE.

<sup>3</sup> Alluding to our expensive invasions on the coast of France.—WALPOLE.

the Irish army. It consisted of four companies—indeed they consisted but of seventy-two men, under Lieut.-colonel Jennings, a wonderful brave man—too brave, in short, to be very judicious. Unluckily our ammunition was soon spent, for it is not above a year that there have been any apprehensions for Ireland, and as all that part of the country are most protestantly loyal, it was not thought necessary to arm people who would fight till they die for their religion. When the artillery was silenced, the garrison thought the best way of saving the town was by flinging it at the heads of the besiegers; accordingly they poured volleys of brickbats at the French, whose commander, Monsieur Flobert, was mortally knocked down, and his troops began to give way. However, General Jennings thought it most prudent to retreat to the castle, and the French again advanced. Four or five raw recruits still bravely kept the gates, when the garrison, finding no more gunpowder in the castle than they had had in the town, and not near so good a brick-kiln, sent to desire to surrender. General Thurot accordingly made them prisoners of war, and plundered the town.

END OF THE SIEGE OF CARRICKFERGUS.

You will perhaps ask what preparations have been made to recover this loss. The viceroy immediately despatched General Fitzwilliam with four regiments of foot and three of horse against the invaders, appointing to overtake them in person at Newry; but as I believe he left Bladen's *Cæsar*, and Bland's *Military Discipline* behind him in England, which he used to study in the camp at Blandford, I fear he will not have his campaign equipage ready soon enough. My Lord Anson too has sent nine ships, though indeed he does not think they will arrive time enough. Your part, my dear Sir, will be very easy: you will only have to say that it is nothing, while it lasts; and the moment it is over, you must say it was an embarkation of ten thousand men. I will punctually let you know how to vary your dialect. Mr. Pitt is in bed very ill with the gout.

Lord George Sackville was put under arrest to-day. His trial comes on to-morrow, but I believe will be postponed, as the Court-Martial will consult the judges, whether a man who is not in the army, may be tried as an officer. The judges will answer yes, for how can a point that is not common sense, not be common law?

Lord Ferrers is in the Tower; so you see the good-natured people



of England will not want their favourite amusement, executions—not to mention, that it will be very hard if the Irish war don't furnish some little diversion.

My Lord Northampton frequently asks me about you. Oh! I had forgot, there is a dreadful Mr. Dering come over, who to show that he has not been spoiled by his travels, got drunk the first day he appeared, and put me horridly out of countenance about my correspondence with you—for mercy's sake take care how you communicate my letters to such cubs. I will send you no more invasions, if you read them to bears and bear-leaders. Seriously, my dear child, I don't mean to reprove you; I know your partiality to me, and your unbounded benignity to everything English; but I sweat sometimes, when I find that I have been corresponding for two or three months with young Derings. For clerks and postmasters, I can't help it, and besides, they never tell one they have seen one's letters; but I beg you will at most tell them my news, but without my name, or my words. Adieu! If I bridle you, believe that I know that it is only your heart that runs away with you.

## 655. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

*Arlington Street, March 4, 1760.*

NEVER was any romance of such short duration as Monsieur Thurot's! Instead of waiting for the viceroy's army, and staying to see whether it had any ammunition, or was only armed with brickbats à la *Carrickfergienne*, he re-imbarked on the 28th, taking along with him the mayor and three others—I suppose, as proofs of his conquest. The Duke of Bedford had sent notice of the invasion to Kinsale, where lay three or four of our best frigates. They instantly sailed, and came up with the flying invaders in the Irish Channel. You will see the short detail of the action in the *Gazette*; but, as the letter was written by Captain Elliot himself, you will not see there, that he with half the number of Thurot's crew, boarded the latter's vessel. Thurot was killed, and his pigmy navy all taken and carried into the Isle of Man. It is an entertaining episode; but think what would have happened, if the whole of the plan had taken place at the destined time. The negligence of the Duke of Bedford's administration has appeared so gross, that one may believe his very kingdom would have been lost, if Confians had not been beat. You will see by the deposition of Ensign Hall,

published in all our papers, that the account of the siege of Carrickfergus, which I sent you in my last, was not half so ridiculous as the reality—because, as that deponent saith, *I was furnished with no papers but my memory*. The General Flobert, I am told, you may remember at Florence; he was then very mad, and was to have fought Mallet,—but was banished from Tuscany. Some years since he was in England; and met Mallet at Lord Chesterfield's, but without acknowledging one another. The next day Flobert asked the Earl if Mallet had mentioned him?—No—"Il a done," said Flobert, "*beaucoup de retenue, car surement ce qu'il pourroit dire de moi, ne seroit pas à mon avantage*"—it was pretty, and they say he is now grown an agreeable and rational man.

The judges have given their opinion that the Court-Martial on Lord George Sackville is legal; so I suppose it will proceed on Thursday.

I receive yours of the 16th of last month: I wish you had given me any account of your head-aches that I could show to Ward. He will no more comprehend *nervous*, than the physicians do who use the word. Send me an exact description; if he can do you no good, at least it will be a satisfaction to me to have consulted him. I wish, my dear child, that what you say at the end of your letter, of appointments and honours, was not as chronical as your head-aches—that is a thing you may long complain of—indeed there I can consult nobody. I have no dealings with either our state-doctors or state-quacks. I only know that the political ones are so like the medicinal ones, that after the doctors had talked nonsense for years, while we daily grew worse, the quacks ventured boldly, and have done us wonderful good. I should not dislike to have you state your case to the latter, though I cannot advise it, for the regular physicians are daintily jealous; nor could I carry it, for when they know I would take none of their medicines myself, they would not much attend to me consulting them for others, nor would it be decent, nor should I care to be seen in their shop. Adieu!

P. S. There are some big news from the East Indies. I don't know what, except that the hero Clive has taken Mazulipatam and the Great Mogul's grandmother. I suppose she will be brought over and put in the Tower with the Shahgoest, the strange Indian beast that Mr. Pitt gave to the King this winter.



## 656. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

*Arlington Street, March 26, 1760.*

I HAVE a good mind to have Mr. Sisson tried by a Court-Martial, in order to clear my own character for punctuality. It is time immemorial since he promised me the machine and the drawing in six weeks. After above half of time immemorial was elapsed, he came and begged for ten guineas. Your brother and I called one another to a council of war, and at last gave it him *nemine contradicente*. The moment your hurrying letter arrived, I issued out a warrant and took Sisson up, who, after all his promises, was guilty by his own confession, of not having begun the drawing. However, after scolding him black and blue, I have got it from him, have consigned it to your brother James, and you will receive it, I trust, along with this. I hope too time enough for the purposes it is to serve, and correct; if it is not, I shall be very sorry. You shall have the machine as soon as possible, but that must go by sea.

I shall execute your commission about Stoschino<sup>1</sup> much better; he need not fear my receiving him well, if he has *virtù* to sell,—I am only afraid, in that case, of receiving him too well. You know what a dupe I am when I like anything.

I shall handle your brother James as roughly as I did Sisson—six months without writing to you! Sure he must turn black in the face, if he has a drop of brotherly ink in his veins. As to your other brother,<sup>2</sup> he is so strange a man, that is, so common a one, that I am not surprised at anything he does or does not do.

Bless your stars that you are not here, to be worn out with the details of Lord George's Court-Martial! One hears of nothing else. It has already lasted much longer than could be conceived, and now the end of it is still at a tolerable distance. The colour of it is more favourable for him than it looked at first. Prince Ferdinand's narrative has proved to set out with a heap of lies. There is an old gentleman<sup>3</sup> of the same family who has spared no indecency to give weight to them—but, you know, general officers are men of strict honour, and nothing can bias them. Lord Charles Hay's Court-Martial is dissolved, by the death of one of the members—and as no

<sup>1</sup> Nephew of Baron Stosch, a well-known virtuoso and antiquary, who died at Florence.—WALPOLE.

<sup>2</sup> Edward Louisa Mann, the eldest brother.—WALPOLE.

<sup>3</sup> George the Second.—WALPOLE.

German interest is concerned to ruin *him*, it probably will not be re-assumed. Lord Ferrers's trial is fixed for the 16th of next month. Adieu !

P. S. Don't mention it from *me*, but if you have a mind you may make your court to my Lady Orford, by announcing the ancient barony of Clinton, which is fallen to her, by the death of the last incumbentess.<sup>1</sup>

657. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

*Arlington Street, March 27, 1760.*

I SHOULD have thought that you might have learnt by this time, that when a tradesman promises anything on Monday, or Saturday, or any particular day of the week, he means any Monday or any Saturday of any week, as nurses quiet children and their own consciences by the refined salvo of *to-morrow is a new day*. When Mr. Smith's Saturday and the frame do arrive, I will pay the one and send you the other.

Lord George's trial is not near being finished. By its dragging beyond the term of the old Mutiny-bill, they were forced to make out a new warrant: this lost two days, as all the depositions were forced to be read over again to, and re-sworn by, the witnesses; then there will be a contest, whether Sloper<sup>2</sup> shall re-establish his own credit by pawning it farther. Lord Ferrers comes on the stage on the sixteenth of next month.

I breakfasted the day before yesterday at Ælia Lælia Chudleigh's. There was a concert for Prince Edward's birthday, and at three, a vast cold collation, and all the town. The house is not fine, nor in good taste, but loaded with finery. Execrable varnished pictures, chests, cabinets, commodes, tables, stands, boxes, riding on one another's backs, and loaded with terrenes, filligree, figures, and everything upon earth. Every favour she has bestowed is registered by a bit of Dresden china. There is a glass-case full of enamels, eggs, ambers, lapis lazuli, cameos, toothpick-cases, and all kinds of trinkets, things that she told me were her playthings; another cupboard, full of the finest japan, and candlesticks and vases of rock crystal, ready to be thrown down, in every corner. But of all

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Fortescue, sister of Hugh, last Lord Clinton.—WALPOLE.

<sup>2</sup> Lieutenant-colonel Sloper, of Bland's dragoons.—WALPOLE.



curiosities, are the conveniences in every bedchamber: great mahogany projections, with brass handles, cocks, &c. I could not help saying, it was the loosest family I ever saw. Adieu!

## 658. TO SIR DAVID DALRYMPLE.

SIR:

*Strawberry Hill, April 4, 1760.*

As I have very little at present to trouble you with myself, I should have deferred writing till a better opportunity, if it were not to satisfy the curiosity of a friend; a friend whom you, Sir, will be glad to have made curious, as you originally pointed him out as a likely person to be charmed with the old Irish poetry you sent me. It is Mr. Gray, who is an enthusiast about those poems, and begs me to put the following queries to you; which I will do in his own words, and I may say truly, *Poeta loquitur*.

"I am so charmed with the two specimens of Erse poetry, that I cannot help giving you the trouble to inquire a little farther about them, and should wish to see a few lines of the original, that I may form some slight idea of the language, the measures, and the rhythm.

"Is there anything known of the author or authors, and of what antiquity are they supposed to be?

"Is there any more to be had of equal beauty, or at all approaching to it?

"I have been often told, that the poem called Hardyknute<sup>1</sup> (which I always admired and still admire) was the work of somebody that lived a few years ago. This I do not at all believe, though it has evidently been retouched in places by some modern hand; but, however, I am authorised by this report to ask, whether the two poems in question are certainly antique and genuine. I make this inquiry in quality of an antiquary, and am not otherwise concerned about it; for if I were sure that any one now living in Scotland had written them, to divert himself and laugh at the credulity of the world, I would undertake a journey into the Highlands only for the pleasure of seeing him."

You see, Sir, how easily you may make our greatest southern

<sup>1</sup> It was written by Mrs. Halket of Wardlaw. Mr. Lockhart states, that on the blank leaf of his copy of Allan Ramsay's "Evergreen," Sir Walter Scott has written, "Hardyknute was the first poem that I ever learnt, the last that I shall forget."—WRIGHT.

bard travel northward to visit a brother. The young translator has nothing to do but to own a forgery, and Mr. Gray is ready to pack up his lyre, saddle Pegasus, and set out directly. But seriously, he, Mr. Mason, my Lord Lyttelton, and one or two more, whose taste the world allows, are in love with your Erse elegies: I cannot say in general they are so much admired—but Mr. Gray alone is worth satisfying.

The "Siege of Aquileia," of which you ask, pleased less than Mr. Home's other plays.<sup>1</sup> In my own opinion, "Douglas" far exceeds both the other. Mr. Home seems to have a beautiful talent for painting genuine nature and the manners of his country. There was so little of nature in the manners of both Greeks and Romans, that I do not wonder at his success being less brilliant when he tried those subjects; and, to say the truth, one is a little weary of them. At present, nothing is talked of, nothing admired, but what I cannot help calling a very insipid and tedious performance: it is a kind of novel, called "The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy;" the great humour of which consists in the whole narration always going backwards. I can conceive a man saying that it would be droll to write a book in that manner, but have no notion of his persevering in executing it. It makes one smile two or three times at the beginning, but in recompense makes one yawn for two hours. The characters are tolerably kept up, but the humour is for ever attempted and missed. The best thing in it is a Sermon, oddly coupled with a good deal of bawdy, and both the composition of a clergyman. The man's head, indeed, was a little turned before, now topsy-turvy with his success and fame. Dodsley has given him six hundred and fifty pounds for the second edition and two more volumes (which I suppose will reach backwards to his great-great-grandfather); Lord Fauconberg,<sup>2</sup> a donative<sup>3</sup> of one hundred and sixty pounds a-year; and Bishop Warburton gave him a purse of gold and this compliment (which happened to be a contradiction), "that it was quite an original composition, and in the true Cervantic vein:" the only copy that ever was an original, except in painting, where they all pretend to be so. Warburton, however, not content with this, recommended the book to the bench of

<sup>1</sup> The 'Siege of Aquileia,' a tragedy, by John Home, produced at Drury Lane, 21st February, 1760.—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>2</sup> Thomas Belasyse, Earl of Fauconberg, died 1774.—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>3</sup> The living of Coxwold, in Yorkshire. See unpublished letters of Laurence Sterne, in vol. ii. of the 'Miscellanies of the Philobiblon Society,' 1855-6.—CUNNINGHAM.



bishops, and told them Mr. Sterne, the author, was the English Rabelais.<sup>1</sup> They had never heard of such a writer. Adieu !

659. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

*Arlington Street, April 19, 1760.*

WELL, this big week is over ! Lord George's sentence, after all the communications of how terrible it was, is ended in proclaiming him unfit for the King's service. Very moderate, in comparison of what was intended and desired, and truly not very severe, considering what was proved. The other trial, Lord Ferrers's, lasted three days. You have seen the pomp and awfulness of such doings, so I will not describe it to you. The judge and criminal were far inferior to those you have seen. For the Lord High Steward,<sup>2</sup> he neither had any dignity, nor affected any ; nay, he held it all so cheap, that he said at his own table, t'other day, "I will not send for Garrick and learn to act a part." At first I thought Lord Ferrers shocked, but in general he behaved rationally and coolly ; though it was a strange contradiction to see a man trying, by his own sense, to prove himself out of his senses. It was more shocking to see his two brothers brought to prove the lunacy in their own blood, in order to save their brother's life. Both are almost as ill-looking men as the Earl ; one of them is a clergyman, suspended by the Bishop of London for being a Methodist ; the other a wild vagabond, whom they call in the country, *ragged and dangerous*. After Lord Ferrers was condemned, he made an excuse for pleading madness, to which he was forced by his family. He is respited till Monday fortnight, and will then be hanged, I believe in the Tower ; and to the mortification of the peerage, is to be anatomised, conformably to the late act for murder. Many peers were absent ; Lord Foley and Lord Jersey attended only the first day ; and Lord Huntingdon, and my nephew Orford (in compliment to his mother), as related to the prisoner, withdrew without voting. But never was a criminal more literally tried by his *peers*, for the three persons, who interested

<sup>1</sup> "I pride myself in having warmly recommended 'Tristram Shandy' to all the best company in town, except that at Arthur's. I was charged in a very grave assembly, as Dr. Newton can tell him, for a particular patronising of the work, and how I acquitted myself of the imputation the said Doctor can tell him." *Warburton to Garrick*, 7th March, 1760.—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>2</sup> Robert Henley, afterwards Earl of Northington.—WRIGHT.

themselves most in the examination, were at least as mad as he; Lord Ravensworth, Lord Talbot, and Lord Fortescue. Indeed, the first was almost frantic. The seats of the peeresses were not near full, and most of the beauties absent; the Duchess of Hamilton and my niece Waldegrave, you know, lie in; but, to the amazement of everybody, Lady Coventry was there; and what surprised me much more, looked as well as ever. I sat next but one to her, and should not have asked her if she had been ill—yet they are positive she has few weeks to live. She and Lord Bolingbroke seemed to have different thoughts, and were acting over all the old comedy of eyes. I sat in Lord Lincoln's gallery; *you* and *I* know the convenience of it; I thought it no great favour to ask, and he very obligingly sent me a ticket immediately, and ordered me to be placed in one of the best boxes. Lady Augusta was in the same gallery; the Duke of York and his young brothers were in the Prince of Wales's box, who was not there, no more than the Princess, Princess Emily, nor the Duke. It was an agreeable humanity in my friend the Duke of York; he would not take his seat in the House before the trial, that he might not vote in it. There are so many young peers, that the show was fine even in that respect; the Duke of Richmond was the finest figure; the Duke of Marlborough, with the best countenance in the world, looked clumsy in his robes; he had new ones, having given away his father's to the *valet de chambre*. There were others not at all so indifferent about the antiquity of theirs; Lord Huntingdon's, Lord Abergavenny's, and Lord Castlehaven's scarcely hung on their backs: the two former they pretend were used at the trial of the Queen of Scots. But all these honours were a little defaced by seeing Lord Temple, as Lord Privy Seal, walk at the head of the peerage. Who, at the last trials, would have believed a prophecy, that the three first men at the next should be Henley the lawyer, Bishop Secker, and Dick Grenville?

The day before the trial, the Duke of Bolton fought a duel at Marylebone with Stewart, who lately stood for Hampshire; the latter was wounded in the arm, and the former fell down.<sup>1</sup> Adieu!

<sup>1</sup> "Here has just been a duel between the Duke of Bolton and Mr. Stewart, a candidate for the county of Hampshire at the late election: what the quarrel was I do not know; but they met near Marylebone, and the Duke in making a pass, overreached himself, fell down, and hurt his knee. The other bid him get up, but he could not; then he bid him ask his life, but he would not: so he let him alone, and that's all. Mr. Stewart was slightly wounded." Gray's Works, by Mitford, vol. iii. p. 238.—WRIGHT.



## 660. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

*Strawberry Hill, April 20, 1760.*

THE history of Lord George Sackville, which has interested us so much and so long, is at last at an end—gently enough, considering who were his parties, and what has been proved. He is declared *unfit to serve the King in any military capacity*—but I think this is not the last we shall hear of him. Whatever were his deficiencies in the day of battle, he has at least showed no want of spirit, either in pushing on his trial or during it. His judgment in both was perhaps a little more equivocal. He had a formal message that he must abide the event whatever it should be.—He accepted that issue, and during the course of the examination, attacked judge, prosecutor, and evidence. Indeed, a man cannot be said to want spirit, who could show so much in his circumstances.<sup>1</sup> I think, without much heroism, I could sooner have led up the cavalry to the charge, than have gone to Whitehall to be worried as he was; nay, I should have thought with less danger of my life. But he is a peculiar man; and I repeat it, we have not heard the last of him. You will find that by *serving the King* he understands in a very literal sense; and there is a young *gentleman*<sup>2</sup> who it is believed intends those words shall *not* have a more extensive one.

We have had another trial this week, still more solemn, though less interesting, and with more serious determination: I mean that of Lord Ferrers. I have formerly described this solemnity to you. The behaviour, character, and appearance of the criminal, by no means corresponded to the dignity of the show. His figure is bad and villanous, his crime shocking. He would not plead guilty, and yet had nothing to plead; and at last, to humour his family, pleaded madness against his inclination: it was moving to see two of his brothers brought to depose the lunacy in their blood. After he was

<sup>1</sup> Gray, in a letter of the 22nd, gives the following account of the result of this trial. "The old Pundles that sat on Lord G. Sackville have at last hammered out their sentence. He is declared disobedient, and unfit for all military command. What he will do with himself, nobody guesses. The unembarrassed countenance, the looks of revenge, contempt, and superiority that he bestowed on his accusers were the admiration of all, but his usual talent and art did not appear; in short, his cause would not support him. You may think, perhaps, he intends to go abroad and hide his head; *au contraire*, all the world visits him on his condemnation." Works, by Mitford, vol. iii. p. 239.—WRIGHT.

<sup>2</sup> George, Prince of Wales.—WALPOLE.

condemned, he excused himself for having used that plea. He is to be hanged in a fortnight, I believe, in the Tower, and his body to be delivered to the surgeons, according to the tenour of the new act of parliament for murder. His mother was to present a petition for his life to the King to-day. There were near a hundred and forty peers present; my Lord Keeper was Lord High Steward, but was not at all too dignified a personage to sit on such a criminal: indeed, he gave himself no trouble to figure. I will send you both trials as soon as they are published. It is astonishing with what order these shows are conducted. Neither within the Hall nor without was the least disturbance,<sup>1</sup> though the one so full, and the whole way from Charing-cross to the House of Lords was lined with crowds. The foreigners were struck with the awfulness of the proceeding—it is new to their ideas, to see such deliberate justice, and such dignity of nobility, mixed with no respect for birth in the catastrophe, and still more humiliated by anatomising the criminal.

I am glad you received safe my history of Thurot: as the accounts were authentic, they must have been useful and amusing to you. I don't expect more invasions, but I fear our correspondence will still have martial events to trade in, though there are such Christian professions going about the world. I don't believe their Pacific Majesties will waive a campaign, for which they are all prepared, and by the issue of which they will all hope to improve their terms.

You know we have got a new Duke of York<sup>2</sup>—and were to have had several new peers, but hitherto it has stopped at him and the Lord Keeper. Adieu!

P.S. I must not forget to recommend to you a friend of Mr. Chute, who will ere long be at Florence, in his way to Naples for his health. It is Mr. Morrice, Clerk of the Green Cloth, heir of Sir William Morrice, and of vast wealth. I gave a letter lately for a young gentleman whom I never saw, and consequently not meaning to incumber you with him, I did not mention him particularly in my familiar letters.

<sup>1</sup> "I was not present," says Gray, "but Mason was in the Duke of Ancaster's gallery, and in the greatest danger; for the cell underneath him (to which the prisoner retires) was on fire during the trial, and the Duke, with the workmen, by sawing away some timbers, and other assistance, contrived to put it out without any alarm to the Court." Gray's Works, by Mitford, vol. iii. p. 240.—WRIGHT.

<sup>2</sup> Prince Edward, second son of Frederic, Prince of Wales.—DOVER.



## 661. TO THE REV. HENRY ZOUCR.

*Strawberry Hill, May 3, 1760.*

INDEED, Sir, you have been misinformed; I had not the least hand in the answer to my Lord Bath's *Rhapsody*: it is true the booksellers sold it as mine, and it was believed so till people had read it, because my name and that of Pulteney have been apt to answer one another, and because that war was dirtily revived by the latter in his libel; but the deceit soon vanished: the answer appeared to have much more knowledge of the subject than I have, and a good deal more temper than I should probably have exerted, if I had thought it worth my while to proceed to an answer; but though my Lord Bath is unwilling to enter lists in which he has suffered so much shame, I am by no means fond of entering them; nor was there any honour to be acquired, either from the contest or the combatant.

My History of artists proceeds very leisurely; I find the subject dry and uninteresting, and the materials scarce worth arranging: yet I think I shall execute my purpose, at least as far as relates to painters. It is a work I can scribble at any time, and on which I shall bestow little pains; things that are so soon forgotten should not take one up too much. I had consulted Mr. Lethinkai, who told me he had communicated to Mr. Vertue what observations he had made. I believe they were scanty, for I find small materials relating to architects among his manuscripts. Adieu!

## 662. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

*Arlington Street, May 6, 1760.*

THE extraordinary history of Lord Ferrers is closed: he was executed yesterday. Madness, that in other countries is a disorder, is here a systematic character: it does not hinder people from forming a plan of conduct, and from even dying agreeably to it. You remember how the last Ratcliffe died with the utmost propriety; so did this horrid lunatic, coolly and sensibly. His own and his wife's relations had asserted that he would tremble at last. No such thing; he shamed heroes. He bore the solemnity of a pompous and tedious procession of above two hours, from the Tower to Tyburn, with as much tranquillity as if he was only going to his own burial, not to his own execution. He even talked on indifferent subjects in

the passage ; and if the sheriff and the chaplains had not thought that they had parts to act, too, and had not consequently engaged him in most particular conversation, he did not seem to think it necessary to talk on the occasion ; he went in his wedding-clothes, marking the only remaining impression on his mind. The ceremony he was in a hurry to have over : he was stopped at the gallows by the vast crowd, but got out of his coach as soon as he could, and was but seven minutes on the scaffold, which was hung with black, and prepared by the undertaker of his family at their expense. There was a new contrivance for sinking the stage under him, which did not play well ; and he suffered a little by the delay, but was dead in four minutes. The mob was decent, and admired him, and almost pitied him ; so they would Lord George, whose execution they are so angry at missing. I suppose every highwayman will now preserve the blue handkerchief he has about his neck when he is married, that he may die like a lord. With all his madness, he was not mad enough to be struck with his aunt Huntingdon's sermons. The Methodists have nothing to brag of his conversion, though Whitfield prayed for him and preached about him. Even Tyburn has been above their reach. I have not heard that Lady Fanny<sup>1</sup> dabbled with his soul ; but I believe she is prudent enough to confine her missionary zeal to subjects where the body may be her perquisite.

When am I likely to see you ? The delightful rain is come—we look and smell charmingly. Adieu !

663. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

*Strawberry Hill, May 7, 1760.*

WHAT will your Italians say to a peer of England, an earl of one of the best families, tried for murdering his servant, with the utmost dignity and solemnity, and then hanged at the common place of execution for highwaymen, and afterwards anatomised ? This must seem a little odd to them, especially as they have not lately had a Sixtus Quintus. I have hitherto spoken of Lord Ferrers to you as a wild beast, a mad assassin, a low wretch, about whom I had no curiosity. If I now am going to give you a minute account of him, don't think me so far part of an English mob, as to fall in love with a criminal merely because I have had the pleasure of his execution.

<sup>1</sup> Lady Frances Shirley, see vol. ii. p. 154.—CUNNINGHAM.



I certainly did not see it, nor should have been struck with mere intrepidity—I never adored heroes, whether in a cart or a triumphal car—but there has been such wonderful coolness and sense in all this man's last behaviour, that it has made me quite inquisitive about him—not at all pity him. I only reflect, what I have often thought, how little connection there is between any man's sense and his sensibility—so much so, that instead of Lord Ferrers's having any ascendant over his passions, I am disposed to think that his drunkenness, which was supposed to heighten his ferocity, has rather been a lucky circumstance—what might not a creature of such capacity, and who stuck at nothing, have done, if his abilities had not been drowned in brandy? I will go back a little into his history. His misfortunes, as he called them, were dated from his marriage, though he has been guilty of horrid excesses unconnected with matrimony, and is even believed to have killed a groom who died a year after receiving a cruel beating from him. His wife, a very pretty woman, was sister of Sir William Meredith,<sup>1</sup> had no fortune, and he says, trepanned him into marriage, having met him drunk at an assembly in the country, and kept him so till the ceremony was over. As he always kept himself so afterwards, one need not impute it to her. In every other respect, and one scarce knows how to blame her for wishing to be a countess, her behaviour was unexceptionable.<sup>2</sup> He had a mistress [Mrs. Clifford] before and two or three children, and her he took again after the separation from his wife. He was fond of both, and used both ill: his wife so ill, always carrying pistols to bed, and threatening to kill her before morning, beating her, and jealous without provocation, that she got separated from him by act of Parliament, which appointed receivers of his estate in order to secure her allowance. This he could not bear. However, he named his steward for one, but afterwards finding out that this Johnson had paid her fifty pounds without his knowledge, and suspecting him of being in the confederacy against him, he determined, when he failed of opportunities of murdering his wife, to kill the steward, which he effected as you have heard. The shocking circumstances attending the murder, I did not tell you—indeed, while he was alive, I scarce liked to speak my opinion even to you;

<sup>1</sup> Sir William Meredith, Bart., of Hanbury, in Cheshire. The title is now extinct.  
—DOVER.

<sup>2</sup> She afterwards married Lord Frederick Campbell [Walpole's executor], brother of the Duke of Argyle, and was an excellent woman.—WALPOLE. There is a very pretty picture of her at Winstanley Hall, Lancashire, the seat of Meyrick Bankes, Esq.  
—CUNNINGHAM.

for though I felt nothing for him, I thought it wrong to propagate any notions that might interfere with mercy, if he could be thought deserving it—and not knowing into what hands my letter might pass before it reached yours, I chose to be silent, though nobody could conceive greater horror than I did for him at his trial. Having shot the steward at three in the afternoon, he persecuted him till one in the morning, threatening again to murder him, attempting to tear off his bandages, and terrifying him till in that misery he was glad to obtain leave to be removed to his own house; and when the Earl heard the poor creature was dead, he said he gloried in having killed him. You cannot conceive the shock this evidence gave the court—many of the lords were standing to look at him—at once they turned from him with detestation. I had heard that on the former affair in the house of Lords, he had behaved with great shrewdness—no such thing appeared at his trial. It is now pretended, that his being forced by his family against his inclination to plead madness, prevented his exerting his parts—but he has not acted in anything as if his family had influence over him—consequently his reverting to much good sense leaves the whole inexplicable. The very night he received sentence, he played at picquet with the warders and would play for money, and would have continued to play every evening, but they refused. Lord Cornwallis,<sup>1</sup> governor of the Tower, shortened his allowance of wine after his conviction, agreeably to the late strict acts on murder. This he much disliked, and at last pressed his brother the clergyman to intercede that at least he might have more porter; for, said he, what I have is not a draught. His brother represented against it, but at last consenting (and he did obtain it)—then said the earl, “Now is as good a time as any to take leave of you—adieu!” A minute journal of his whole behaviour has been kept, to see if there was any madness in it. Dr. Munro since the trial has made an affidavit of his lunacy. The Washingtons were certainly a very frantic race, and I have no doubt of madness in him, but not of a pardonable sort. Two petitions from his mother and all his family were presented to the King, who said, as the House of Lords had unanimously found him guilty, he would not interfere. Last week my Lord Keeper very good naturedly got out of a gouty bed to present another: the King would not hear him. “Sir,” said the Keeper, “I don’t come to petition for mercy or respite; but that

<sup>1</sup> Charles Cornwallis, first Earl Cornwallis, died 1762.—CUNNINGHAM.



the four thousand pounds which Lord Ferrers has in India bonds, may be permitted to go according to his disposition of it to his mistress, children, and the family of the murdered man." "With all my heart," said the King, "I have no objection; but I will have no message carried to him from me." However, this grace was notified to him and gave him great satisfaction; but unfortunately it now appears to be law, that it is forfeited to the sheriff of the county where the fact was committed; though when my Lord Hardwicke was told that he had disposed of it, he said, to be sure he may before conviction.

Dr. Pearce, Bishop of Rochester,<sup>1</sup> offered his service to him: he thanked the Bishop, but said, as his own brother was a clergyman, he chose to have him. Yet he had another relation who has been much more busy about his repentance. I don't know whether you have ever heard that one of the singular characters here is a Countess of Huntingdon,<sup>2</sup> aunt of Lord Ferrers. She is the Saint Theresa of the Methodists. Judge how violent bigotry must be in such mad blood! The Earl, by no means disposed to be a convert, let her visit him, and often sent for her, as it was more company; but he grew sick of her, and complained that she was enough to provoke anybody. She made her suffragan, Whitfield, pray for and preach about him, and that impertinent fellow told his enthusiasts in his sermon, that my Lord's heart was stone. The earl wanted much to see his mistress: my Lord Cornwallis, as simple an old woman as my Lady Huntingdon herself, consulted her whether he should permit it. "Oh! by no means; it would be letting him die in adultery!" In one thing she was more sensible. He resolved not to take leave of his children, four girls, but on the scaffold, and then to read to them a paper he had drawn up, very bitter on the family of Meredith, and on the House of Lords for the first transaction. This my Lady Huntingdon persuaded him to drop, and he took leave of his children the day before. He wrote two letters in the preceding week to Lord Cornwallis on some of these requests: they were cool and rational, and concluded with desiring him not to mind the absurd requests of his (Lord Ferrers's) family in his behalf. On

<sup>1</sup> Zachariah Pearce, Bishop of Rochester from 1756 till his death, in 1774.—CUNNINGHAM. In the year 1768, finding himself growing infirm, he presented to the world the rare instance of disinterestedness, of wishing to resign all his pieces of preferment. These consisted of the deanery of Westminster and bishoprick of Rochester. The deanery he gave up, but was not allowed to do so by the bishoprick, which was said, as a peerage, to be inalienable.—DOVER.

<sup>2</sup> Lady Selina Shirley, daughter of an Earl Ferrers.—WALPOLE.

the last morning he dressed himself in his wedding clothes, and said he thought this, at least, as good an occasion of putting them on as that for which they were first made. He wore them to Tyburn. This marked the strong impression on his mind. His mother wrote to his wife in a weak angry style, telling her to intercede for him as her duty, and to swear to his madness. But this was not so easy: in all her cause before the Lords, she had persisted that he was not mad.

Sir William Meredith, and even Lady Huntingdon had prophesied that his courage would fail him at last, and had so much foundation, that it is certain Lord Ferrers had often been beat:—but the Methodists were to get no honour by him. His courage rose where it was most likely to fail,—an unlucky circumstance to prophets, especially when they have had the prudence to have all kind of probability on their side. Even an awful procession of above two hours, with that mixture of pageantry, shame, and ignominy, nay, and of delay, could not dismount his resolution. He set out from the Tower at nine, amidst crowds, thousands. First went a string of constables; then one of the sheriffs, in his chariot and six, the horses dressed with ribbons; next Lord Ferrers, in his own landau and six, his coachman crying all the way; guards at each side; the other sheriff's chariot followed empty, with a mourning coach-and-six, a hearse, and the Horse Guards. Observe, that the empty chariot was that of the other sheriff, who was in the coach with the prisoner, and who was Vaillant,<sup>1</sup> the French bookseller in the Strand. How will you decipher all these strange circumstances to Florentines? A bookseller in robes and in mourning, sitting as a magistrate by the side of the Earl; and in the evening everybody going to Vaillant's shop to hear the particulars. I wrote to him, as he serves me, for the account: but he intends to print it, and I will send it you with some other things, and the trial. Lord Ferrers at first talked on indifferent matters, and observing the prodigious confluence of people, (the blind was drawn up on his side,) he said,—“But they never saw a lord hanged, and perhaps will never see another.” One of the dragoons was thrown by his horse's leg entangling in the hind wheel: Lord Ferrers expressed much concern, and said, “I hope there will be no death to-day but mine,” and was pleased when Vaillant told him the man was not hurt. Vaillant made excuses to him on his office. “On the contrary,”

<sup>1</sup> Paul Vaillant, nephew of a more eminent publisher of the same name.—CUNNINGHAM.



said the Earl, "I am much obliged to you. I feared the disagreeableness of the duty might make you depute your under-sheriff. As you are so good as to execute it yourself, I am persuaded the dreadful apparatus will be conducted with more expedition." The chaplain of the Tower, who sat backwards, then thought it his turn to speak, and began to talk on religion; but Lord Ferrers received it impatiently. However, the chaplain persevered, and said, he wished to bring his Lordship to some confession or acknowledgment of contrition for a crime so repugnant to the laws of God and man, and wished him to endeavour to do whatever could be done in so short a time. The Earl replied, "He had done everything he proposed to do with regard to God and man; and as to discourses on religion, you and I, Sir," said he to the clergyman, "shall probably not agree on that subject. The passage is very short; you will not have time to convince me, nor I to refute you; it cannot be ended before we arrive." The clergyman still insisted, and urged, that, at least, the world would expect some satisfaction. Lord Ferrers replied, with some impatience, "Sir, what have I to do with the world? I am going to pay a forfeit life, which my country has thought proper to take from me—what do I care now what the world thinks of me? But, Sir, since you do desire some confession, I will confess one thing to you: I do believe there is a God. As to modes of worship, we had better not talk on them. I always thought Lord Bolingbroke in the wrong to publish his notions on religion: I will not fall into the same error." The chaplain, seeing sensibly that it was in vain to make any more attempts, contented himself with representing to him, that it would be expected from one of his calling, and that even decency required, that some prayer should be used on the scaffold, and asked his leave, at least to repeat the Lord's Prayer there. Lord Ferrers replied, "I always thought it a good prayer; you may use it if you please."

While these discourses were passing, the procession was stopped by the crowd. The Earl said he was dry, and wished for some wine and water. The sheriff said, he was sorry to be obliged to refuse him. By late regulations they were enjoined not to let prisoners drink from the place of imprisonment to that of execution, as great indecencies had been formerly committed by the lower species of criminals getting drunk; "And though," said he, "my Lord, I might think myself excusable in overlooking this order out of regard to a person of your Lordship's rank, yet there is another reason which, I am sure, will weigh with you:—your Lordship is sensible of

the greatness of the crowd: we must draw up to some tavern; the confluence would be so great, that it would delay the expedition which your Lordship seems so much to desire." He replied, he was satisfied, adding,—“Then I must be content with this,” and took some pigtail tobacco out of his pocket. As they went on, a letter was thrown into his coach; it was from his mistress, to tell him, it was impossible, from the crowd, for her to get up to the spot where he had appointed her to meet and take leave of him, but that she was in a hackney-coach of such a number. He begged Vaillant to order his officers to try to get the hackney-coach up to his. “My Lord,” said Vaillant, “you have behaved so well hitherto, that I think it is pity to venture unmanning yourself.” He was struck, and was satisfied without seeing her. As they drew nigh, he said, “I perceive we are almost arrived; it is time to do what little more I have to do;” and then taking out his watch, gave it to Vaillant, desiring him to accept it as a mark of his gratitude for his kind behaviour, adding, “It is scarce worth your acceptance; but I have nothing else; it is a stop-watch, and a pretty accurate one.” He gave five guineas to the chaplain, and took out as much for the executioner. Then giving Vaillant a pocket-book, he begged him to deliver it to Mrs. Clifford his mistress, with what it contained, and with his most tender regards, saying, “The key of it is to the watch, but I am persuaded you are too much a gentleman to open it.” He destined the remainder of the money in his purse to the same person, and with the same tender regards.

When they came to Tyburn, his coach was detained some minutes by the conflux of people; but as soon as the door was opened, he stepped out readily and mounted the scaffold: it was hung with black, by the undertaker, and at the expense of his family. Under the gallows was a new invented stage, to be struck from under him. He showed no kind of fear or discomposure, only just looking at the gallows with a slight motion of dissatisfaction. He said little, kneeled for a moment to the prayer, said, “Lord have mercy upon me, and forgive me my errors,” and immediately mounted the upper stage. He had come pinioned with a black sash, and was unwilling to have his hands tied, or his face covered, but was persuaded to both. When the rope was put round his neck, he turned pale, but recovered his countenance instantly, and was but seven minutes from leaving the coach, to the signal given for striking the stage. As the machine was new, they were not ready at it: his toes touched it, and he suffered a little, having had time, by their bungling, to raise



his cap; but the executioner pulled it down again, and they pulled his legs, so that he was soon out of pain, and quite dead in four minutes. He desired not to be stripped and exposed, and Vaillant promised him, though his clothes must be taken off, that his shirt should not. This decency ended with him: the sheriffs fell to eating and drinking on the scaffold, and helped up one of their friends to drink with them, as he was still hanging, which he did for above an hour, and then was conveyed back with the said pomp to Surgeons' Hall, to be dissected. The executioners fought for the rope, and the one who lost it cried. The mob tore off the black cloth as relics; but the universal crowd behaved with great decency and admiration, as they well might; for sure no exit was ever made with more sensible resolution and with less ostentation.

If I have tired you by this long narrative, you feel differently from me. The man, the manners of the country, the justice of so great and curious a nation, all to me seem striking, and must, I believe, do more so to you, who have been absent long enough to read of your own country as History.

I have run into so much paper, that I am ashamed at going on, but, having a bit left, I must say a few more words. The other prisoner, from whom the mob had promised themselves more entertainment, is gone into the country, having been forbid the court, with some barbarous additions to the sentence, as you will see in the papers. It was notified, too, to the second court,<sup>1</sup> who have had the prudence to countenance him no longer. The third prisoner, and second madman, Lord Charles Hay, is luckily dead, and has saved much trouble.

Have you seen the works of the philosopher of Sans Souci, or rather of the man who is no philosopher, and who has more Souci than any man now in Europe? How contemptible they are! Miserable poetry; not a new thought, nor an old one newly expressed.<sup>2</sup> I say nothing of the folly of publishing his aversion to the English, at the very time they are ruining themselves for him; nor of the greater folly of his irreligion. The epistle to Keith is puerile and shocking. He is not so sensible as Lord Ferrers, who did not think such sentiments ought to be published. His Majesty

<sup>1</sup> The Prince of Wales's.—WALPOLE.

<sup>2</sup> "The town are reading the King of Prussia's poetry, and I have done like the town; they do not seem so sick of it as I am. It is all the scum of Voltaire and Bolingbroke, the *crambe recotta* of our worst freethinkers tossed up in German-French rhyme." Gray's Works, by Mitford, vol. iii. p. 241.—WRIGHT.

could not resist the vanity of showing how disengaged he can be even at this time.

I am going to give a letter for you to Strange, the engraver, who is going to visit Italy. He is a very first-rate artist, and by far our best. Pray countenance him, though you will not approve his politics.<sup>1</sup> I believe Albano<sup>2</sup> is his Loretto.

I shall finish this vast volume with a very good story, though not so authentic as my sheriff's. It is said that General Clive's father has been with Mr. Pitt, to notify, that if the government will send his son four hundred thousand pounds, and a certain number of ships, the *heaven-born* general knows of a part of India, where such treasures are buried, that he will engage to send over enough to pay the National Debt. "Oh!" said the minister, "that is too much; fifty millions would be sufficient." Clive insisted on the hundred millions,—Pitt, that half would do as well. "Lord, Sir!" said the old man, "consider, if your administration lasts, the National Debt will soon be two hundred millions." Good night for a twelve-month!

664. TO SIR DAVID DALRYMPLE.

SIR:

*Arlington Street, May 15, 1760.*

I AM extremely sensible of your obliging kindness in sending me for Mr. Gray the account of Erse poetry, even at a time when you were so much out of order. That indisposition I hope is entirely removed, and your health perfectly re-established. Mr. Gray is very thankful for the information.

I have lately bought, intending it for Dr. Robertson, a Spanish MS. called "*Annales del Emperador Carlos V. Autor, Francisco Lopez de Gonara.*" As I am utterly ignorant of the Spanish tongue, I do not know whether there is the least merit in my purchase. It is not very long; if you will tell me how to convey it, I will send it to him.

We have nothing new but some Dialogues of the Dead by Lord Lyttelton. I cannot say they are very lively or striking. The best, I think, relates to your country, and is written with a very good design; an intention of removing all prejudices and disunion between the two parts of our island. I cannot tell you how the book is liked in general, for it appears but this moment.

<sup>1</sup> Strange was a confirmed Jacobite.—WALPOLE.

<sup>2</sup> The residence of the Pretender.—WALPOLE.



You have seen, to be sure, the King of Prussia's Poems. If he intended to raise the glory of his military capacity by depressing his literary talents, he could not, I think, have succeeded better. One would think a man had been accustomed to nothing but the magnificence of vast armies, and to the tumult of drums and trumpets, who is incapable of seeing that God is as great in the most minute parts of creation as in the most enormous. His Majesty does not seem to admire a mite, unless it is magnified by a Brobdingnag microscope! While he is struggling with the force of three empires, he fancies that it adds to his glory to be unbent enough to contend for laurels with the triflers of a French Parnassus! Adieu! Sir.

## 665. TO SIR-HORACE MANN.

*Strawberry Hill, May 24, 1760.*

WELL! at last Sisson's machine sets out—but, my dear Sir, how you still talk of him! You seem to think him as grave and learned as a professor of Bologna—why, he is an errant, low, indigent mechanic, and however Dr. Perelli found him out, is a shuffling knave, and I fear no fitter to execute his orders than to write the letter you expect. Then there was my ignorance and your brother James's ignorance to be thrown into the account. For the drawing, Sisson says Dr. Perelli has the description of it already; however, I have insisted on his making a reference to that description in a scrawl we have with much ado extorted from him. I pray to Sir Isaac Newton that the machine may answer; it costs, the stars know what! The whole charge comes to upwards of threescore pounds! He had received twenty pounds, and yet was so necessitous, that on our hesitating, he wrote me a most impertinent letter for his money. I dreaded at first undertaking a commission for which I was so unqualified, and though I have done all I could, I fear you and your friend will be but ill-satisfied.

Along with the machine I have sent you some new books; Lord George's trial, Lord Ferrers's, and the account of him; a fashionable thing called *Tristram Shandy*, and my Lord Lyttelton's new *Dialogues of the Dead*, or rather *Dead Dialogues*; and something less valuable still than any of these, but which I flatter myself *you* will not despise; it is my own print,<sup>1</sup> done from a picture that is

<sup>1</sup> The fine mezzotint by McArdell after the portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds. See *ante*, p. 223.—CUNNINGHAM.

reckoned very like—you must allow for the difference that twenty years since you saw me have made. That wonderful creature Lord Ferrers, of whom I told you so much in my last, and with whom I am not going to plague you much more, made one of his keepers read 'Hamlet' to him the night before his death after he was in bed—paid all his bills in the morning as if leaving an inn, and half an hour before the sheriffs fetched him, corrected some verses he had written in the Tower in imitation of the Duke of Buckingham's<sup>1</sup> epitaph, *dubius sed non improbus vixit*.<sup>2</sup> What a Noble Author have I here to add to my Catalogue! For the other Noble Author, Lord Lyttelton, you will find his work paltry enough; the style, a mixture of bombast, poetry, and vulgarisms. Nothing new in the composition, except making people talk out of character is so. Then he loves changing sides so much, that he makes Lord Falkland and Hampden cross over and figure in like people in a country dance; not to mention their guardian angels, who deserve to be hanged for murder. He is as angry too at Swift, Lucian, and Rabelais, as if they had laughed at him of all men living, and he seems to wish that one would read the last's Dissertation on Hippocrates instead of his History of Pantagruel. But I blame him most, when he was satirising too free writers, for praising the King of Prussia's poetry, to which anything of Bayle is harmless. I like best the Dialogue between the Duke of Argyll and the Earl of Angus, and the character of his own first wife under that of Penelope. I need not tell you that Pericles is Mr. Pitt.

I have had much conversation with your brother James, and intend to have more with your eldest, about your nephew. He is a sweet boy, and has all the goodness of dear Gal. and dear you in his his countenance. They have sent him to Cambridge under that interested hog the Bishop of Chester,<sup>3</sup> and propose to keep him there *three* years. Their apprehension seems to be of his growing a fine gentleman. I could not help saying, "Why, is he not to be one?" My wish is to have him with you—what an opportunity of his

<sup>1</sup> John Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham. The epitaph is in Westminster Abbey.—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>2</sup> The following verses are said to have been found in Lord Ferrers's apartment in the Tower:—

"In doubt I lived, in doubt I die,  
Yet stand prepared the vast abyss to try,  
And undismay'd expect eternity!"—WRIGHT.

<sup>3</sup> Dr. Edmund Keene, brother of Sir Benjamin, and afterwards Bishop of Ely.—WALPOLE. See vol. ii. p. 318.—CUNNINGHAM.



learning the world and business under such a tutor and such a parent! Oh! but they think he will dress and run into diversions. I tried to convince them that of all spots upon earth dress is least necessary at Florence, and where one can least divert oneself. I am answered with the necessity of Latin and mathematics—the one soon forgot, the other never got to any purpose. I cannot bear his losing the advantage of being brought up by you, with all the advantages of such a situation, and where he may learn in perfection living languages, never attained after twenty. I am so earnest on this, for I doat on him for dear Gal.'s sake, that I will insist to rudeness on his remaining at Cambridge but two years; and before that time you shall write to second my motions.

The Parliament is up, and news are gone out of town; I expect none but what we receive from Germany. As to the Pretender, his life or death makes no impression here. When a real King is so soon forgot, how should an imaginary one be remembered? Besides, since Jacobites have found the way to St. James's, it is grown so much the fashion to worship Kings, that people don't send their adorations so far as Rome. He at Kensington [George II.] is likely long to outlast his old rival. The spring is far from warm, yet he wears a silk coat and has left off fires.

Thank you for the entertaining history of the Pope and the Genoese. I am flounced again into building—a round tower, gallery, cloister, and chapel, all starting up—if I am forced to run away by ruining myself, I will come to Florence, steal your nephew, and bring him with me. Adieu!

## 666. TO THE EARL OF STRAFFORD.

MY DEAR LORD:

*Strawberry Hill, June 7, 1760.*

WHEN at my time of day one can think a ball worth going to London for on purpose, you will not wonder that I am childish enough to write an account of it. I could give a better reason, your bidding me send you any news; but I scorn a good reason when I am idle enough to do any thing for a bad one.

You had heard, before you left London, of Miss Chudleigh's intended loyalty on the Prince's birthday. Poor thing, I fear she has thrown away above a quarter's salary! It was magnificent and well understood—no crowd—and though a sultry night, one was not a moment incommoded. The court was illuminated on the whole

summit of the wall with a battlement of lamps; smaller ones on every step, and a figure of lanterns on the outside of the house. The virgin-mistress began the ball with the Duke of York, who was dressed in a pale blue watered tabby, which, as I told him, if he danced much, would soon be *tabby all over*, like the man's advertisement;<sup>1</sup> but nobody did dance much. There was a new Miss Bishop from Sir Cecil's endless hoard of beauty daughters,<sup>2</sup> who is still prettier than her sisters. The new Spanish embassy was there—alas! Sir Cecil Bishop has never been in Spain! Monsieur de Fuentes is a halfpenny print of my Lord Huntingdon. His wife homely, but seems good-humoured and civil. The son does not degenerate from such high-born ugliness—the daughter-in-law was sick, and they say is not ugly, and has as good a set of teeth as one can have, when one has but two and those black. They seem to have no curiosity, sit where they are placed, and ask no questions about so strange a country. Indeed, the ambassadress could see nothing; for Dodington<sup>3</sup> stood before her the whole time, sweating Spanish at her, of which it was evident, by her civil nods without answers, she did not understand a word. She speaks bad French, danced a bad minuet, and went away—though there was a miraculous draught of fishes for their supper, as it was a fast—but being the octave of their *fête-dieu*, they dared not even fast plentifully. Miss Chudleigh desired the gamblers would go up into the garrets—“Nay, they are not garrets—it is only the roof of the house hollowed for upper servants—but I have no upper servants.” Everybody ran up: there is a low gallery with book-cases, and four chambers practised under the pent of the roof, each hung with the finest Indian pictures on different colours, and with Chinese chairs of the same colours. Vases of flowers in each for nosegays, and in one retired nook a most critical couch!

The lord of the festival<sup>4</sup> was there, and seemed neither ashamed nor vain of the expense of his pleasures. At supper she offered him Tokay, and told him she believed he would find it good. The supper was in two rooms and very fine, and on all the sideboards, and even on the chairs, were pyramids and troughs of strawberries and cherries; you would have thought she was kept by Vertumnus. Last

<sup>1</sup> A staymaker of the time, who advertised in the newspapers that he made stays at such a price, “tabby all over.”—BERRY.

<sup>2</sup> See vol. ii. pp. 161, 291 and 330.—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>3</sup> Afterwards Lord Melcombe. He had been minister in Spain.—WALPOLE.

<sup>4</sup> The Duke of Kingston.—WALPOLE.



night my Lady Northumberland lighted up her garden for the Spaniards: I was not there, having excused myself for a headache, which I had not, but *ought* to have caught the night before. Mr. Dodington entertained these Fuentes's at Hammersmith; and to the shame of our nation, while they were drinking tea in the summer house, some gentlemen, ay, my lord, gentlemen, went into the river and showed the ambassadress and her daughter more than ever they expected to see of England.

I dare say you are sorry for poor Lady Anson.<sup>1</sup> She was exceedingly good-humoured, and did a thousand good-natured and generous actions. I tell you nothing of the rupture of Lord Halifax's match, of which you must have heard so much; but you will like a *bon-mot* upon it.—They say the hundreds of Drury have got the better of the thousands of Drury.<sup>2</sup> The pretty Countess [of Coventry] is still alive, was thought actually dying on Tuesday night, and I think will go off very soon.

I think there will soon be a peace: my only reason is, that every body seems so backward at making war. Adieu! my dear Lord!

## 667. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

*Arlington Street, June 20, 1760.*

WHO the deuce was thinking of Quebec? America was like a book one has read and done with; or at least if one looked at the book, one just recollected that there was a supplement promised, to contain a chapter on Montreal, the starving and surrender of it—but here are we on a sudden reading our book backwards. An account came two days ago that the French on the march to besiege Quebec, had been attacked by General Murray, who got into a mistake and a morass, attacked two bodies that were joined, when he hoped to come up with one of them before the junction, was enclosed, embogged, and defeated. By the list of officers killed and wounded, I believe there has been a rueful slaughter—the place, too, I suppose will be retaken. The year 1760 is not the year 1759. Added to the war we have a kind of plague too, an epidemic fever

<sup>1</sup> Elizabeth Hardwicke, Lady Anson, eldest daughter of Lord Chancellor Hardwicke, died 1 June, 1760.—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>2</sup> Lord Halifax kept an actress [Miss Falkner] belonging to Drury Lane Theatre; and the marriage broken off was with a daughter of Sir Thomas Drury, an heiress.—WALPOLE.

and sore throat: Lady Anson is dead of it; Lord Bute and two of his daughters were in great danger; my Lady Waldegrave has had it, and I am mourning for Mrs. Thomas Walpole,<sup>1</sup> who died of it—you may imagine I don't come much to town; I had some business here to-day, particularly with Dagge [his lawyer], whom I have sent for to talk about Sophia;<sup>2</sup> he will be here *presently*, and then I will let you know what he says.

The embassy and House of Fuentes are arrived—many feasts and parties have been made for them, but they do not like those out of town, and have excused themselves rather ungraciously. They were invited to a ball last Monday at Wanstead, but did not go: yet I don't know where they can see such magnificence. The approach, the coaches, the crowds of spectators to see the company arrive, the grandeur of the façade and apartments, were a charming sight; but the town is so empty that the great house appeared so too. He, you know, is all attention, generosity, and good breeding.

I must tell you a private woe that has happened to me in my neighbourhood—Sir William Stanhope bought Pope's house and garden. The former was so small and bad, one could not avoid pardoning his hollowing out that fragment of the rock Parnassus into habitable chambers—but would you believe it, he has cut down the sacred groves themselves! In short, it was a little bit of ground of five acres, inclosed with three lanes, and seeing nothing.<sup>3</sup> Pope had twisted and twirled, and rhymed and harmonised this, till it appeared two or three sweet little lawns opening and opening beyond one another, and the whole surrounded with thick impenetrable woods. Sir William, by advice of his son-in-law,<sup>4</sup> Mr. Ellis, has hacked and hewed these groves, wriggled a winding-gravel walk through them with an edging of shrubs, in what they call the modern taste, and in short, has desired the three lanes to walk in again—and now is forced to shut them out again by a wall, for there was not a Muse could walk there but she was spied by every country fellow that went by with a pipe in his mouth.

It is a little unlucky for the Pretender to be dying just as the

<sup>1</sup> Daughter of Sir Gerard Vanneck.—WALPOLE.

<sup>2</sup> Natural daughter of Mr. Whitehead, mentioned in preceding letters, by a Florentine woman.—WALPOLE.

<sup>3</sup> Compare Letter to Mann, Aug. 23, 1781.—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>4</sup> Welbore Ellis, afterwards Lord Mendip, married the only daughter of Sir William Stanhope; in right of whom he afterwards enjoyed Pope's villa at Twickenham.—WRIGHT.



Pope seems to design to take Corsica into his hands, and might give it to so faithful a son of the church.

I have heard nothing yet of Stosch.

*Presently.*

Mr. Dagge has disappointed me, and I am obliged to go out of town, but I have writ to him to press the affair, and will press it, as it is owing to his negligence. Mr. Chute, to whom I spoke, says he told Dagge he was ready to be a trustee, and pressed him to get it concluded.

668. TO SIR DAVID DALRYMPLE.

*June 20, 1760.*

I AM obliged to you, Sir, for the volume of Erse poetry: all of it has merit; but I am sorry not to see in it the six descriptions of night with which you favoured me before, and which I like as much as any of the pieces. I can, however, by no means agree with the publisher, that they seem to be parts of an heroic poem; nothing to me can be more unlike. I should as soon take all the epitaphs in Westminster Abbey, and say it was an epic poem on the History of England. The greatest part are evidently elegies; and though I should not expect a bard to write by the rules of Aristotle, I would not, on the other hand, give to any work a title that must convey so different an idea to every common reader. I could wish, too, that the authenticity had been more largely stated. A man who knows Dr. Blair's character, will undoubtedly take his word; but the gross of mankind, considering how much it is the fashion to be sceptical in reading, will demand proofs, not assertions.

I am glad to find, Sir, that we agree so much on the Dialogues of the Dead; indeed, there are very few that differ from us. It is well for the author, that none of his critics have undertaken to ruin his book by improving it, as you have done in the lively little specimen you sent me. Dr. Brown has writ a dull dialogue, called Pericles and Aristides, which will have a different effect from what yours would have. One of the most objectionable passages in Lord Lyttelton's book is, in my opinion, his apologising for the moderate government of Augustus. A man who had exhausted tyranny in the most lawless and unjustifiable excesses is to be excused, because, out of weariness or policy, he grows less sanguinary at last!

There is a little book coming out, that will amuse you. It is a

new edition of Isaac Walton's *Complete Angler*, full of anecdotes and historic notes. It is published by Mr. Hawkins,<sup>1</sup> a very worthy gentleman in my neighbourhood, but who, I could wish, did not think angling so very *innocent* an amusement. We cannot live without destroying animals, but shall we torture them for our sport—sport in their destruction? I met a rough officer at his house t'other day, who said he knew such a person was turning Methodist; for, in the middle of conversation, he rose, and opened the window to let out a moth. I told him I did not know that the Methodists had any principle so good, and that I, who am certainly not on the point of becoming one, always did so too. One of the bravest and best men I ever knew, Sir Charles Wager, I have often heard declare he never killed a fly willingly. It is a comfortable reflection to me, that all the victories of last year have been gained since the suppression of the Bear Garden and prize-fighting; as it is plain, and nothing else would have made it so, that our valour did not singly and solely depend upon these two Universities. Adieu!

669. TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

*Strawberry Hill, June 21, 1760.*

THERE is nothing in the world so tiresome as a person that always says they will come to one and never does; that is a mixture of promises and excuses; that loves one better than anybody, and yet will not stir a step to see one; that likes nothing but their own ways and own books, and that thinks the Thames is not as charming in one place as another, and that fancies Strawberry Hill is the only thing upon earth worth living for—all this *you* would say, if even *I* could make you peevish; but since you cannot be provoked, you see I am for you, and give myself my due. It puts me in mind of General Sutton, who was one day sitting by my father at his dressing. Sir Robert said to Jones, who was shaving him, "John, you cut me"—presently afterwards, "John, you cut me"—and again, with the same patience or *Conway-ence*, "John, you cut me." Sutton started up and cried, "By God! if he can bear it, I can't; if you cut him once more, damn my blood if I don't knock you down!" My dear Harry, I will knock myself down—but I fear

<sup>1</sup> Afterwards Sir John Hawkins, Knight, the executor and biographer of Dr. Johnson.—WRIGHT.



I shall cut you again. I wish you *sorrow* for the battle of Quebec. I thought as much of losing the duchies of Aquitaine and Normandy as Canada.

However, as my public feeling never carries me to any great lengths of reflection, I bound all my Quebecian meditations to a little diversion on George Townshend's absurdities. The "Daily Advertiser" said yesterday, that a certain great officer who had a principal share in the reduction of Quebec had given it as his opinion, that it would hold out a tolerable siege. This great general has acquainted the public to-day in an Advertisement with—what do you think?—not that he has such an opinion, for he has no opinion at all, and does not think that it can nor cannot hold out a siege,—but, in the first place, that he was *luckily* shown this paragraph, which, however, he does not like; in the next, that he is and is not that great general, and yet that there is nobody else that is; and, thirdly, lest his silence, till he can proceed in *another* manner with the printer, (and indeed it is difficult to conceive what manner of *proceeding* silence is,) should induce anybody to believe the said paragraph, he finds himself under a necessity of giving the public his honour, that there is no more truth in this paragraph than in some others which have tended to set the opinions of some general officers together by the ears—a thing, however, inconceivable, which he has shown may be done, by the confusion he himself has made in the King's English. For his *another manner* with the printer, I am impatient to see how the charge will lie against Matthew Jenour, the publisher of the Advertiser, who, without having the fear of God before his eyes, has forcibly, violently, and maliciously, with an offensive weapon called a hearsay, and against the peace of our sovereign Lord the King, wickedly and traitorously assaulted the head of George Townshend, General, and accused it of having an opinion, and him the said George Townshend, has slanderously and of malice prepense believed to be a great general; in short, to make Townshend easy, I wish, as he has no more contributed to the loss of Quebec than he did to the conquest of it, that he was to be sent to sign this capitulation too!

There is a delightful little French book come out, called "Tant mieux pour elle." It is called Crébillon's, and I should think was so. I only borrowed it, and cannot get one; tant pis pour vous. By the way, I am not sure you did not mention it to me; somebody did.

Have you heard that Miss Pitt has dismissed Lord Buckingham?<sup>1</sup> Tant mieux pour lui. She damns her eyes that she will marry some captain—tant mieux pour elle. I think the forlorn Earl should match Miss Ariadne Drury:<sup>2</sup> and by the time my Lord Halifax has had as many more children and sentiments by and for Miss Falkner,<sup>3</sup> as he can contrive to have, probably Miss Pitt may be ready to be taken into keeping. Good night!

P. S. The Prince of Wales has been in the greatest anxiety for Lord Bute; to whom he professed to Duncombe and Middleton, he has the greatest obligations; and when they pronounced their patient out of danger, his Royal Highness gave to each of them a gold medal of himself, as a mark of his sense of their care and attention.

670. TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

*Strawberry Hill, June 28, 1760.*

THE devil is in people for fidgetting about! They can neither be quiet in their own houses, nor let others be at peace in theirs! Have not they enough of one another in winter, but they must cuddle in summer too? For your part, you are a very priest: the moment one repents, you are for turning it to account. I wish you was in camp—never will I pity you again. How did you complain when you was in Scotland, Ireland, Flanders, and I don't know where, that you could never enjoy Park-place! Now you have a whole summer to yourself, and you are as *junkettaceous* as my Lady Northumberland. Pray, what horse-race do you go to next? For my part, I can't afford to lead such a life: I have Conway-papers to sort; I have Lives of the Painters to write; I have my prints to paste, my house to build, and everything in the world to tell posterity.—How am I to find time for all this? I am past forty, and may not have above as many more years to live; and here I am to go here and to go there—well, I will meet you at Chalfont on Thursday; but I positively will stay but one night. I have

<sup>1</sup> Elizabeth Villiers Pitt, the mad dissolute sister of the great Lord Chatham. She married John Hannam, Esq., and died 14 Feb. 1770. The Miss Pitt of vol. ii. p. 367, is this lady, not her sister, Anne Pitt. See vol. ii. p. 479, and vol. iii. p. 57.—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>2</sup> This was prophetic: Lord Buckingham married 14 July 1761, Mary Anne, eldest daughter and co-heir of Sir Thomas Drury, of Overstone in Northamptonshire, Bart.—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>3</sup> An actress; see vol. iii. p. 317.—CUNNINGHAM.



settled with your brother that we will be at Oxford on the 13th of July, as Lord Beauchamp is only loose from the 12th to the 20th. I will be at Park-place on the 12th, and we will go together the next day. If this is too early for you, we may put it off to the 15th : determine by Thursday, and one of us will write to Lord Hertford.

Well ! Quebec<sup>1</sup> is come to life again. Last night I went to see the Holdernesses, who by the way are in raptures with Park Place :— in Sion-lane.<sup>2</sup> As Cibber says of the Revolution, I met the Raising of the Siege ; that is, I met my Lady in a triumphal car, drawn by a Manks horse thirteen little fingers high, with Lady Emily :—

et sibi Countess

Ne placeat, ma'amselle curru portatur eodem—

Mr. Milbank was walking in ovation by himself after the car ; and they were going to see the bonfire at the alehouse at the corner. The whole procession returned with me ; and from the countess's dressing-room, we saw a battery fired before the house, the mob crying, " God bless the good news ! "—These are all the particulars I know of the siege : my lord would have showed me the journal, but we amused ourselves much better in going to eat peaches from the new Dutch stoves.

The rain is come indeed, and my grass is as green as grass ; but all my hay has been cut and soaking this week, and I am too much in the fashion not to have given up gardening for farming ; as next I suppose we shall farming, and turn graziers and hogdrivers.

I never heard of such a Semele as my Lady Stormont brought to bed in flames. I hope Miss Bacchus Murray will not carry the resemblance through, and love drinking like a Pole. My Lady Lyttelton is at Mr. Garrick's, and they were to have breakfasted here this morning ; but somehow or other they have changed their mind. Good night !

<sup>1</sup> Quebec was besieged by the French, in the spring of this year, with an army of fifteen thousand men, under the command of the Chevalier de Levis, assisted by a naval force. They were, however, repulsed by General Murray, who was supported by Lord Colville and the fleet under his command ; and on the night of the 16th of May raised the siege very precipitately, leaving their cannon, small arms, stores, &c. behind them.—WRIGHT.

<sup>2</sup> Sion Hill, in the parish of Isleworth, was built by the Earl of Holderness, who died 1778.—CUNNINGHAM.

## 671. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

*Strawberry Hill, July 4, 1760.*

I AM this minute returned from Chalfont, where I have been these two days. Mr. Conway, Lady Ailesbury, Lady Lyttelton, and Mrs. Shirley are there; and Lady Mary [Churchill] is going to add to the number again. The house and grounds are still in the same dislocated condition; in short, they finish nothing but children; even Mr. Bentley's Gothic stable, which I call Houynhm castle, is not rough-cast yet. We went to see Moor Park [in Hertfordshire], but I was not much struck with it, after all the miracles I had heard Brown had performed there. He has undulated the horizon in so many artificial mole-hills, that it is full as unnatural as if it was drawn with a rule and compasses. Nothing is done to the house; there are not even chairs in the great apartment. My Lord Anson is more slatternly than the Churchills, and does not even finish children. I am going to write to Lord Beauchamp, that I shall be at Oxford on the 15th, where I depend upon meeting you. I design to see Blenheim, and Rousham, (is not that the name of Dormer's?) and Althorp, and Drayton, before I return—but don't be frightened, I don't propose to drag you to all or any of these, if you don't like it.

Mr. Bentley has sketched a very pretty Gothic room for Lord Holderness, and orders are gone to execute it directly in Yorkshire. The first draught was Mason's; but as he does not pretend to much skill, we were desired to correct it. I say we, for I chose the ornaments. Adieu! Yours ever.

P.S. My Lady Ailesbury has been much diverted, and so will you too. Gray is in their neighbourhood. My Lady Carlisle says, "he is extremely like me in his manner." They went a party to dine on a cold loaf, and passed the day; Lady A. protests he never opened his lips but once, and then only said, "Yes, my lady, I believe so."<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Gray, in a letter to Dr. Clarke, of the 12th of August, says, "For me, I am come to my resting-place [Pembroke Hall, Cambridge] and find it very necessary, after living for a month in a house with three women that laughed from morning till night, and would allow nothing to the sulkiness of my disposition. Company and cards at home, parties by land and water abroad, and (what they call) *doing something*, that is, racketting about from morning to night, are occupations, I find, that wear out my spirits." *Works, by Mitford*, vol. iii. p. 253.—WRIGHT.



## 672. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

*Arlington Street, July 7, 1760.*

I SHALL write you but a short letter myself, because I make your brother, who has this moment been here, write to-night with all the particulars relating to the machine. The ten guineas are included in the sixty; and the ship, which is not yet sailed, is insured. My dear child, don't think of making me any excuses about employing me; I owe you any trouble sure that I can possibly undertake, and do it most gladly; in this one instance I was sorry you had pitched upon me, because it was entirely out of my sphere, and I could not even judge whether I had served you well or not. I am here again waiting for Dagge [his lawyer], whom it is more difficult to see than a minister; he disappointed me last time, but writ to me afterwards that he would immediately settle the affair for poor Sophia.

Quebec, you know, is saved; but our German histories don't go on so well as our American. Fouquet is beat, and has lost five out of twelve thousand men, after maintaining himself against thirty for seven hours—he is grievously wounded, but not prisoner. The Russians are pouring on—adieu the King of Prussia, unless Prince Ferdinand's battle, of which we have expected news for these four days, can turn the scale a little—we have settled that he is so great a general, that you must not wonder if we expect that he should beat all the world in their turns.

There has been a woful fire at Portsmouth; they say occasioned by lightning; the shipping was saved, but vast quantities of stores are destroyed.

I shall be more easy about your nephew, since you don't adopt my idea; and yet I can't conceive with his gentle nature and your good sense but you would have sufficient authority over him. I don't know who your initials mean, Ld. F. and Sr. B. B.—it don't much signify, but consider by how many years I am removed from knowing the rising generation.

I shall some time hence trouble you for some patterns of brocadella of two or three colours: it is to furnish a round tower that I am adding, with a gallery, to my castle: the quantity I shall want will be pretty large; it is to be a bedchamber entirely hung, bed, and eight arm-chairs; the dimensions thirteen feet high, and twenty-two diameter. Your Bianco Capello is to be over the chimney. I shall

scarce be ready to hang it these two years, because I move gently, and never begin till I have the money ready to pay, which don't come very fast, as it is always to be saved out of my income, subject, too, to twenty other whims and expenses. I only mention it now, that you may at your leisure look me out half a dozen patterns; and be so good as to let me know the prices. Stosch is not arrived yet as I have heard.

Well,—at last, Dagge is come, and tells me I may assure you positively that the money will be paid in two months from this time; he has been at Thistlethwait's,<sup>1</sup> which is nineteen miles from town, and goes again this week to make him sign a paper, on which the parson will pay the money. I shall be happy when this is completed to your satisfaction, that is, when your goodness is rewarded by being successful; but till it is completed, with all Mr. Dagge's assurances, I shall not be easy, for those brothers are such creatures, that I shall always expect some delay or evasion, when they are to part with money. Adieu!

673. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

*Strawberry Hill, July 19, 1760.*

MR. CONWAY, as I told you, was with me at Oxford, and I returned with him to Park-place, and to-day hither. I am sorry you could not come to us; we passed four days most agreeably, and I believe saw more antique holes and corners than Tom Hearne did in threescore years. You know my rage for Oxford; if King's-college would not take it ill, I don't know but I should retire thither, and profess Jacobitism, that I might enjoy some venerable set of chambers. Though the weather has been so sultry, I ferreted from morning to night, fatigued that strong young lad Lord Beauchamp, and harassed his tutors till they were forced to relieve one another. With all this, I found nothing worth seeing, except the colleges themselves, painted glass, and a couple of crosiers. Oh, yes! in an old buttery at Christ Church I discovered two of the most glorious portraits by Holbein in the world. They call them Dutch heads. I took them down, washed them myself, and fetched out a thousand beauties. We went to Blenheim and saw all Vanbrugh's quarries, all the acts of parliament and Gazettes on the Duke in

<sup>1</sup> Brothers and heirs of Mr. Whithed, who had changed his name for an estate.—  
WALPOLE.



inscriptions, and all the old flock chairs, wainscot tables, and gowns and petticoats of Queen Anne, that old Sarah could croud among blocks of marble. It looks like the palace of an auctioneer, who has been chosen King of Poland, and furnished his apartments with obsolete trophies, rubbish that nobody bid for, and a dozen pictures, that he had stolen from the inventories of different families. The place is as ugly as the house, and the bridge, like the beggars at the old Duchess's gate, begs for a drop of water, and is refused. We went to Ditchley,<sup>1</sup> which is a good house, well furnished, has good portraits, a wretched saloon, and one handsome scene behind the house. There are portraits of the Lichfield hunt, in *true blue* frocks, with ermine capes. One of the colleges has exerted this loyal pun, and made their east window entirely of blue glass. But the greatest pleasure we had, was in seeing Sir Charles Cottrell's at Rousham [in Oxfordshire]; it reinstated Kent with me; he has nowhere shown so much taste. The house is old, and was bad; he has improved it, stuck as close as *he* could to Gothic, has made a delightful library, and the whole is comfortable. The garden is Daphne in little; the sweetest little groves, streams, glades, porticoes, cascades, and river, imaginable; all the scenes are perfectly classic. Well, if I had such a house, such a library, so pretty a place, and so pretty a wife, I think I should let King George send to Herenhausen for a Master of the Ceremonies.<sup>2</sup>

Make many compliments to all your family for me; Lord Beauchamp was much obliged by your invitation. I shall certainly accept it, as I return from the north; in the mean time, find out how Drayton and Althorp lie according to your scale. Adieu! Yours most sincerely.

674. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

*Strawberry Hill, July 20, 1760.*

I SHALL be very sorry if I don't see you at Oxford on Tuesday next; but what can I say if your Wetenhalls will break into my almanack, and take my very day, can I help it? I must own I shall be glad if their coach-horse is laid up with the fashionable sore

<sup>1</sup> The seat of Lord Dillon; the portraits, chiefly English, of the time of Charles II. and William III., are worth seeing.—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>2</sup> The Cottrells were hereditary masters of the ceremonies from the reign of Charles I.—CUNNINGHAM.

throat and fever: can you recommend no coachman to them like Dr. Wilmot, who will dispatch it in three days? If I don't see you at Oxford, I don't think I shall at Greatworth till my return from the north, which will be about the 20th or 22nd of August. Drayton,<sup>1</sup> be it known to you, is Lady Betty Germain's, is in your own county, was the old mansion of the Mordaunts, and is crammed with whatever Sir John could get from them and the Norfolks. Adieu!

## 675. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

*Arlington Street, Aug. 1, 1760.*

I CAME to town to-day on purpose to see Stosch, who has been arrived some days; and to offer him all manner of civilities on your account—when indeed they can be of no use to him, for there is not a soul in town. There was a wild report last week of the plague being in St. Thomas's Hospital, and to be sure Stosch must believe there is some truth in it, for there is not a coach to be seen, the streets are new paving, and the houses new painting, just as it is always at this season. I told him if he had a mind to see London, he must go to Huntingdon races, Derby races, Stafford races, Warwick races—that is the fashionable route this year—alas! I am going part of it; the Duchess of Grafton and Loo are going to the Duke of Devonshire's, Lord Gower's, and Lord Hertford's; but I shall contrive to arrive after every race is over. Stosch delivered me the parcel safe, and I should have paid him for your Burgundy, but found company with him, and thought it not quite so civil to offer it at the first interview, lest it should make him be taken for a wine-merchant. He dines with me on Tuesday at Strawberry Hill, when I shall find an opportunity. He is going for a few days to Wanstead, and then for three months to a clergyman's in Yorkshire, to learn English. *Apropos*, you did not tell me why he comes; is it to sell his uncle's collection? Let me know before winter on what foot I must introduce him, for I would fain return a few of the thousand civilities you have showed at my recommendation.

The hereditary Prince has been beaten, and has beaten, with the

<sup>1</sup> The seat of Sir John Germain, Bart.; by whose will, and that of his widow, Lady Betty, his property devolved upon Lord George Sackville; who, in consequence, assumed, in 1770, the name of Germain.—WRIGHT.



balance on his side; but though the armies are within a mile of one another, I don't think it clear there will be a battle, as we may lose much more than we can get. A defeat will cost Hanover and Hesse; a victory cannot be vast enough to leave us at liberty to assist the King of Prussia. He gave us a little advantage the other day; out-witted Daun, and took his camp and magazines, and aimed at Dresden; but to-day the siege is raised. Daun sometimes misses himself, but never loses himself. It is not the fashion to admire him, but for my part, I should think it worth while to give the Empress a dozen Wolfes and Laudons, to lay aside the cautious Marshal. *Apròpos* to Wolfe, I cannot imagine what you mean by a design executing at Rome for his tomb. The designs have been laid before my Lord Chamberlain several months; Wilton, Adam, Chambers, and others, all gave in their drawings immediately; and I think the Duke of Devonshire decided for the first. Do explain this to me, or get a positive explanation of it—and whether anybody is drawing for Adam or Chambers.

Mr. Chute and Mr. Bentley, to whom I showed your accounts of the Papa-Portuguese war, were infinitely diverted, as I was too, with it. The Portuguese, "who will turn Jews not Protestants," and the Pope's confession, "which does more honour to his sincerity than to his infallibility," are delightful. I will tell you who will neither turn Jew nor Protestant, nay, nor Methodist, which is much more in fashion than either—Monsieur Fuentes will not; he has given the Virgin Mary (who he fancies hates public places, because he never met her at one,) his honour that he never will go to any more. What a charming sort of Spanish Ambassador! I wish they always sent us such—the worst they can do, is to buy half a dozen converts.

My Lady Lincoln,<sup>1</sup> who was ready to be brought to bed, is dead in three hours of convulsions. It has been a fatal year to great ladies: within this twelvemonth have gone off Lady Essex, Lady Besborough, Lady Granby, Lady Anson, and Lady Lincoln. My Lady Coventry is still alive, sometimes at the point of death, sometimes recovering. They fixed the spring; now the autumn is to be critical for her.

I set out for my Lord Strafford's [Wentworth Castle] to-morrow se'nnight, so shall not be able to send you any victory this fortnight.

<sup>1</sup> Catherine, eldest daughter of Henry Pelham, wife of Henry Clinton, Earl of Lincoln, afterwards Duke of Newcastle.—WALPOLE.

General Clive<sup>1</sup> is arrived all over estates and diamonds. If a beggar asks charity, he says, "Friend, I have no small brilliants about me."

I forgot to tell you that Stosch was to dine with General Guise.<sup>2</sup> The latter has notified to Christ Church, Oxford, that in his will he has given them his collection of pictures. Adieu!

676. TO THE EARL OF STRAFFORD.

MY DEAR LORD:

*Strawberry Hill, August 7, 1760.*

YOU will laugh, but I am ready to cry, when I tell you that I have no notion when I shall be able to wait on you.—Such a calamity!—My tower is not fallen down, nor Lady Fanny Shirley run away with another printer; nor has my Lady D \* \* \* \* insisted on living with me as half way to Weybridge. Something more disgraceful than all these, and wofully mortifying for a young creature, who is at the same time in love with Lady Mary Coke, and following the Duchess of Grafton and Loo all over the kingdom. In short, my Lord, I have got the gout—yes, the gout in earnest. I was seized on Monday morning, suffered dismally all night, am now wrapped in flannels like the picture of a Morocco ambassador, and am carried to bed by two servants. You see virtue and leanness are no preservatives. I write this now to your lordship, because I think it totally impossible that I should be able to set out the day after to-morrow, as I intended. The moment I can, I will; but this is a tyrant that will not let one name a day. All I know is, that it may abridge my other parties, but shall not my stay at Wentworth Castle. The Duke of Devonshire was so good as to ask me to be at Chatsworth yesterday, but I did not know it time enough. As it happens, I must have disappointed him. At present I look like Pam's father more than one of his subjects; only one of my legs appears:

The rest my parti-colour'd robe conceals.

Adieu! my dear lord.

<sup>1</sup> 14th July 1760, Colonel Clive was introduced to his Majesty at Kensington, with Richard Clive, Esq., his father, and was most graciously received. 'Gentleman's Magazine for 1760,' p. 345.—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>2</sup> General Guise did leave his collection as he promised; but the University employing the son of Bonus, the cleaner of pictures, to repair them, he entirely repainted them, and as entirely spoiled them.—WALPOLE.



## 677. TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

*Strawberry Hill, August 7, 1760.*

I CAN give you but an unpleasant account of myself, I mean unpleasant for me; every body else I suppose it will make laugh. Come, laugh at once! I am laid up with the gout, am an absolute cripple, am carried up to bed by two men, and could walk to China as soon as cross the room. In short, here is my history: I have been out of order this fortnight, without knowing what was the matter with me; pains in my head, sicknesses at my stomach, dispiritedness, and a return of the nightly fever I had in the winter. I concluded a northern journey would take all this off—but, behold! on Monday morning I was seized as I thought with the cramp in my left foot; however, I walked about all day: towards evening it discovered itself by its true name, and that night I suffered a great deal. However, on Tuesday I was again able to go about the house; but since Tuesday I have not been able to stir, and am wrapped in flannels and swathed like Sir Paul Pliant on his wedding-night. I expect to hear that there is a bet at Arthur's, which runs fastest, Jack Harris<sup>1</sup> or I. Nobody would believe me six years ago when I said I had the gout. They would do leanness and temperance honours to which they have not the least claim.

I don't yet give up my expedition; as my foot is much swelled, I trust this alderman distemper is going: I shall set out the instant I am able; but I much question whether it will be soon enough for me to get to Ragley [in Warwickshire] by the time the clock strikes Loo. I find I grow too old to make the circuit with the charming Duchess.<sup>2</sup>

I did not tell you about German skirmishes, for I knew nothing of them: when two vast armies only scratch one another's faces, it gives me no attention. My gazette never contains above one or two casualties of foreign politics:—overlaid, one king; dead of convulsions, an electorate; burnt to death, Dresden.

I wish you joy of all your purchases; why, you sound as rich as if you had had the gout these ten years. I beg their pardon; but just at present, I am very glad not to be near the vivacity of either Missy

<sup>1</sup> John Harris, of Hayne in Devonshire, married to Mr. Conway's eldest sister.—WALPOLE. Compare Letter to Montagu of 7 Jan. 1755 (vol. ii. p. 415).—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>2</sup> Anne Liddell, Duchess of Grafton.—WALPOLE.

or Peter. I agree with you much about 'The Minor : ' there are certainly parts and wit in it. Adieu !

678. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

*Strawberry Hill, August 12, 1760.*

IN what part of the island you are just now, I don't know ; flying about somewhere or other, I suppose. Well, it is charming to be so young ! Here am I, lying upon a couch, wrapped up in flannels, with the gout in both feet—oh yes, gout in all the forms. Six years ago I had it, and nobody would believe me—now they may have proof. My legs are as big as your cousin Guilford's, and they don't use to be quite so large. I was seized yesterday se'nnight ; have had little pain in the day, but most uncomfortable nights ; however, I move about again a little with a stick. If either my father or mother had had it, I should not dislike it so much. I am herald enough to approve it if descended genealogically ; but it is an absolute upstart in me, and what is more provoking, I had trusted to my great abstinence for keeping me from it : but thus it is, if I had any gentleman-like virtue, as patriotism or loyalty, I might have got something by them ; I had nothing but that beggarly virtue temperance, and she had not interest enough to keep me from a fit of the gout. Another plague is, that everybody that ever knew anybody that had it, is so good as to come with advice, and direct me how to manage it ; that is, how to contrive to have it for a great many years. I am very refractory ; I say to the gout, as great personages do to the executioners, " Friend, do your work as quick as you can." They tell me of wine to keep it out of my stomach ; but I will starve temperance itself ; I will be virtuous indeed—that is, I will stick to virtue, though I find it is not its own reward.

This confinement has kept me from Yorkshire ; I hope, however, to be at Ragley by the 20th, from whence I shall still go to Lord Strafford's, and by this delay you may possibly be at Greatworth by

<sup>1</sup> Foote's comedy of 'The Minor' came out at the Haymarket theatre, and, though performed by a young and unpractised company, brought full houses for many nights. In the characters of Mrs. Cole and Mr. Smirk, the author represented those of the notorious Mother Douglas, and Mr. Langford, the auctioneer. In the epilogue, spoken by Shift, which the author himself performed, together with the other two characters, he took off, to a degree of exactness, the manner and person of the celebrated George Whitfield.—WRIGHT. For an admirable paper on Foote by Mr. John Forster, see the 'Quarterly Review' for September, 1854.—CUNNINGHAM.



my return, which will be about the beginning of September. Write me a line as soon as you receive this; direct it to Arlington Street, it will be sent after me. Adieu.

P. S. My tower erects its battlements bravely; my Anecdotes of Painting thrive exceedingly: thanks to the gout, that has pinned me to my chair: think of Ariel the sprite in a slit shoe!

679. TO THE COUNTESS OF AILESBUURY.

*Whichnovre [near Lichfield], August 23, 1760.*

WELL, Madam, if I had known whither I was coming, I would not have come alone! Mr. Conway and your ladyship should have come too. Do you know, this is the individual manor-house,<sup>1</sup> where married ladies may have a fitch of bacon upon the easiest terms in the world? I should have expected that the owners would be ruined in satisfying the conditions of the obligation, and that the park would be stocked with hogs instead of deer. On the contrary, it is thirty years since the fitch was claimed, and Mr. Offley was never so *near* losing one as when you and Mr. Conway were at Ragley.

He so little expects the demand, that the fitch is only hung in effigie over the hall chimney, carved in wood. Are not you ashamed, Madam, never to have put in your claim? It is above a year and a day that you have been married, and I never once heard either of you mention a journey to Whichnovre. If you quarrelled at Loo every night, you could not quit your pretensions with more indifference. I had a great mind to take my oath, as one of your witnesses, that you neither of you would, if you were at liberty, prefer anybody else, *ne fairer ne fouler*, and I could easily get twenty persons to swear the same. Therefore, unless you will let the world be convinced, that all your apparent harmony is counterfeit, you must set out immediately for Mr. Offley's, or at least send me a letter of

<sup>1</sup> Of Whichnovre, near Lichfield. Sir Philip de Somerville, in the 10th of Edward III., held the manor of Whichnovre, &c. of the Earls of Lancaster, lords of the honour of Tutbury, upon two small fees, but also upon condition of his keeping ready "arrayed, all times of the year but Lent, one bacon-flyke hanging in his hall at Whichnovre, to be given to every man or woman who demanded it a year and a day after marriage, upon their swearing that they would not have changed for none other, fairer nor fouler, richer nor poorer, nor for no other descended of great lineage, sleeping nor waking at no time," &c.—WRIGHT. A like custom prevails at Dunmow, in Essex.—CUNNINGHAM.

attorney to claim the fitch in your names; and I will send it up by the coach, to be left at the *Blue Boar*, or wherever you will have it delivered. But you had better come in person; you will see one of the prettiest spots in the world; it is a little paradise, and the more like the antique one, as, by all I have said, the married couple seems to be driven out of it. The house is very indifferent: behind is a pretty park; the situation, a brow of a hill commanding sweet meadows, through which the Trent serpentises in numberless windings and branches. The spires of the cathedral of Lichfield are in front at a distance, with variety of other steeples, seats, and farms, and the horizon bounded by rich hills covered with blue woods. If you love a prospect, or bacon, you will certainly come hither.

*Wentworth Castle [Yorkshire], Sunday-night.*

I had writ thus far yesterday, but had no opportunity of sending my letter. I arrived here last night, and found only the Duke of Devonshire, who went to Hardwicke [in Derbyshire] this morning: they were down at the menagerie, and there was a clean little pullet, with which I thought his grace looked as if he should be glad to eat a slice of Whichnovre bacon. We follow him to Chatsworth tomorrow, and make our entry to the public dinner, to the disagreeableness of which I fear even Lady Mary's company will not reconcile me.

My Gothic building, which my Lord Strafford has executed in the menagerie, has a charming effect. There are two bridges built besides; but the new front is very little advanced. Adieu, Madam!

680. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

*Chatsworth, August 28, 1760.*

I AM a great way out of the world, and yet enough in the way of news to send you a good deal. I have been here but two or three days, and it has rained expresses. The most important intelligence I can give you is, that I was stopped from coming into the north for ten days by a fit of the gout in both feet, but as I have a tolerable quantity of resolution, I am now running about with the children and climbing hills—and I intend to have only just so much of this wholesome evil as shall carry me to a hundred. The next point of consequence is, that the Duke of Cumberland has had a stroke of the



palsy. As his courage is at least equal to mine, he makes nothing of it; but being above an inch more in the girth than I am, he is not yet arrived at skipping about the house. In truth, his case is melancholy: the humours that have fallen upon the wound in his leg have kept him lately from all exercise; as he used much, and is so corpulent, this must have bad consequences. Can one but pity him? A hero, reduced by injustice to crowd all his fame into the supporting bodily ills, and to looking on the approach of a lingering death with fortitude, is a real object of compassion. How he must envy, what I am sure I don't, his cousin of Prussia risking his life every hour against Cossacks and Russians! Well! but this risker has scrambled another victory: he has beat that pert pretender Laudon<sup>1</sup>—yet it looks to me as if he was but new gilding his coffin; the undertaker Daun will, I fear, still have the burying of him!

I received here your letter of the 9th, and am glad Dr. Perelli so far justifies Sisson as to disculpate me. I trust I shall execute Sophia's business better.

Stosch dined with me at Strawberry before I set out. He is a very rational creature. I return homewards to-morrow; my campaigns are never very long; I have great curiosity for seeing places, but I dispatch it soon, and am always impatient to be back with my own Woden and Thor, my own Gothic Lares. While the lords and ladies are at skittles, I just found a moment to write you a line. Adieu!

*Arlington Street, Sept. 1.*

I had no opportunity of sending my letter to the secretary's office, so brought it myself. You will see in the Gazette another little victory of a Captain Byron over a whole diminutive French squadron. Stosch has had a fever. He is now going to establish himself at Salisbury.

681. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

*Arlington Street, Sept. 1, 1760.*

I WAS disappointed at your not being at home as I returned from my expedition; and now I fear it must be another year before I see Greatworth, as I have two or three more engagements on my

<sup>1</sup> This was the battle of Liegnitz, fought on the 15th of August, 1760, and in which the King of Prussia signally defeated the Austrians under Marshal Laudon, and thereby saved Silesia.—DOVER.

books for the residue of this season. I go next week to Lord Waldegrave, and afterwards to George Selwyn, and shall return by Bath, which I have never yet seen. Will not you and the general come to Strawberry in October?

Thank you for your lamentations on my gout; it was, in proportion to my size, very slender—my feet are again as small as ever they were. When I had what I called *big shoes*, I could have danced a minuet on a silver penny.

My tour has been extremely agreeable. I set out with winning a good deal at Loo at Ragley; the Duke of Grafton was not so successful, and had some high words with Pam. I went from thence to Offley's at Whichnovre, the individual manor of the flitch of bacon, which has been growing rusty for these thirty years in his hall. I don't wonder; I have no notion that one could keep in good humour with one's wife for a year and a day, unless one was to live on the very spot, which is one of the sweetest scenes I ever saw. It is the brink of a high hill; the Trent wriggles through at the foot; Lichfield and twenty other churches and mansions decorate the view. Mr. Anson has bought an estate [Shugborough] close by, whence my Lord used to cast many a wishful eye, though without the least pretensions even to a bit of lard.

I saw Lichfield cathedral, which has been rich, but my friend Lord Brooke and his soldiery treated poor St. Chad<sup>1</sup> with so little ceremony, that it is in a most naked condition. In a niche at the very summit they have crowded a statue of Charles the Second, with a special pair of shoe-strings, big enough for a weathercock. As I went to Lord Strafford's I passed through Sheffield, which is one of the foulest towns in England in the most charming situation; there are two-and-twenty thousand inhabitants making knives and scissors; they remit eleven thousand pounds a week to London. One man there has discovered the art of plating copper with silver; I bought a pair of candlesticks for two guineas that are quite pretty. Lord Strafford has erected the little Gothic building, which I got

<sup>1</sup> A tomb with Gothic sculpture fair,  
Did long Lord Marmion's image bear,  
(Now vainly for its sight you look;  
'Twas levell'd when fanatic Brooke  
The fair cathedral storm'd and took;  
But thanks to Heaven and good St. Chad  
A guerdon meet the spoiler had.)—*Marmion*, Canto 6.

Robert Greville, Lord Brooke, was killed (1642) by a shot fired from St. Chad's cathedral upon St. Chad's day. Compare Walpole's Works, i. 357.—CUNNINGHAM.



Mr. Bentley to draw; I took the idea from Chichester Cross. It stands on a high bank in the menagerie, between a pond and a vale, totally bowered over with oaks. I went with the Straffords to Chatsworth, and stayed there four days; there were Lady Mary Coke, Lord Besborough and his daughters, Lord Thomond, Mr. Boufoy, the Duke, the old Duchess,<sup>1</sup> and two of his brothers. Would you believe that nothing was ever better humoured than the ancient Grace? She stayed every evening till it was dark in the skittle-ground, keeping the score; and one night, that the servants had a ball for Lady Dorothy's<sup>2</sup> birth-day, we fetched the fiddler into the drawing-room, and the dowager herself danced with us! I never was more disappointed than at Chatsworth, which, ever since I was born, I have condemned. It is a glorious situation; the vale rich in corn and verdure, vast woods hang down the hills, which are green to the top, and the immense rocks only serve to dignify the prospect. The river runs before the door, and serpentises more than you can conceive in the vale. The Duke is widening it, and will make it the middle of his park; but I don't approve an idea they are going to execute, of a fine bridge with statues under a noble cliff. If they will have a bridge (which by the way will crowd the scene), it should be composed of rude fragments, such as the giant of the Peak would step upon, that he might not be wet-shod. The expense of the works now carrying on will amount to forty thousand pounds. A heavy quadrangle of stables is part of the plan, is very cumbrous, and standing higher than the house, is ready to overwhelm it. The principal front of the house is beautiful, and executed with the neatness of wrought plate; the inside is most sumptuous, but did not please me; the heathen gods, goddesses, Christian virtues, and allegoric gentlefolks, are crowded into every room, as if Mrs. Holman had been in heaven and invited everybody she saw. The great apartment is first; painted ceilings, inlaid floors, and unpainted wainscots make every room *sombre*. The tapestries are fine, but not fine enough, and there are few portraits. The chapel is charming. The great *jet d'eau* I like, nor would I remove it; whatever is magnificent of the kind in the time it was done, I would retain, else all gardens and houses wear a tiresome resemblance. I except that absurdity of a cascade tumbling down marble steps, which reduces the steps to be of no use at all. I saw

<sup>1</sup> Daughter of John Hoskins, Esq., and widow of William the third Duke of Devonshire.—WALPOLE.

<sup>2</sup> Afterwards Duchess of Portland.—WALPOLE.

Haddon,<sup>1</sup> an abandoned old castle of the Rutlands, in a romantic situation, but which never could have composed a tolerable dwelling. The Duke sent Lord John [Cavendish] with me to Hardwicke, where I was again disappointed; but I will not take relations from others; they either don't see for themselves, or can't see for me. How I had been promised that I should be charmed with Hardwicke, and told that the Devonshires ought to have established there! never was I less charmed in my life. The house is not Gothic, but of that betweenity, that intervened when Gothic declined and Palladian was creeping in—rather, this is totally naked of either. It has vast chambers—aye, vast, such as the nobility of that time delighted in, and did not know how to furnish. The great apartment is exactly what it was when the Queen of Scots was kept there. Her council-chamber, the council-chamber of a poor woman, who had only two secretaries, a gentleman-usher, an apothecary, a confessor, and three maids, is so outrageously spacious, that you would take it for King David's, who thought, contrary to all modern experience, that in the multitude of counsellors there is wisdom. At the upper end is the state, with a long table, covered with a sumptuous cloth, embroidered and embossed with gold,—at least what was gold; so are all the tables. Round the top of the chamber runs a monstrous frieze, ten or twelve feet deep, representing stag-hunting in miserable plastered relief. The next is her dressing-room, hung with patch-work on black velvet; then her state bed-chamber. The bed has been rich beyond description, and now hangs in costly golden tatters. The hangings, part of which they say her Majesty worked, are composed of figures as large as life, sewed and embroidered on black velvet, white satin, &c., and represent the virtues that were necessary for her, or that she was forced to have, as Patience and Temperance, &c. The fire-screens are particular; pieces of yellow velvet, fringed with gold, hang on a cross-bar of wood, which is fixed on the top of a single stick, that rises from the foot. The only furniture which has any appearance of taste are the table and cabinets, which are all of oak, richly carved. There is a private chamber within, where she lay, her arms and style over the door; the arras hangs over all the doors; the gallery is sixty yards long, covered with bad tapestry, and wretched pictures of Mary herself, Elizabeth in a gown of sea-

<sup>1</sup> Anciently the seat of the Vernons. Sir George Vernon, in Queen Elizabeth's time, was styled "King of the Peak," and the property came into the Mannors family by his daughter marrying Thomas, son of the first Earl of Rutland.—WRIGHT.



monsters, Lord Darnley, James the Fifth and his Queen, curious, and a whole history of Kings of England, not worth sixpence a-piece. There is an original of old Bess' of Hardwicke herself, who built the house. Her estates were then reckoned at sixty thousand pounds a-year, and now let for two hundred thousand pounds. Lord John Cavendish told me, that the tradition in the family is, that it had been prophesied to her that she should never die as long as she was building; and that at last she died in a hard frost, when the labourers could not work. There is a fine bank of old oaks in the park over a lake; nothing else pleased me there. However, I was so diverted with this old beldam and her magnificence, that I made this epitaph for her:—

Four times the nuptial bed she warm'd,  
And every time so well perform'd,  
That when death spoil'd each husband's billing,  
He left the widow every shilling.  
Fond was the dame, but not dejected;  
Five stately mansions she erected  
With more than royal pomp, to vary  
The prison of her captive Mary.  
When Hardwicke's towers shall bow their head,  
Nor mass be more in Worksop said;  
When Bolsover's fair fame shall tend  
Like Olcotes, to its mouldering end;  
When Chatsworth tastes no Ca'n'dish bounties,  
Let fame forget this costly countess.

As I returned, I saw Newstead and Althorpe: I like both. The former is the very abbey.<sup>1</sup> The great east window of the church remains, and connects with the house; the hall entire, the refectory entire, the cloister untouched, with the ancient cistern of the convent, and their arms on it; a private chapel quite perfect. The park, which is still charming, has not been so much unprofaned; the present Lord<sup>2</sup> has lost large sums, and paid part in old oaks, five thousand pounds of which have been cut near the house. In recom-

<sup>1</sup> She was daughter of John Hardwicke, of Hardwicke in Derbyshire. Her first husband was Robert Barley, Esq., who settled his large estate on her and her heirs. She married, secondly, Sir William Cavendish; her third husband was Sir William St. Lo; and her fourth was George Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury, whose daughter, Lady Grace, married her son by Sir William Cavendish.—WALPOLE.

<sup>2</sup> Evelyn, who visited Newstead in 1654, says of it:—"It is situated much like Fontainebleau, in France, capable of being made a noble seat, accommodated as it is with brave woods and streams; it has yet remaining the front of a glorious abbey church." Lord Byron describes the family seat, in the thirteenth canto of *Don Juan*.—WRIGHT.

<sup>3</sup> William Byron, fifth Lord Byron, 1736-1798; the immediate predecessor of the great poet.—CUNNINGHAM.

pense he has built two baby forts, to pay his country in castles for the damage done to the navy, and planted a handful of Scotch firs, that look like ploughboys dressed in old family liveries for a public day. In the hall is a very good collection of pictures, all animals; the refectory, now the great drawing-room, is full of Byrons; the vaulted roof remaining, but the windows have new dresses making for them by a Venetian tailor. Althorpe<sup>1</sup> has several very fine pictures by the best Italian hands, and a gallery of all one's acquaintance by Vandyke and Lely. I wonder you never saw it; it is but six miles from Northampton. Well, good night; I have writ you such a volume, that you see I am forced to page it. The Duke [of Cumberland] has had a stroke of the palsy, but is quite recovered, except in some letters, which he cannot pronounce; and it is still visible in the contraction of one side of his mouth. My compliments to your family.

## 682. TO THE EARL OF STRAFFORD.

MY DEAR LORD:

*Strawberry Hill, Sept. 4, 1760.*

YOU ordered me to tell you how I liked Hardwicke. To say the truth, not exceedingly. The bank of oaks over the ponds is fine, and the vast lawn behind the house: I saw nothing else that is superior to the common run of parks. For the house, it did not please me at all; there is no grace, no ornament, no Gothic in it. I was glad to see the style of furniture of that age; and my imagination helped me to like the apartment of the Queen of Scots. Had it been the chateau of a Duchess of Brunswick, on which they had exhausted the revenues of some centuries, I don't think I should have admired it at all. In short, Hardwicke disappointed me as much as Chatsworth surpassed my expectation. There is a richness and vivacity of prospect in the latter; in the former, nothing but triste grandeur.

Newstead delighted me. There is grace and Gothic indeed—good chambers and a comfortable house. The monks formerly were the only sensible people that had really good mansions.<sup>2</sup> I saw Althorpe too, and liked it very well: the pictures are fine.

<sup>1</sup> In Northamptonshire, the seat of Earl Spencer.—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>2</sup> “—— It lies perhaps a little low,  
Because the monks preferred a hill behind  
To shelter their devotion from the wind.” *Byron*.—WRIGHT.



In the gallery I found myself quite at home; and surprised the housekeeper by my familiarity with the portraits.

I hope you have read Prince Ferdinand's thanksgiving, where he has made out a victory by the excess of his praises. I supped at Mr. Conway's t'other night with Miss West,<sup>1</sup> and we diverted ourselves with the encomiums on her Colonel Johnston. Lady Ailesbury told her, that to be sure next winter she would burn nothing but laurel faggots. Don't you like Prince Ferdinand's being so tired with thanking, that at last he is forced to turn God over to be thanked by the officers?

In London there is a more cruel campaign than that waged by the Russians: the streets are a very picture of the murder of the innocents—one drives over nothing but poor dead dogs!<sup>2</sup> The dear, good-natured, honest, sensible creatures! Christ! how can anybody hurt them? Nobody could but those Cherokees the English, who desire no better than to be halloo'd to blood:—one day Admiral Byng, the next Lord George Sackville, and to-day the poor dogs!

I cannot help telling your lordship how I was diverted the night I returned hither. I was sitting with Mrs. Clive, her sister and brother, in the bench near the road at the end of her long walk. We heard a violent scolding: and looking out, saw a pretty woman standing by a high chaise, in which was a young fellow, and a coachman riding by. The damsel had lost her hat, her cap, her cloak, her temper, and her senses; and was more drunk and more angry than you can conceive. Whatever the young man had or had not done to her, she would not ride in the chaise with him, but stood cursing and swearing in the most outrageous style: and when she had vented all the oaths she could think of, she at last wished *perfidion* might seize him. You may imagine how we laughed.—The fair intoxicate turned round, and cried, "I am

<sup>1</sup> Henrietta-Cecilia, eldest daughter of John West, seventh Lord de la Warr. In 1762 she married Colonel Johnston; see vol. ii. p. 24.—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>2</sup> In the summer of this year the dread of mad dogs raged like an epidemic; the periodical publications of the time being filled with little else of domestic interest than the squabbles of the dog-lovers and dog-haters. The Common Council of London, at a meeting on the 26th August, issued an order for killing all dogs found in the streets or high-ways after the 27th, and offered a reward of two shillings for every dog that should be killed and buried in the skin. In Goldsmith's 'Citizen of the World' there is an amusing paper [letter lxix], in which he ridicules the fear of mad dogs as one of those epidemic terrors to which our countrymen are occasionally prone.—WRIGHT. See also Goldsmith's 'Elegy on the Death of a Mad Dog.'—CUNNINGHAM.

laughed at!—Who is it?—What, Mrs. Clive? Kitty Clive?—No: Kitty Clive would never behave so!” I wish you could have seen my neighbour’s confusion. She certainly did not grow paler than ordinary. I laugh now while I repeat it to you.

I have told Mr. Bentley the great honour you have done him, my lord. He is happy the Temple succeeds to please you.

683. TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

*Strawberry Hill, September 19, 1760.*

THANK you for your notice, though I should certainly have contrived to see you without it. Your brother promised he would come and dine here one day with you and Lord Beauchamp. I go to Navestock [in Essex] on Monday, for two or three days; but that will not exhaust your waiting.<sup>1</sup> I shall be in town on Sunday; but as that is a court-day, I will not—so don’t propose it—dine with you at Kensington; but I will be with my Lady Hertford about six, where your brother and you will find me if you please. I cannot come to Kensington in the evening, for I have but one pair of horses in the world, and they will have to carry me to town in the morning.

I wonder the King expects a battle; when Prince Ferdinand can do as well without fighting, why should he fight? Can’t he make the hereditary Prince gallop into a mob of Frenchmen, and get a scratch on the nose; and Johnson straddle cross a river and come back with six heads of hussars in his fob, and then can’t he thank all the world, and assure them he shall never forget the victory they have not gained? These thanks are sent over: the Gazette swears that this no-success was chiefly owing to General Mostyn; and the Chronicle protests, that it was achieved by my Lord Granby’s losing his hat, which he never wears; and then his lordship sends over for three hundred thousand pints of porter to drink his own health; and then Mr. Pitt determines to carry on the war for another year; and then the Duke of Newcastle hopes that we shall be beat, that he may lay the blame on Mr. Pitt, and that then he shall be minister for thirty years longer; and then we shall be the greatest nation in the universe. Amen! My dear Harry, you

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Conway, as groom of the bedchamber to the King, was then in waiting at Kensington.—WALPOLE.



see how easy it is to be a hero. If you had but taken Impudence and Oatlands in your way to Rochfort, it would not have signified whether you had taken Rochfort or not. Adieu! I don't know who Lady Ailesbury's Mr. Alexander is. If she curls like a vine with any Mr. Alexander but you, I hope my Lady Coventry will recover and be your Roxana.

## 684. TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

*Strawberry Hill.*

You are good for nothing; you have no engagement, you have no principles; and all this I am not afraid to tell you, as you have left your sword behind you. If you take it ill, I have given my nephew, who brings your sword, a letter of attorney to fight you for me; I shall certainly not see you: my Lady Waldegrave goes to town on Friday, but I remain here. You lose Lady Anne Connolly<sup>1</sup> and her forty daughters, who all dine here to-day upon a few loaves and three small fishes. I should have been glad if you would have breakfasted here on Friday on your way; but as I lie in bed rather longer than the lark, I fear our hours would not suit one another. Adieu!

## 685. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

*Strawberry Hill, Oct. 2, 1760.*

I ANNOUNCE my Lady Huntingtower<sup>2</sup> to you. I hope you will approve the match a little more than I suppose my Lord Dysart will, as he does not yet know, though they have been married these two hours, that, at ten o'clock this morning, his son espoused my niece Charlotte at St. James's Church. The moment my Lord Dysart is dead, I will carry you to see Ham House; it is pleasant to call cousins with a charming prospect over against one. Now you want to know the detail: there was none. It is not the style of our Court to have long negotiations; we don't fatigue the town with exhibiting the betrothed for six months together in public places.

<sup>1</sup> Lady Anne Wentworth, sister of the Earl of Strafford, and wife of William Conolly, Esq.—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>2</sup> Charlotte, third daughter of Sir Edward Walpole, and sister to Lady Waldegrave and to Mrs. Keppel.—WALPOLE.

*Vidit, venit, vicit*;—the young lord has liked her some time; on Saturday se'nnight he came to my brother, and made his demand. The Princess did not know him by sight, and did not dislike him when she did; she consented, and they were to be married this morning. My Lord Dysart is such a — that nobody will pity him; he has kept his son till six-and-twenty, and would never make the least settlement on him: "Sure," said the young man, "if he will do nothing for me, I may please myself; he cannot hinder me of ten thousand pounds a-year, and sixty thousand that are in the funds, all entailed on me"—a reversion one does not wonder the bride did not refuse, as there is present possession too of a very handsome person; the only thing his father has ever given him. His grandfather, Lord Granville, has always told him to choose a gentlewoman, and please himself; yet I should think the ladies Townshend and Cowper would cackle a little.

I wish you could have come here this October for more reasons than one. The Teddingtonian history is grown wofully bad. Mark Antony, though no boy, persists in losing the world two or three times over for every gipsy that he takes for a Cleopatra. I have laughed, been scolded, represented, begged, and at last spoken very roundly—all with equal success; at present we do not meet. I must convince him of ill usage, before I can make good usage of any service. All I have done is forgot, because I will not be enamoured of Hannah Cleopatra too. You shall know the whole history when I see you; you may trust me for still being kind to him; but that he must not as yet suspect; they are bent on going to London, that she may visit and be visited, while he puts on his red velvet and ermine, and goes about begging in robes.

Poor Mr. Chute has had another very severe fit of the gout; I left him in bed, but by not hearing he is worse, trust on Saturday to find him mended. Adieu!

686. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

*Arlington Street, Oct. 5, 1780.*

I AM afraid you will turn me off from being your gazetteer. Do you know that I came to town to-day by accident, and was here four hours before I heard that Montreal was taken? The express came early this morning. I am so posthumous in my intelligence, that you must not expect any intelligence from me—but the same post



that brings you this, will convey the Extraordinary Gazette, which of late is become the register of the Temple of Fame. All I know is, that the bonfires and squibs are drinking General Amherst's<sup>1</sup> health.

Within these two days Fame and the Gazette have laid another egg; I wish they may hatch it themselves! but it is one of that unlucky hue which has so often been addled: in short, behold another secret expedition. It was notified on Friday, and departs in a fortnight. Lord Albemarle, it is believed, will command it. One is sure at least that it cannot be to America, for we have taken it *all*. The conquest of Montreal may perhaps serve in full of all accounts, as I suspect a little that this new plan was designed to amuse the City of London at the beginning of the session, who would not like to have wasted so many millions on this campaign, without any destruction of friend or foe.<sup>2</sup> Now, a secret expedition may at least furnish a court-martial, and the citizens love persecution even better than their money. A general or an admiral to be mobbed either by their applause or their hisses, is all they desire.—Poor Lord Albemarle!

The charming Countess [of Coventry] is dead at last; and as if the whole history of both sisters was to be extraordinary, the Duchess of Hamilton is in a consumption too, and going abroad directly. Perhaps you may see the remains of these prodigies, you will see but little remains; her features were never so beautiful as Lady Coventry's, and she has long been changed, though not yet I think above six-and-twenty. The other was but twenty-seven.

As all great ladies are mortal this year, my family is forced to recruit the peerage. My brother's last daughter is married; and, as Biddy Tipkin<sup>3</sup> says, though their story is too short for a romance, it will make a very pretty novel—nay, it is almost brief enough for a play, and very near comes within one of the unities, the space of four-and-twenty hours. There is in the world, particularly in my world, for he lives directly over against me across the water, a strange brute called Earl of Dysart.<sup>4</sup> Don't be frightened, it is not

<sup>1</sup> General Sir Jeffery Amherst distinguished himself in the war with the French in America. He was subsequently created a peer, and made commander-in-chief.—DOVER.

<sup>2</sup> The large armament, intended for a secret expedition and collected at Portsmouth, was detained there the whole summer, but the design was laid aside.—WRIGHT.

<sup>3</sup> In Steele's "Tender Husband."—WALPOLE.

<sup>4</sup> Lionel Tolmache, Earl of Dysart, [died 1770] lived at Ham House, over against Twickenham.—WALPOLE.

he. His son, Lord Huntingtower, to whom he gives but four hundred pounds a-year, is a comely young gentleman of twenty-six, who has often had thoughts of trying whether his father would not like grandchildren better than his own children, as sometimes people have more grandtenderness than paternal. All the answer he could ever get was, that the Earl could not afford, as he has five younger children, to make any settlement, but he offered, as a proof of his inability and kindness, to lend his son a large sum of money at low interest. This indigent usurer has thirteen thousand pounds a-year, and sixty thousand pounds in the funds. The money and ten of the thirteen thousand in land are entailed on Lord Huntingtower. The young Lord, it seems, has been in love with Charlotte for some months, but thought so little of inflaming her, that yesterday fortnight she did not know him by sight. On that day he came and proposed himself to my brother, who with much surprise heard his story, but excused himself from giving an answer. He said, he would never force the inclinations of his children; he did not believe his daughter had any engagement or attachment, but she might have: he would send for her and know her mind. She was at her sister Waldegrave's, to whom, on receiving the notification, she said, very sensibly, "If I was but nineteen, I would refuse point blank; I do not like to be married in a week to a man I never saw. But I am two-and-twenty; some people say I am handsome, some say I am not; I believe the truth is, I am likely to be at large and to go off soon—it is dangerous to refuse so great a match." Take notice of the *married in a week*; the love that was so many months in ripening, could not stay above a week. She came and saw this impetuous lover, and I believe was glad she had not refused point blank—for they were married last Thursday. I tremble a little for the poor girl; not to mention the oddness of the father, and twenty disagreeable things that may be in the young man, who has been kept and lived entirely out of the world; he takes her fortune, ten thousand pounds, and cannot settle another shilling upon her till his father dies, and then promises only a thousand a-year. Would one venture one's happiness and one's whole fortune for the chance of being Lady Dysart?—if Lord Huntingtower dies before his father, she will not have sixpence. Sure my brother has risked too much!

Stosch, who is settled at Salisbury, has writ to me to recommend him to somebody or other as a travelling governor or companion. I would if I knew anybody; but who travels now? He says you



have notified his intention to me—so far from it, I have not heard from you this age: I never was so long without a letter—but you don't take Montreals and Canadas every now and then. You repose like the warriors in Germany—at least I hope so—I trust no ill health has occasioned your silence. Adieu!

## 687. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

*Strawberry Hill, Oct. 14, 1760.*

If you should see in the newspapers, that I have offered to raise a regiment at Twickenham, am going with the expedition, and have actually kissed hands, don't believe it; though I own, the two first would not be more surprising than the last. I will tell you how the calamity befel me, though you will laugh instead of pitying me. Last Friday morning, I was very tranquilly writing my *Anecdotes of Painting*—I heard the bell at the gate ring—I called out, as usual, "Not at home;" but Harry, who thought it would be treason to tell a lie, when he saw red liveries, owned I was, and came running up: "Sir, the Prince of Wales is at the door, and says he is come on purpose to make you a visit!" There was I, in the utmost confusion, undressed, in my slippers, and with my hair about my ears; there was no help, *insanum vatem aspiciet*—and down I went to receive him. Him was the Duke of York. Behold my breeding of the old Court; at the foot of the stairs I kneeled down, and kissed his hand. I beg your uncle Algernon Sidney's pardon, but I could not let the second Prince of the blood kiss my hand first. He was, as he always is, extremely good-humoured; and I, as I am not always, extremely respectful. He stayed two hours, nobody with him but Morrison; I showed him all my castle, the pictures of the Pretender's sons, and that type of the Reformation, Harry the Eighth's —, moulded into a weight to the clock he gave Anne Boleyn. But observe my luck; he would have the *sanctum sanctorum* in the library opened: about a month ago I removed the MSS. in another place. All this is very well; but now for the consequences; what was I to do next? I have not been in a Court these ten years, consequently have never kissed hands in the next reign. Could I let a Duke of York visit me, and never go to thank him? I know, if I was a great poet, I might be so brutal, and tell the world in rhyme that rudeness is virtue; or, if I was a patriot, I might, after laughing at Kings and Princes for twenty

years, catch at the first opening of favour and beg a place. In truth, I can do neither; yet I could not be shocking; I determined to go to Leicester-house, and comforted myself that it was not much less meritorious to go there for nothing, than to stay quite away; yet I believe I must make a pilgrimage to Saint Liberty of Geneva, before I am perfectly purified, especially as I am dipped even at St. James's. Lord Hertford, at my request, begged my Lady Yarmouth to get an order for my Lady Henry<sup>1</sup> to go through the park, and the Countess said so many civil things about me and my suit, and granted it so expeditiously, that I shall be forced to visit her, even before she lives here next door to my Lady Suffolk. My servants are transported; Harry expects to see me first Minister, like my father, and reckons upon a place in the Custom-house. Louis, who drinks like a German, thinks himself qualified for a page of the back stairs—but these are not all my troubles. As I never dress in summer, I had nothing upon earth but a frock, unless I went in black, like a poet, and pretended that a cousin was dead, one of the Muses. Then I was in panics lest I should call my Lord Bute, your Royal Highness. I was not indeed in much pain at the conjectures the Duke of Newcastle would make on such an apparition, even if he should suspect that a new opposition was on foot, and that I was to write some letters to the Whigs.

Well, but after all, do you know that my calamity has not befallen me yet? I could not determine to bounce over head and ears into the drawing-room at once, without one soul knowing why I came thither. I went to London on Saturday night, and Lord Hertford was to carry me the next morning; in the mean time I wrote to Morrison, explaining my gratitude to one brother, and my unacquaintance with t'other, and how afraid I was that it would be thought officious and forward if I was presented now, and begging he would advise me what to do; and all this upon my bended knee, as if Schutz had stood over me and dictated every syllable. The answer was by order from the Duke of York, that he smiled at my distress, wished to put me to no inconvenience, but desired, that as the acquaintance had begun without restraint, it might continue without ceremony. Now I was in more perplexity than ever! I could not go directly, and yet it was not fit it should be said I thought it an *inconvenience* to wait on the Prince of Wales. At present it is decided by a jury of court matrons, that is, courtiers,

<sup>1</sup> Lady Hervey.—CUNNINGHAM.



that I must write to my Lord Bute and explain the whole, and why I desire to come now—don't fear : I will take care they shall understand how little I come for. In the mean time, you see it is my fault if I am not a favourite, but, alas ! I am not heavy enough to be tossed in a blanket, like Dodington ; I should never come down again ; I cannot be driven in a royal curricie to wells and waters ; I can't make love now to my contemporary Charlotte Dives ; I cannot quit Mufti and my parroquet for Sir William Irby,<sup>1</sup> and the prattle of a drawing-room, nor Mrs. Clive for *Ælia Lælia* Chudleigh ; in short, I could give up nothing but an Earldom of Eglington ; and yet I foresee, that this phantom of the reversion of a reversion will make me plagued ; I shall have Lord Egmont whisper me again ; and every tall woman and strong man, that comes to town, will make interest with me to get the Duke of York to come and see them. Oh ! dreadful, dreadful ! It is plain I never was a patriot, for I don't find my virtue a bit staggered by this first glimpse of Court sunshine.

Mr. Conway has pressed to command the new Quixotism on foot, and has been refused ; I sing a very comfortable *Te Deum* for it. Kingsley, Craufurd, and Keppel are the generals, and Commodore Keppel the admiral. The mob are sure of being pleased ; they will get a conquest, or a court-martial. A very unpleasant thing has happened to the Keppels ; the youngest brother, who had run in debt at Gibraltar, and was fetched away to be sent to Germany, gave them the slip at the first port they touched at in Spain, surrendered himself to the Spanish governor, has changed his religion, and sent for a —, that had been taken from him at Gibraltar ; *naturam expellas furcâ*. There's the true blood of Charles the Second sacrificing everything for popery and a bunter.

Lord Bolingbroke, on hearing the name of Lady Coventry at Newmarket, affected to burst into tears, and left the room, not to hide his crying, but his not crying.

Draper has handsomely offered to go on the expedition, and goes. Ned Finch, t'other day, on the conquest of Montreal, wished the King joy of having lost no subjects, but those that perished in the *rabbits*. Fitzroy asked him if he thought they crossed the great American lakes in such little boats as one goes in to Vauxhall ? he replied, " Yes, Mr. Pitt said the *rabbits* "—it was in the falls, the *rapids*.

<sup>1</sup> Sir William Irby, Bart., created 1761 Baron Boston, died 1775.—CUNNINGHAM.

I like Lord John almost as well as Fred. Montagu; and I like your letter better than Lord John; the application of Miss Falkener<sup>1</sup> was charming. Good night.

P.S. If I had been told in June, that I should have the gout, and kiss hands before November, I don't think I should have given much credit to the prophet.

688. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

*Arlington Street, Oct. 25, 1760.*

*I tell a lie, I am at Mr. Chute's.*

WAS ever so agreeable a man as King George the Second, to die the very day it was necessary to save me from a ridicule? I was to have kissed hands to-morrow—but you will not care a farthing about that now; so I must tell you all I know of departed majesty. He went to bed well last night, rose at six this morning as usual, looked, I suppose, if all his money was in his purse, and called for his chocolate. A little after seven, he went into the water-closet; the German *valet de chambre* heard a noise, listened, heard something like a groan, ran in, and found the hero of Oudenarde and Dettingen on the floor, with a gash on his right temple, by falling against the corner of a bureau. He tried to speak, could not, and expired. Princess Emily was called, found him dead, and wrote to the Prince. I know not a syllable, but am come to see and hear as much as I can. I fear you will *cry and roar all night*, but one could not keep it from you. For my part, like a new courtier, I comfort myself, “considering what a gracious Prince comes next.”<sup>2</sup> Behold my luck. I wrote to Lord Bute, thrust in all the *unexpecteds, want of ambition, disinterestedness*, &c. that I could amass, gilded with as much duty, affection, zeal, &c. as possible. I received a very gracious and sensible answer, and was to have been presented to-morrow, and the talk of the few people, that are in town, for a week. Now I shall be lost in the crowd, shall be as well there as I desire to be, have done what was right, they know I want nothing, may be civil to me very cheaply, and I can go and see the puppet-show for this next month at my ease: but perhaps, you will think all this a piece of art; to be sure, I have timed my court, as luckily as possible, and contrived to be the last

<sup>1</sup> The actress at Drury Lane, and Mistress of Lord Halifax, *ante*, p. 317.—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>2</sup> Pope, 1738. Dialogue 1.—CUNNINGHAM.



person in England that made interest with the successor. You see virtue and philosophy always prone to know the world and their own interest. However, I am not so abandoned a patriot yet, as to desert my friends immediately; you shall hear now and then the events of this new reign—if I am not made secretary of state—if I am, I shall certainly take care to let you know it.

I had really begun to think that the lawyers for once talked sense, when they said the *King never dies*. He probably got his death, as he liked to have done two years ago, by viewing the troops for the expedition from the wall of Kensington Garden. My Lady Suffolk told me about a month ago that he had often told her, speaking of the dampness of Kensington, that he would never die there. For my part, my man Harry will always be a favourite; he tells me all the amusing news; he first told me of the late Prince of Wales's death, and to-day of the King's.

Thank you, Mr. Chute is as well as can be expected—in *this national affliction*. Sir Robert Brown<sup>1</sup> has left everything to my Lady—aye, everything, I believe, his very avarice.

Lord Huntingtower wrote to offer his father eight thousand pounds of Charlotte's fortune, if he would give them one thousand a-year in present, and settle a jointure on her. The Earl returned this truly laconic, for being so unnatural, an answer. "Lord Huntingtower, I answer your letter as soon as I receive it; I wish you joy; I hear your wife is very accomplished. Yours, Dysart." I believe my Lady Huntingtower must contrive to make it convenient for *me*, that my Lord Dysart should die—and then he will. I expect to be a very respectable personage in time, and to have my tomb set forth like the Lady Margaret Douglas, that I had four earls to my nephews, though I never was one myself. Adieu! I must go govern the nation.

689. TO THE EARL OF STRAFFORD.

MY DEAR LORD:

*Arlington Street, October 26, 1760.*

I BEG your pardon for so long a silence in the late reign; I knew nothing worth telling you; and the great event of this morning you will certainly hear before it comes to you by so sober and regular a personage as the postman. The few circumstances known yet are,

<sup>1</sup> Sir Robert Brown, Bart., formerly consul at Venice, died 5th of October, 1760.—  
CUNNINGHAM.

that the King went well to bed last night; rose well at six this morning; went to the water-closet a little after seven; had a fit, fell against a bureau, and gashed his right temple: the *valet de chambre* heard a noise and a groan, and ran in: the King tried to speak, but died instantly. I should hope this would draw you southward: such scenes are worth looking at, even by people who regard them with such indifference as your Lordship or I. I say no more, for what will mix in a letter with the death of a King!

I am my lady's and your lordship's most faithful servant.

690. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

*Arlington Street, Tuesday, October 28. [1760.]*

THE new reign dates with great propriety and decency; the civillest letter to Princess Emily; the greatest kindness to the Duke; the utmost respect to the dead body. No changes to be made but those absolutely necessary, as the household, &c.—and what some will think the most unnecessary, in the representative of power. There are but two new cabinet counsellors named; the Duke of York and Lord Bute, so it must be one of them. The Princess does not remove to St. James's, so I don't believe it will be she. To-day England kissed hands, so did I, and it is more comfortable to kiss hands with all England, than to have all England ask why one kisses hands. Well! my virtue is safe; I had a gracious reception, and yet I am almost as impatient to return to Strawberry, as I was to leave it on the news. There is great dignity and grace in the King's manner. I don't say this, like my dear Madame de Sévigné, because he was civil to me, but the part is well acted. If they do as well behind the scenes, as upon the stage, it will be a very complete reign. Hollinshed, or Baker, would think it begins well, that is, begins ill; it has rained without intermission, and yesterday there came a cargo of bad news, all which, you know, are similar omens to a man, who writes history upon the information of the clouds. Berlin is taken by the Prussians, the hereditary Prince beaten by the French. Poor Lord Downe has had three wounds. He and your brother's Billy Pitt are prisoners. Johnny Waldegrave was shot through the hat and through the coat; and would have been shot through the body, if he had had any. Irish Johnston is wounded in the hand; Ned Harvey somewhere; and Prince Ferdinand mortally in his reputation for sending this wild detachment. Mr. Pitt has



another reign to set to rights. The Duke of Cumberland has taken Lord Sandwich's, in Pall-mall; Lord Chesterfield has offered his house to Princess Emily; and if they live at Hampton-court, as I suppose his court will, I may as well offer Strawberry for a royal nursery; for at best it will become a cakehouse; 'tis such a convenient airing for the Maids of Honour. If I was not forced in conscience to own to you, that my own curiosity is exhausted, I would ask you, if you would not come and look at this new world; but a new world only re-acted by old players is not much worth seeing; I shall return on Saturday. The Parliament is prorogued till the day it was to have met; the Will is not opened; what can I tell you more? Would it be news that all is hopes and fears, and that great lords look as if they dreaded wanting bread? would this be news? believe me, it all grows stale soon. I had not seen such a sight these three-and-thirty years: I came eagerly to town; I laughed for three days: I am tired already. Good night!

P.S. I smiled to myself last night. Out of excess of attention, which costs me nothing, when I mean it should cost nobody else anything, I went last night to Kensington to inquire after Princess Emily and Lady Yarmouth: nobody knew me, they asked my name. When they heard it, they did not seem ever to have heard it before, even in that house. I waited half an hour in a lodge with a footman of Lady Yarmouth's; I would not have waited so long in her room a week ago; now it only diverted me. Even moralising is entertaining, when one laughs at the same time; but I pity those who don't moralise till they cry.

## 691. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

*Arlington Street, Oct. 28, 1760.*

THE deaths of Kings travel so much faster than any post, that I cannot expect to tell you news, when I say your old master is dead. But I can pretty well tell you what I like best to be able to say to you on this occasion, that you are in no danger. Change will scarce reach to Florence when its hand is checked even in the capital. But I will move a little regularly, and then you will form your judgment more easily.

This is Tuesday; on Friday night the King went to bed in perfect health, and rose so the next morning at his usual hour of six; he called for and drank his chocolate. At seven, for everything with

him was exact and periodic, he went into the closet to dismiss his chocolate. Coming from thence, his *valet de chambre* heard a noise; waited a moment, and heard something like a groan. He ran in, and in a small room between the closet and bedchamber he found the King on the floor, who had cut the right side of his face against the edge of a bureau, and who after a gasp expired. Lady Yarmouth was called, and sent for Princess Amelia; but they only told the latter that the King was ill and wanted her. She had been confined some days with a rheumatism, but hurried down, ran into the room without farther notice, and saw her father extended on the bed. She is very purblind, and more than a little deaf. They had not closed his eyes; she bent down close to his face, and concluded he spoke to her, though she could not hear him—guess what a shock when she found the truth. She wrote to the Prince of Wales—but so had one of the *valets de chambre* first. He came to town, and saw the Duke [of Cumberland] and the Privy Council. He was extremely kind to the first—and in general has behaved with the greatest propriety, dignity, and decency. He read his speech to the Council with much grace, and dismissed the guards on himself to wait on his grandfather's body. It is intimated, that he means to employ the same Ministers, but with reserve to himself of more authority than has lately been in fashion. The Duke of York and Lord Bute are named of the Cabinet Council. The late King's Will is not yet opened. To-day everybody kissed hands at Leicester-house, and this week, I believe, the King will go to St. James's. The body has been opened; the great ventricle of the heart had burst. What an enviable death! In the greatest period of the glory of this country, and of his reign, in perfect tranquillity at home, at seventy-seven, growing blind and deaf, to die without a pang, before any reverse of fortune, or any distasted peace, nay, but two days before a ship-load of bad news: could he have chosen such another moment? The news is bad indeed! Berlin taken by capitulation, and yet the Austrians behaved so savagely that even Russians<sup>1</sup> felt delicacy, were shocked, and checked them! Nearer home, the hereditary Prince<sup>2</sup> has been much beaten by Monsieur de Castries, and forced to raise the siege of Wesel, whither Prince Ferdinand had sent him most unadvisedly: we have scarce an officer unwounded.

<sup>1</sup> The Russians and Austrians obtained possession of Berlin, while Frederick was employed in watching the great Austrian army. They were, however, soon driven from it.—DOVER.

<sup>2</sup> Of Brunswick; afterwards the celebrated Duke of that name.—DOVER.



The secret expedition will now, I conclude, sail, to give an *éclat* to the new reign. Lord Albemarle does not command it, as I told you, nor Mr. Conway, though both applied.

Nothing is settled about the Parliament; not even the necessary changes in the Household. Committees of council are regulating the mourning and the funeral. The town, which between armies, militia, and approaching elections, was likely to be a desert all the winter, is filled in a minute, but everything is in the deepest tranquillity. People stare; the only expression. The moment anything is declared, one shall not perceive the novelty of the reign. A nation without parties is soon a nation without curiosity. You may now judge how little your situation is likely to be affected. I finish; I think I feel ashamed of tapping the events of a new reign, of which probably I shall not see half. If I was not unwilling to balk your curiosity, I should break my pen, as the great officers do their white wands, over the grave of the old King. Adieu!

## 692. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

*Arlington Street, Oct. 31, 1760.*

WHEN you have changed the cipher of George the Second into that of George the Third, and have read the Addresses, and have shifted a few Lords and Grooms of the Bedchamber, you are master of the history of the new reign, which is indeed but a new lease of the old one. The *Favourite* took it up in a high style; but having, like my Lord Granville, forgot to ensure either house of Parliament, or the mob, the third house of Parliament, he drove all the rest to unite. They have united, and have notified their resolution of governing as before: not but the Duke of Newcastle cried for his old master, desponded for himself, protested he would retire, consulted everybody whose interest it was to advise him to stay, and has accepted to-day, thrusting the dregs of his ridiculous life into a young court, which will at least be saved from the imputation of childishness, by being governed by folly of seventy years' growth.<sup>1</sup>

The young King has all the appearance of being amiable. There is great grace to temper much dignity and extreme good-nature, which breaks out on all occasions. Even the Household is not settled

<sup>1</sup> "His Majesty said these remarkable words, *My Lord Bute is your good friend*, to which I replied, I thought my Lord Bute was so." *Newcastle to Lord Hardwicke*, Oct. 26, 1760.—CUNNINGHAM.

yet. The greatest difficulty is the Master of the Horse. Lord Huntingdon is so by all precedent; Lord Gower, I believe, will be so. Poor Lord Rochford is undone: nobody is unreasonable to save him. The Duke of Cumberland has taken Schomberg-house in Pall-mall; Princess Emily is dealing for Sir Richard Lyttelton's in Cavendish-square. People imagined the Duke of Devonshire had lent her Burlington House; I don't know why, unless they supposed she was to succeed my Lady Burlington in everything.

A week has finished my curiosity fully; I return to Strawberry to-morrow, and I fear go next week to Houghton, to make an appearance of civility to Lynn, whose favour I never asked, nor care if I have or not; but I don't know how to refuse this attention to Lord Orford, who begs it.

I trust you will have approved my behaviour at Court, that is, my mixing extreme politeness with extreme indifference. Our predecessors, the philosophers of ancient days, knew not how to be disinterested without brutality; I pique myself on founding a new sect. My followers are to tell kings, with excess of attention, that they don't want them, and to despise favour with more good breeding than others practise in suing for it. We are a thousand times a greater nation than the Grecians; why are we to imitate them? Our sense is as great, our follies greater; sure we have all the pretensions to superiority! Adieu!

P.S. As to the fair widow Brown, I assure you the devil never sowed two hundred thousand pounds in a more fruitful soil: every guinea has taken root already. I saw her yesterday; it shall be some time before I see her again.

693. TO SIR HORACE MANN.<sup>1</sup>

*Strawberry Hill, Nov. 1, 1760.*

As I suppose your curiosity about the new reign is not lessened by being at such a distance, I am, you see, prompt in satisfying it, and I can do it in few words. It set out with great show of alteration; it soon settled into the old channel. The favourite [Bute] appeared sole Minister for a day or two. The old Ministers agreed to continue as they were; and though the Duke of Newcastle attempted to pretend to have a mind of retiring, he soon recollected that he had

<sup>1</sup> This is the *first* letter of the second and concluding series of Letters from Walpole to Mann, first published in 1843, in four volumes octavo.—CUNNINGHAM.



no such inclination. Mr. Pitt on Thursday acquainted the King that he was content to manage the war, and wished to act in other things as he had done under the Duke of Newcastle in the late reign: the City have expressed the same advice; the Duke signified his acquiescence yesterday: and thus only the superficies of the Drawing-Room is altered, not the government. The Household will probably not be settled till after the burial. The young King, you may trust me, who am not apt to be enamoured with royalty, gives all the indication imaginable of being amiable. His person is tall, and full of dignity; his countenance florid and good-natured; his manner graceful and obliging; he expresses no warmth nor resentment against anybody; at most, coldness. To the Duke of Cumberland he has shown even a delicacy of attention. He told him, he intended to introduce a new custom into his family, that of living well with all his family; and he would not permit anybody but the Princess to be named in the Prayers, because the Duke of Cumberland must have been put back for the Duke of York. This is a nature that your own is suited to represent; you will now act in character.

I will tell you something,—the King loves medals; if you ever meet with anything very curious in that way, I should think you would make your court agreeably by sending it to him. I imagine his taste goes to Antiques too, perhaps to Pictures, but that I have not heard. If you learn that any purchases may be made in either kind, and that are beyond your own purse, you may acquaint him through the Secretary of State. I should like to have you make yourself necessary to him in his pleasures, as they are so reputable.

The Lord Mayor laid the first stone of the new bridge [Blackfriars] yesterday. There is an inscription on it in honour of Mr. Pitt, which has a very Roman air, though very unclassically<sup>1</sup> expressed; they talk of the contagion of his public spirit. I believe they had not got rid of their panic about mad dogs.

The King's Will was opened last night. He has given fifty thousand pounds between the Duke, Princess Amelie, and the Princess of Hesse.<sup>2</sup> The Duke, it is said, has relinquished his share.<sup>3</sup> The interest of the whole is to be paid to the two Princesses

<sup>1</sup> That inscription was exceedingly ridiculed, particularly in a pamphlet written on purpose.—WALPOLE.

<sup>2</sup> Mary, the King's fourth daughter.—WALPOLE.

<sup>3</sup> "Of what he [George II.] had saved, this war has consumed so much, that he was able to leave no more to his three surviving children than thirty thousand pounds in

for their lives, and the survivor is to have the principal. A strong box, containing about ten thousand pounds, is left to Lady Yarmouth. But there is besides an unrevoked deed, dated soon after the Battle of Culloden, by which he has given the greatest part of his jewels, which are very fine, to the Duke [of Cumberland], and about an hundred and fourscore thousand pounds. Unluckily, the chief part of this sum is upon mortgages in Germany; consequently, German and French armies are executors. What more was laid out thus, or remains, I know not—I cannot believe in this apparent poverty. It is pretended that the present war exhausted all his savings; I was going to say, credat Judæus—but a Jew is the last man alive who would believe so.

Don't say I have not announced to you the Duchess of Hamilton, and her husband General Campbell, Lady Ailesbury's brother. I have mentioned them to you already. They set out this week. I think the Duchess will not answer your expectation. She never was so handsome as Lady Coventry, and now is a skeleton. It is hard upon a standard beauty, when she travels in a deep consumption. Poor Lady Coventry concluded her short race with the same attention to her looks. She lay constantly on a couch, with a pocket-glass in her hand; and when that told her how great the change was, she took to her bed the last fortnight, had no light in her room but the lamp of a tea-kettle, and at last took things in through the curtains of her bed, without suffering them to be undrawn. The mob, who never quitted curiosity about her, went, to the number of ten thousand, only to see her coffin. If she had lived to ninety like Helen, I believe they would have thought that her wrinkles deserved an epic poem. Poor thing! how far from ninety! she was not eight-and-twenty! Adieu!

694. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

*Arlington Street, Nov. 4, 1760.*

I AM not gone to Houghton, you see: my Lord Orford is come to town, and I have persuaded him to stay and perform decencies.

King George the Second is dead richer than Sir Robert Brown,

equal proportions, and I have heard that the Duke [of Cumberland] has given up his to his sisters. Princess Emily is to come and live in my brother's house like a private woman." *Lord Lyttelton to Mrs. Montagu, 5th Nov. 1760.*—CUNNINGHAM.



though perhaps not so rich as my Lord Hardwicke. He has left fifty thousand pounds between the Duke, Emily, and Mary; the Duke has given up his share. To Lady Yarmouth a cabinet, with the contents; they call it eleven thousand pounds. By a German deed, he gives the Duke to the value of one hundred and eighty thousand pounds, placed on mortgages, not immediately recoverable. He had once given him twice as much more, then revoked it, and at last excused the revocation, on the pretence of the expenses of the war; but owns he was the best son that ever lived, and had never offended him; a pretty strong comment on the affair of Closterseven! He gives him, besides, all his jewels in England; but had removed all the best to Hanover, which he makes Crown jewels, and his successor residuary legatee. The Duke, too, has some uncounted cabinets. My Lady Suffolk has given me a particular of his jewels, which plainly amount to one hundred and fifty thousand pounds. It happened oddly to my Lady Suffolk. Two days before he died, she went to make a visit at Kensington, not knowing of the review; she found herself hemmed in by coaches, and was close to him, whom she had not seen for so many years, and to my Lady Yarmouth; but they did not know her: it struck her, and has made her very sensible to his death.

The changes hang back. Nothing material has been altered yet. Ned Finch, the only thing my Lady Yarmouth told the new King she had to ask for, is made Surveyor of the Roads, in the room of Sir Harry Erskine, who is to have an old regiment. He excuses himself from seeing company, as favourite of the favourite. Arthur is removed from being clerk of the wine-cellar, a sacrifice to morality! The Archbishop has such hopes of the young King, that he is never out of the circle. He trod upon the Duke's foot on Sunday, in the haste of his zeal; the Duke said to him, "My Lord, if your Grace is in such a hurry to make your court, that is the way." Bon-mots come thicker than changes. Charles Townshend, receiving an account of the impression the King's death had made, was told Miss Chudleigh cried. "What," said he, "Oysters?" And last night, Mr. Dauncey, asking George Selwyn if Princess Amelia would have a guard? he replied, "Now and then one, I suppose."

An extraordinary event has happened to-day; George Townshend sent a challenge to Lord Albemarle, desiring him to be with a second in the fields. Lord Albemarle took Colonel Crawford, and went to Mary-le-bonè; George Townshend bespoke Lord

Buckingham, who loves a secret too well not to tell it: he communicated it to Stanley, who went to St. James's, and acquainted Mr. Caswall the captain on guard. The latter took a hackney-coach, drove to Mary-le-bone, and saw one pair. After waiting ten minutes, the others came; Townshend made an apology to Lord Albemarle for making him wait. "Oh," said he, "men of spirit don't want apologies: come, let us begin what we came for." At that instant, out steps Caswall from his coach, and begs their pardon, as his superior officers, but told them they were his prisoners. He desired Mr. Townshend and Lord Buckingham to return to their coach; he would carry back Lord Albemarle and Crawford in his. He did, and went to acquaint the King, who has commissioned some of the matrons of the army to examine the affair, and make it up. All this while, I don't know what the quarrel was, but they hated one another so much on the Duke's account, that a slight word would easily make their aversions boil over. Don't you, nor even your general, come to town on this occasion? Good night.

## 695. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

*Arlington Street, Nov. 13, 1760.*

EVEN the honeymoon of a new reign don't produce events every day. There is nothing but the common saying of addresses and kissing hands. The chief difficulty is settled; Lord Gower yields the Mastership of the Horse to Lord Huntingdon, and removes to the Great Wardrobe, from whence Sir Thomas Robinson was to have gone into Ellis's place, but he is saved. The City, however, have a mind to be out of humour; a paper has been fixed on the Royal Exchange, with these words, "No petticoat Government, no Scotch Minister, no Lord George Sackville;" two hints totally unfounded, and the other scarce true. No petticoat ever governed less, it is left at Leicester-house; Lord George's breeches are as little concerned; and, except Lady Susan Stuart and Sir Harry Erskine, nothing has yet been done for any Scots. For the King himself, he seems all good-nature, and wishing to satisfy everybody; all his speeches are obliging. I saw him again yesterday, and was surprised to find the levee-room had lost so entirely the air of the lion's den. This Sovereign don't stand in one spot, with his eyes fixed royally on the ground, and dropping bits of German news; he walks about, and speaks to everybody. I saw him afterwards on the throne,



where he is graceful and genteel, sits with dignity, and reads his answers to addresses well; it was the Cambridge address, carried by the Duke of Newcastle in his Doctor's gown, and looking like the *Médecin malgré lui*. He had been vehemently solicitous for attendance, for fear my Lord Westmoreland, who vouchsafes himself to bring the address from Oxford, should outnumber him. Lord Lichfield and several other Jacobites have kissed hands; George Selwyn says, "They go to St. James's, because now there are so many *Stuarts* there."

Do you know, I had the curiosity to go to the burying t'other night; I had never seen a royal funeral; nay, I walked as a rag of quality, which I found would be, and so it was, the easiest way of seeing it. It is absolutely a noble sight. The Prince's chamber, hung with purple, and a quantity of silver lamps, the coffin under a canopy of purple velvet, and six vast chandeliers of silver on high stands, had a very good effect. The Ambassador from Tripoli and his son were carried to see that chamber. The procession, through a line of foot-guards, every seventh man bearing a torch, the horse-guards lining the outside, their officers with drawn sabres and crape sashes on horseback, the drums muffled, the fifes, bells tolling, and minute guns,—all this was very solemn. But the charm was the entrance of the Abbey, where we were received by the Dean and Chapter in rich robes, the choir and almsmen bearing torches; the whole Abbey so illuminated, that one saw it to greater advantage than by day; the tombs, long aisles, and fretted roof, all appearing distinctly, and with the happiest *chiaro scuro*. There wanted nothing but incense, and little chapels here and there, with priests saying mass for the repose of the defunct; yet one could not complain of its not being catholic enough. I had been in dread of being coupled with some boy of ten years old; but the heralds were not very accurate, and I walked with George Grenville, taller and older, to keep me in countenance. When we came to the chapel of Henry the Seventh, all solemnity and decorum ceased; no order was observed, people sat or stood where they could or would; the yeomen of the guard were crying out for help, oppressed by the immense weight of the coffin; the Bishop read sadly, and blundered in the prayers; the fine chapter, *Man that is born of a woman*, was chanted, not read; and the anthem, besides being immeasurably tedious, would have served as well for a nuptial. The real serious part was the figure of the Duke of Cumberland, heightened by a thousand melancholy circumstances. He had a dark brown adonis, and a

cloak of black cloth, with a train of five yards. Attending the funeral of a father could not be pleasant: his leg extremely bad, yet forced to stand upon it near two hours; his face bloated and distorted with his late paralytic stroke, which has affected, too, one of his eyes, and placed over the mouth of the vault, into which, in all probability, he must himself so soon descend; think how unpleasant a situation! He bore it all with a firm and unaffected countenance. This grave scene was fully contrasted by the burlesque Duke of Newcastle. He fell into a fit of crying the moment he came into the chapel, and flung himself back in a stall, the Archbishop hovering over him with a smelling-bottle; but in two minutes his curiosity got the better of his hypocrisy, and he ran about the chapel with his glass to spy who was or was not there, spying with one hand, and mopping his eyes with the other. Then returned the fear of catching cold; and the Duke of Cumberland, who was sinking with heat, felt himself weighed down, and turning round, found it was the Duke of Newcastle standing upon his train, to avoid the chill of the marble. It was very theatric to look down into the vault, where the coffin lay, attended by mourners with lights. Clavering, the groom of the bedchamber, refused to sit up with the body, and was dismissed by the King's order.<sup>1</sup>

I have nothing more to tell you, but a trifle, a very trifle. The King of Prussia has totally defeated Marshal Daun. This, which would have been prodigious news a month ago, is nothing to-day; it only takes its turn among the questions, "Who is to be groom of the bedchamber? what is Sir T. Robinson to have?" I have been to Leicester-fields to-day; the crowd was immoderate; I don't believe it will continue so. Good night. Yours ever.

696. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

*Arlington Street, Thursday, 1760.*

As a codicil to my letter, I send you the Bedchamber. There are to be eighteen Lords and thirteen Grooms; all the late King's remain, but your cousin Manchester, Lord Falconberg, Lord Essex, and Lord Hyndford, replaced by the Duke of Richmond, Lord

<sup>1</sup> The King left directions that one side of each of the wooden coffins of his wife and self should be left open—and open they were found when, in 1837, the vault was last opened, in the presence of Dean Milman, then a prebendary of Westminster. See Lord Hervey's *Memoirs*, vol. ii. p. 541, and Walpole's *George III* vol. i. p. 8.—CUNNINGHAM.



Weymouth, Lord March, and Lord Eglinton : the last at the request of the Duke of York. Instead of Clavering, Nassau, and General Campbell, who is promised something else, Lord Northampton's brother and Commodore Keppel are Grooms. When it was offered to the Duke of Richmond, he said he could not accept it, unless something was done for Colonel Keppel, for whom he has interested himself; that it would look like sacrificing Keppel to his own views. This is handsome; Keppel is to be equerry.

Princess Amelia goes everywhere, as she calls it; she was on Monday at Lady Holderness's, and next Monday is to be at Bedford-house; but there is only the late King's set, and the court of Bedford; so she makes the houses of other people as triste as St. James's was. Good night.

Not a word more of the King of Prussia : did you ever know a victory mind the wind so?

## 697. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

*Arlington Street, Nov. 14, 1760.*

I AM vexed, for I find that the first packet-boat that sailed after the death of the King, was taken by the French, and the mail thrown overboard. Some of the parcels were cast on shore, but I don't know whether they were legible, or whether the letter I had written to you was among them, and is got to you. It must be very irksome to you not to hear from me on that occasion; and it is particularly so to me, as I had given you all the satisfaction imaginable that you would be safe. This is of much more consequence than the particulars of the news. I repeat it now, but I cannot bear to think that you feel any anxiety so long. Everything remains so much in the same situation, that there is no probability of your being removed. I have since given you a hint of purchasing Medals, Antiquities, or Pictures for the King. I would give much to be sure those letters had reached you. Then, there is a little somebody of a German prince, through whose acre the post-road lies, and who has quarrelled with the Dutch about a Halfpenny-worth of postage; if he has stopped my letters, I shall wish that some frow may have emptied her pail and drowned his dominions! There is a murmur of Mr. Mackenzie<sup>1</sup> being Vice-chamberlain,—

<sup>1</sup> James Stewart Mackenzie, brother of Lord Bute.—WALPOLE.

I trust you have been very well with him; I am so connected<sup>1</sup> with the Campbells that I can increase it. Why should not you write to him to offer your services for any commissions in virtù that the King may be pleased to give?

Lord Huntingdon<sup>2</sup> remains Master of the Horse; nothing else is decided yet. The changes in the Household, and those few, will constitute almost all the revolution. The King seems the most amiable young man in the world; you may trust me, who am not apt to be the Humorous Lieutenant<sup>3</sup> and fall in love with Majesty.

We are all in guns and bonfires for an unexpected victory of the King of Prussia over Daun; but as no particulars are yet arrived, there are doubters. The courier comes so exactly in cadence with the intended meeting of the Parliament, having set out before the late King's death could be known, that some people are disposed to believe it is a despatch to the city, which he meant to take by surprise sooner than he will Dresden.

I make this a short letter, for I could only repeat the contents of my two last, which I have forgot, and which I will flatter myself you have received. Adieu!

698. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

*Strawberry Hill, Monday, Nov. 24, 1760.*

UNLESS I were to send you journals, lists, catalogues, computations of the bodies, tides, swarms of people that go to Court to present addresses, or to be presented, I can tell you nothing new. The day the King went to the House, I was three-quarters of an hour getting through Whitehall: there were subjects enough to set up half-a-dozen petty kings: the Pretender would be proud to reign over the footmen only; and, indeed, unless he acquires some of them, he will have no subjects left; all their masters flocked to St. James's. The palace is so thronged, that I will stay till some people are discontented. The first night the King went to the play, which was civilly on a Friday, not on the opera-night, as he used to do, the whole audience sung "God save the King" in chorus. For the first act, the press was so great at the door, that no ladies could go

<sup>1</sup> Not only Lady Ailesbury was a Campbell, but Eliz. Mackenzie was a Campbell, and Lady Strafford, wife of the Earl of Strafford, one of Mr. Walpole's particular friends.—WALPOLE.

<sup>2</sup> Francis Hastings, Earl of Huntingdon.—WALPOLE.

<sup>3</sup> A play of Beaumont and Fletcher.—WALPOLE.



to the boxes, and only the servants appeared there, who kept places; at the end of the second act, the whole mob broke in, and seated themselves; yet all this zeal is not likely to last, though he so well deserves it. Seditious papers are again stuck up: one t'other day in Westminster Hall declared against a Saxe-Gothan Princess. The Archbishop, who is never out of the drawing-room, has great hopes from the King's goodness, that he shall make something of him, that is something bad of him. On the Address, Pitt and his zany Beckford quarrelled, on the latter's calling the campaign languid. What is become of our magnanimous ally and his victory, I know not. In eleven days, no courier has arrived from him; but I have been these two days perfectly indifferent about his magnanimity. I am come to put my 'Anecdotes of Painting' into the press. You are one of the few that I expect will be entertained with it. It has warmed Gray's coldness so much, that he is violent about it; in truth, there is an infinite quantity of new and curious things about it; but as it is quite foreign from all popular topics, I don't suppose it will be much attended to. There is not a word of Methodism in it, it says nothing of the disturbances in Ireland, it does not propose to keep all Canada, it neither flatters the King of Prussia nor Prince Ferdinand, it does not say that the City of London are the wisest men in the world, it is silent about George Townshend, and does not abuse my Lord George Sackville; how should it please? I want you to help me in a little affair, that regards it. I have found in a MS. that in the church of Beckley, or Becksley, in Sussex,<sup>1</sup> there are portraits on glass, in a window, of Henry the Third and his Queen. I have looked in the map, and find the first name between Bodiham and Rye, but I am not sure it is the place. I will be much obliged to you if you will write directly to your Sir Whistler, and beg him to inform himself very exactly if there is any such thing in such a church near Bodiham. Pray state it minutely; because if there is, I will have them drawn for the frontispiece to my work.

Did I tell you that the Archbishop tried to hinder the 'Minor' from being played at Drury Lane?<sup>2</sup> For once the Duke of Devon-

<sup>1</sup> Should be Bexhill, in Sussex. Walpole secured, through Lord Ashburnham's interest, the window for his chapel at Strawberry Hill. At the sale in 1842, this curious window sold for 30*l.* 9*s.* There is an engraving of it in vol. iii. of Walpole's Works.—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>2</sup> "I had a long conversation with his Grace [the Archbishop], who would have authorised me to have used his name to stop the 'Minor,' but I got off from it, and concluded with sending a recommendation by Mr. Pelham to the author, to alter

shire was firm, and would only let him correct some passages, and even of those the Duke has restored some. One that the prelate effaced was, "You snub-nosed son of a bitch." Foote says, he will take out a licence to preach Tam. Cant, against Tom. Cant.'

The first volume of Voltaire's 'Peter the Great' is arrived. I weep over it. It is as languid as the campaign; he is grown old. He boasts of the materials communicated to him by the Czarina's order—but, alas! he need not be proud of them. They only serve to show how much worse he writes History with materials than without. Besides, it is evident how much that authority has cramped his genius. I had heard before, that when he sent the work to Petersburg for imperial approbation, it was returned with orders to increase the panegyric. I wish he had acted like a very inferior author. Knyphausen once hinted to me, that I might have some authentic papers, if I was disposed to write the life of his master; but I did not care for what would lay me under such restrictions. It is not fair to use weapons against the persons that lend them; and I do not admire his master enough to commend anything in him, but his military actions. Adieu!

699. TO THE REV. HENRY ZOUCHE.

*Arlington Street, Nov. 27, 1760.*

You are extremely kind, Sir, in remembering the little commission I troubled you with. As I am in great want of some more painted glass to finish a window in my round tower, I should be glad, though it may not be a Pope, to have the piece you mentioned, if it can be purchased reasonably.

My Lucan is finished, but will not be published till after Christmas, when I hope you will do me the favour of accepting one, and let me know how I shall convey it. The 'Anecdotes of Painting' have succeeded to the press: I have finished two volumes; but as there will at least be a third, I am not determined whether I shall not wait to publish the whole together. You will be surprised, I think,

those passages that are liable to objection: his Grace would not point them out, so I think very little alteration may do. This to yourself; let me hear what has passed."  
—*Duke of Devonshire to Garrick, Chatsworth, Oct. 25th, 1760.* Secker refused, thinking that if he had put his pen to the manuscript, by way of correction or objection, Foote would have advertised the play as "corrected and prepared for the press by his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury."—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>1</sup> Thomas Secker, Archbishop of Canterbury from 1758 till his death in 1768.  
—CUNNINGHAM.



to see what a quantity of materials the industry of one man (Vertue) could amass! and how much he retrieved at this late period. I hear of nothing new likely to appear; all the world is taken up in penning Addresses, or in presenting them; and the approaching elections will occupy the thoughts of men so much that an author could not appear at a worse era.

## 700. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

*Arlington Street, Dec. 5, 1760.*

I HAVE received the samples of the brocadella, but they are so small that I cannot form any judgment of the pattern. I will beg you to follow your own method, and send me some pieces by the first person that will bring them; but they must be of three colours. I am sure I remember such at Florence, particularly at Madame Rinuncini's or Madame Ricardi's, I think the former's; it was in a bedchamber where she saw company when she was with child. Of two colours they make them here very well, but they cannot arrive at three. I do not approve damask at all, for as there will be no pictures in the chamber, nothing is more *triste* than a single colour.

Don't think I took ill your giving away my books: I had really forgotten them; you shall certainly have another set, and one for Lady Mary Wortley,<sup>2</sup> who scolded me by Stosch. I shall send you a curious pamphlet, the only work I almost ever knew that changed the opinions of many. It is called 'Considerations on the present German War,' and is written by a wholesale woollen-draper;<sup>3</sup> but the materials are supposed to be furnished by the faction of the Yorke's. The confirmation of the King of Prussia's victory near Torgau does not prevent the disciples of the pamphlet from thinking that the best thing which could happen for us would be to have that Monarch's head shot off. There are letters from the Hague, that say Daun is dead of his wounds. If he is, I shall begin to believe that the King of Prussia will end successfully at last. It has been the fashion to cry down Daun; but, as much as the King of Prussia may admire himself, I dare say he would have been glad to be matched with one much more like himself than one so opposite as the Marshal.

I have heard nothing lately of Stosch, and am told he has been ill

<sup>1</sup> On the then recent accession of George III.—WRIGHT.

<sup>2</sup> Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, who was then in Italy.—WALPOLE.

<sup>3</sup> Israel Mauduit, born 1708, died 1787.—CUNNINGHAM.

at Salisbury. This climate is apt to try foreign constitutions. Elisi,<sup>1</sup> the first singer, cannot get rid of a fever, and has not appeared yet. The comic Opera pleases extremely; the woman Paganina<sup>2</sup> has more applause than I almost ever remember; every song she sings is encored.

I have little to tell you more of the new reign. The King is good and amiable in everything he does, and seems to have no view but of contenting all the world; but that is not just the most attainable point. I will tell you a bon-mot of a Mrs. Hardinge, a physician's wife—and a bon-mot very often paints truly the history or manners of the times. She says, it is a great question what the King is to burn in his chamber, whether Scotch-coal,<sup>3</sup> Newcastle-coal, or Pitt-coal. The Bedchamber, I was going to say, is settled, but there are additions made to it every day; there are already twenty Lords and seventeen Grooms. To the King's own set are added all the late King's, but Lord Hyndford, Lord Essex, the Duke of Manchester, and Lord Falconberg; added, are the Duke of Richmond, Lord Weymouth, Lord March, and Lord Eglinton; and, since that, two Tory Lords, Oxford and Bruce. General Campbell, Mr. Nassau, and Mr. Clavering are omitted; Mr. Compton, and I forget who, are new Grooms, with three Tories, Norbonne Berkeley, George Pitt, whom you remember, and Northey. Worsley<sup>4</sup> is made Surveyor of the Board of Works; he was this King's Equerry, and passes for having a taste for architecture, of which I told you the King was fond. Lord Rochford is amply indemnified by a pension on Ireland of two thousand a year. Of a Queen, the talk is dropped; and no other changes are likely to be made yet. We have already been in danger of losing this charming young King; his horse threw him the day before yesterday, and bruised his head and shoulder; with difficulty they made him be blooded. He immediately wrote to the Princess that she might not be frightened, and was well enough to go to the play at night.

Thank you for your kindness to Mr. Strange;<sup>5</sup> if he still persists

<sup>1</sup> Philip Elisi, an Italian, who performed at the Opera in London, in 1760 and 1761. Gray describes him in a letter to Mason (*Works, by Mitford*, vol. iii. p. 268).—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>2</sup> The Paganina did not appear in England till she was about forty years old.—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>3</sup> Alluding to Lord Bute, the Duke of Newcastle, and Mr. Pitt, afterwards Lord Chatham.—WALPOLE.

<sup>4</sup> Thomas Worsley, Esq., of Hovingham, in Yorkshire.—WALPOLE.

<sup>5</sup> The great engraver, Sir Robert Strange. He was a warm Jacobite (see p. 312), as was his wife, the sister of Andrew Lumisden, Secretary to the Stuart Princes.—CUNNINGHAM.



in his principles, he will be strangely unfashionable at his return. I, who could make great allowances in the last reign, cannot forgive anybody being a Jacobite now.

As you have a print of my Eagle, I will be obliged to you if you will employ any body at Rome to pick me up an Altar as like to the pedestal of the Eagle as they can. I don't insist upon an exact resemblance; but should like it to be pretty much of the same height and size: it is for my Vespasian, which is to answer the Eagle in a recess in my approaching Gallery. Adieu!

P.S. The Secret Expedition is beating about off Portsmouth.

701. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

*Arlington Street, Dec. 11, 1760.*

I THANK you for the inquiries about the painted glass, and shall be glad if I prove to be in the right.

There is not much of news to tell you; and yet there is much dissatisfaction. The Duke of Newcastle has threatened to resign on the appointment of Lord Oxford and Lord Bruce without his knowledge. His Court rave about Tories, which you know comes with a singular grace from them, as the Duke never preferred any. Murray, Lord Gower, Sir John Cotton, Jack Pitt, &c. &c. &c. were all firm Whigs. But it is unpardonable to put an end to all faction, when it is not for factious purposes. Lord Fitzmaurice,<sup>1</sup> made *aid-de-camp* to the King, has disgusted the army. The Duke of Richmond, whose brother has no more been put over others than the Duke of Newcastle has preferred Tories, has presented a warm memorial in a warm manner, and has resigned the Bedchamber, not his regiment—another propriety.<sup>2</sup>

Propriety is so much in fashion, that Miss Chudleigh has called for the council books of the subscription concert, and has struck off Mrs. Naylor.<sup>3</sup> I have some thoughts of remonstrating, that General Waldegrave is too *lean* to be a Groom of the Bedchamber.

Mr. Chute has sold his house to Miss Speed for three thousand pounds, and has taken one for a year in Berkeley Square.

This is a very brief letter; I fear this reign will soon furnish

<sup>1</sup> Afterwards Earl of Shelburne, and in 1784 created Marquis of Lansdowne.—WRIGHT.

<sup>2</sup> Compare Lady Hervey's letters of 15 Dec. 1760. Letters, p. 274.—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>3</sup> A noted procuress.—WRIGHT.

longer. When the last King could be beloved, a young man with a good heart has little chance of being so. Moreover, I have a maxim, that "the extinction of party is the origin of faction." Good night!

## 702. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

*Arlington Street, Jan. 2, 1761.*

I NEVER was so rich in letters from you before; I have received four pacquets at once this morning—there had been thirteen mails due. It is supposed that the packet-boats were afraid of French privateers, who swarmed about the Dutch coast, believing that the late King's jewels were coming over. I have not yet received the letter by Prince San-Severino's<sup>1</sup> courier; but, as you mention the fans in a subsequent despatch, I shall immediately provide them; but, as the pacquets have been detained so long, I fear any courier to Mr. Mackenzie must be departed some time: I shall send them by sea, with the books I promised you.

With regard to enlarged credentials, I cannot think this a likely time to obtain them. You yourself hold the compliment paid to the Emperor extraordinary; undoubtedly they would not make that civility greater. Should he send a Minister in form, I should be glad if increasing your dignity would be thought a sufficient return; but, in my own opinion, the Peace will be the best season for pushing your request. When that will arrive, God knows! or who will be the person to whom application must be then made. Quiet as things are at present, no man living expects or believes they can continue so. Three separate Ministers and their factions cannot hold together in a more phlegmatic country than this. The preferment of some Tories had already like to have upset the system; and, though Lord Bute avoids preferring his countrymen more sedulously than it was supposed he would try to prefer them, the clamour is still unreasonably great, nor can all his caution or the King's benignity satisfy.

With regard to foreign affairs, I beg you to be cautious. Stick to your orders, and give no opinion: make no declaration of the King's intentions, farther than you are authorised by Mr. Pitt's directions. He is too much a man of honour not to support you, if you act by his instructions; but don't exceed them. The German

<sup>1</sup> The Neapolitan Minister.—WALPOLE.



war is not so popular as you imagine, either in the closet or in the nation. Mystery, the wisdom of blockheads, may be allowable in a foreign minister; use it till you see farther. If I have any sagacity, such times are coming as will make people glad to have nothing to unsay. Judge of my affection for you, when a nature, so open as mine, prescribes reserve; but I wish your fortune to be firm, whatever happens. At present, there is no kind of news—everybody is in the country for the holidays. The laying aside of the expedition gave universal pleasure; as France had had so much time to be upon its guard, and the season is so far advanced, and so tempestuous.

We have lost poor Lord Downe,<sup>1</sup> one of the most amiable men in the world. Frank, generous, spirited, and odd, with a large independent fortune, he had conceived a rage for the army. He received twelve wounds in the affair of Camperdown; and though one of them was in his knee, he was forced to walk five miles. This last wound was neglected, and closed too soon, with a splinter in it, not being thought of consequence; and proved mortal. He bid the surgeons put him to as much pain as they pleased, so they did but make him fit for the next campaign. He languished ten weeks; and not a mouth is opened but in praise or regret of him.

I question a little whether you will see the Duchess of Hamilton; these mails have brought so good an account of her that, unless she grows worse, they will scarce pass Lyons, where they are established for the winter. I never heard of that Lord Archibald Hamilton;<sup>2</sup> he would pass his time ill with General Campbell, who is not at all of a humour to suffer any impertinence to his wife.

Thank you much for the seeds; in return, behold a new commission, but, I trust, not a troublesome one. A friend of mine, Mr. Hawkins, is writing the 'History of Music:' the sooner you could send us the following books the better; if by any English traveller, we should be glad.

1. 'Tutte le Opere di Giuseppe Zarlino.' Venezia, 1589; 2 vols. folio.

2. 'History of Music,' in Italian, by Gio. Andr. Angelini Bon-tempi. 1695, folio.

3. 'Dialogo della Musica antica e moderna, di Vincenzo Galilei.' Folio, 1602, or 1541, in Firenze.

<sup>1</sup> H. Pleydell Dawes, Viscount Downe.—WALPOLE.

<sup>2</sup> Sir H. Mann did not know that he was half-brother of the late Duke of Hamilton.—WALPOLE.

4. 'Musica vaga ed artificiosa di Romano Michieli.' Folio, 1615, Venezia.

5. 'Osservazioni di ben regolare il Coro della Capella Pontificizia, fatte da Andrea Adami.' Quarto, 1714; in Roma.

Any other books of character on the subject will be very acceptable; but, when I review the list and see so many thundering folios, I don't expect that any gentleman will bring them in his breeches-pocket, or even in his cloak-bag.

Pray, is there any print of the Cardinal of York?<sup>1</sup> If there is, do send me one.

Adieu, my good child!

703. TO THE REV. HENRY ZOUCR.

SIR:

*Arlington Street, Jan. 3, 1761.*

I STAYED till I had the Lucan ready to send you, before I thanked you for your letter, and for the pane of glass, about which you have given yourself so much kind trouble, and which I have received; I think it is clearly Heraclitus weeping over a globe.

Illuminated MSS., unless they have portraits of particular persons, I do not deal in; the extent of my collecting is already full as great as I can afford. I am not the less obliged to you, Sir, for thinking of me. Were my fortune larger, I should go deeper into printing, and having engraved curious MSS. and drawings; as I cannot, I comfort myself with reflecting on the mortifications I avoid, by the little regard shown by the world to those sort of things. The sums laid out on books one should, at first sight, think an indication of encouragement to letters; but booksellers only are encouraged, not books. Bodies of sciences, that is, compilations and mangled abstracts, are the only saleable commodities. Would you believe, what I know is fact, that Dr. Hill<sup>2</sup> earned fifteen guineas a-week by working for wholesale dealers? he was at once employed on six voluminous works of Botany, Husbandry, &c. published weekly. I am sorry to say, this journeyman is one of the first men preferred in the new reign: he is made gardener of Kensington, a place worth two

<sup>1</sup> Younger brother of Prince Charles Edward, and after his death called, by the remaining adherents to his family, Henry IX.—WALPOLE.

<sup>2</sup> Dr. Hill's were among the first works in which scientific knowledge was put in a popular shape, by the system of number publishing. The Doctor's performances in this way are still useful as works of reference.—CROKER.



thousand pounds a-year.<sup>1</sup> The King and Lord Bute have certainly both of them great propensity to the arts; but Dr. Hill, though undoubtedly not deficient in parts, has as little claim to favour in this reign, as Gideon, the stock-jobber, in the last; both engrossers without merit. Building, I am told, is the King's favourite study; I hope our architects will not be taken from the erectors of turn-pikes.

## 704. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

*Arlington Street, Jan. 22, 1761.*

I AM glad you are coming, and now the time is over, that you are coming so late, as I like to have you here in the spring. You will find no great novelty in the new reign. Lord Denbigh<sup>2</sup> is made Master of the harriers, with two thousand a-year. Lord Temple asked it, and Newcastle and Hardwicke gave into it for fear of Denbigh's brutality in the House of Lords. Does this differ from the style of George the Second?

The King designs to have a new motto; he will not have a French one; so the Pretender may enjoy *Dieu et mon droit* in quiet.

Princess Amelia is already sick of being familiar: she has been at Northumberland-house, but goes to nobody more. That party was larger, but still more formal than the rest, though the Duke of York had invited himself and his commerce-table. I played with Madam \* \* \* \*, and we were mighty well together; so well, that two nights afterwards she commended me to Mr. Conway and Mr. Fox, but calling me *that Mr. Walpole*, they did not guess who she meant. For my part, I thought it very well, that when I played with her, she did not call me *that gentleman*. As she went away, *she thanked my Lady Northumberland, like a parson's wife, for all her civilities*.

I was excessively amused on Tuesday night; there was a play at Holland-house, acted by children; not all children, for Lady Sarah Lenox<sup>3</sup> and Lady Susan Strangways<sup>4</sup> played the women. It was

<sup>1</sup> This was an exaggeration of the emoluments of a place, which, after all, was not improperly bestowed on a person of Hill's pursuits and merits.—CROKER.

<sup>2</sup> Basil Fielding, sixth Earl of Denbigh, and fifth Earl of Desmond. Died 1800.—WRIGHT.

<sup>3</sup> Lady Sarah Lenox, sister of the Duke of Richmond, married first Mr. Bunbury, afterwards (1764) Sir Thomas Charles Bunbury, Bart.; secondly, the Honourable Major George Napier, by whom she was mother of Sir Charles Napier the hero of Scinde, and Sir William Napier the historian of the Peninsular war. King George III. was in love with her.—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>4</sup> Daughter of Stephen Fox, first Earl of Ilchester. We shall read under the year 1764 of her strange marriage to O'Brien the actor.—CUNNINGHAM.

'Jane Shore;' Mr. Price (Lord Barrington's nephew) was Gloster,<sup>1</sup> and acted better than three parts of the comedians. Charles Fox,<sup>2</sup> Hastings; a little Nichols, who spoke well, Belmour; Lord Ofaly,<sup>3</sup> Lord Ashbroke, and other boys, did the rest: but the two girls were delightful, and acted with so much nature and simplicity, that they appeared the very things they represented. Lady Sarah was more beautiful than you can conceive, and her very awkwardness gave an air of truth to the shame of the part, and the antiquity of the time, which was kept up by her dress, taken out of Montfaucon. Lady Susan was dressed from Jane Seymour; and all the parts were clothed in ancient habits, and with the most minute propriety. I was infinitely more struck with the last scene between the two women than ever I was when I have seen it on the stage. When Lady Sarah was in white, with her hair about her ears, and on the ground, no Magdalen by Corregio was half so lovely and expressive. You would have been charmed too with seeing Mr. Fox's little boy [Henry Edward], of six years old, who is beautiful, and acted the Bishop of Ely, dressed in lawn sleeves and with a square cap; they had inserted two lines for him, which he could hardly speak plainly. Francis<sup>4</sup> had given them a pretty prologue. Adieu!

## 705. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

*Arlington Street, Jan. 27, 1761.*

I SHOULD like Marshal Botta's<sup>5</sup> furniture, which you describe, if my tenure in Strawberry were as transitory as a Florentine commander's; but, in a castle built for eternity, and founded in the most flourishing age of the greatest republic now in the world, which has extended its empire into every quarter of the globe, can I think of a peach-coloured ground, which will fade like the bloom on Chloe's cheek?<sup>1</sup> There's a pompous paragraph! A Grecian or a Roman would have written it seriously, and with even more slender pretensions. However, though my castle is built of paper, and though our empire should vanish as rapidly as it has advanced, I still object to peach-colour—not only from its fading hue, but for

<sup>1</sup> Uvedale Price's excellence as Gloster in 'Jane Shore' is mentioned by Fox in a letter to Fitzpatrick of 23 January 1768.—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>2</sup> The future statesman; then in his eleventh year.—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>3</sup> Eldest son of the Marquis of Kildare.—WRIGHT.

<sup>4</sup> The Rev. Philip Francis, translator of Horace, and father of Sir Philip Francis—said to be *Junius*.—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>5</sup> Commander of the troops in Tuscany for the Emperor Francis.—WALPOLE.



wanting the solemnity becoming a Gothic edifice : I must not have a Round Tower dressed in a *pet-en-l'air*. I would as soon put rouge and patches on a statue of St. Ethelburgh. You must not wonder at my remembering Rinuncini's hangings at the distance of nineteen or twenty years : my memory is exceedingly retentive of trifles. There is no hurry ; I can wait till you send me patterns, and an account of that triple-coloured contexture, for which, in gratitude to my memory, I still have a hankering. Three years ago I had the ceiling of my China-Room painted, from one I had observed in the little Borghese villa. I was hoarding ideas for a future Strawberry even in those days of giddiness, when I seemed to attend to nothing. The altar of the Eagle is three feet two inches and a half high, by one foot eight inches wide. If that for the Vespasian should be a trifle larger, especially a little higher, it would carry so large a bust better ; but I imagine the race of altar-tombs are pretty much of the same dimensions.

So much for myself—surely it is time to come to you. Mr. Mackenzie, by the King's own order and thought, was immediately named Plenipotentiary. I fear you have not exactly the same pretensions ; however, as I think, services will be pretensions in this reign, the precedent I hope will not hurt you. The Peace seems the proper period for asking it.

I have delivered to your brother the famous pamphlet ;<sup>1</sup> two sets of the 'Royal and Noble Authors' for yourself and Lady Mary Wortley ; a Lucan, printed at Strawberry, which, I trust, you will think a handsome edition ; and six of the newest-fashioned and prettiest fans I could find—they are really genteel, though one or two have caprices that will turn a Florentine head. They were so dear, that I shall never tell you the price ; I was glad to begin to pay some of the debts I owe you in commissions. All these will depart by the first opportunity ; but the set for Lady Mary will, I suppose, arrive too late, as her husband is dead, and she now will probably return to England. I pity Lady Bute :<sup>2</sup> her mother will sell to whoever does not know her, all kinds of promises and reversions, bestow lies gratis and wholesale, and make so much mischief, that they will be forced to discard her in three months, and that will go to my Lady Bute's heart, who is one of the best and most sensible women in the world ; and who, educated by such a mother, or rather with no

<sup>1</sup> By Israel Mauduit ; see p. 367.—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>2</sup> Mary Countess of Bute, only daughter of Lady Mary Wortley.—WALPOLE.

education, has never made a false step. Old Avidien,<sup>1</sup> the father, is dead, worth half a million. To his son,<sup>2</sup> on whom six hundred a-year was settled, the reversion of which he has sold, he gives 1000*l.* a-year for life, but not to descend to any children he may have by any of his many wives. To Lady Mary, in lieu of dower, but which to be sure she will not accept, instead of the thirds of such a fortune, 1200*l.* a-year; and after her to their son for life; and then the 1200*l.* and the 1000*l.* to Lady Bute and to her second son; with 2000*l.* to each of her younger children; all the rest, in present, to Lady Bute, then to her second son, taking the name of Wortley, and in succession to all the rest of her children, which are numerous; and after them to Lord Sandwich, to whom, in present, he leaves about 4000*l.* The son, you perceive, is not so well treated by his own father as his companion Taaffe<sup>3</sup> is by the French Court, where he lives, and is received on the best footing; so near is Fort l'Evesque to Versailles. Admiral Forbes told me yesterday, that in one of Lady Mary's jaunts to or from Genoa, she begged a passage of Commodore Barnard. A storm threatening, he prepared her for it, but assured her there was no danger. She said she was not afraid, and, going into a part of the gallery not much adapted to heroism, she wrote these lines on the side:

Mistaken seaman, mark my dauntless mind,  
Who, wrecked on shore, am fearless of the wind.

On landing, this magnanimous dame desired the commander to accept a ring: he wore it as a fine emerald, but being overpersuaded to have it unset before his face, it proved a bit of glass.

News we have of no sort—Ireland seems to be preparing the first we shall receive. The *good* Primate<sup>4</sup> has conjured up a storm, in which, I believe, he will not employ the archiepiscopal gift of exorcism. Adieu!

<sup>1</sup> Edward Wortley Montagu, husband of Lady Mary. Both were remarkably avaricious, and are satirised by Pope in one of his Imitations of Horace, under the names of *Avidien and his Wife*.—WALPOLE.

<sup>2</sup> Edward Wortley Montagu, jun., their only son, whose adventures deserve better to be known than his own writings.—WALPOLE.

<sup>3</sup> Theobald Taaffe, an Irish adventurer, was, with his associate, Wortley Montagu, imprisoned in Fort l'Evêque at Paris, for cheating and robbing a person with whom they had gamed.—WALPOLE.

<sup>4</sup> Dr. Stone, Archbishop of Armagh.—WALPOLE.



## 706. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

*Arlington Street, Feb. 7, 1761.*

I HAVE not written to you lately, expecting your arrival. As you are not come yet, you need not come these ten days, if you please, for I go next week into Norfolk, that my subjects of Lynn may at least once in their lives see me. 'Tis a horrible thing to dine with a mayor! I shall profane King John's cup,<sup>1</sup> and taste nothing but water out of it, as if it were St. John Baptist's.

Prepare yourself for crowds, multitudes. In this reign all the world lives in one room; the capital is as vulgar as a country town in the season of horse-races. There were no fewer than four of these throngs on Tuesday last, at the Duke of Cumberland's, Princess Emily's, the Opera, and Lady Northumberland's; for even operas, Tuesday's operas, are crowded now. There is nothing else new. Last week there was a magnificent ball at Carlton-house: the two royal Dukes and Princess Emily were there. He of York danced: the other and his sister had each their table at loo. I played at hers, and am grown a favourite; nay, have been at her private party, and was asked again last Wednesday, but took the liberty to excuse myself, and am yet again summoned for Tuesday. It is triste enough: nobody sits till the game begins, and then she and the company are all on stools. At Norfolk-house were two arm-chairs placed for her and the Duke of Cumberland, the Duke of York being supposed a dancer, but they would not use them. Lord Huntingdon arrived in a frock, pretending he was just come out of the country; unluckily, he had been at Court, full-dressed, in the morning. No foreigners were there but the son and daughter-in-law of Monsieur de Fuentes: the Duchess told the Duchess of Bedford, that she had not invited the ambassadress, because her rank is disputed here. You remember the Bedford took place of Madame de Mirepoix; but Madame de Mora danced first, the Duchess of Norfolk saying she supposed that was of no consequence.

Have you heard what immense riches old Wortley has left? One million three hundred and fifty thousand pounds.<sup>2</sup> It is all to

<sup>1</sup> The beautifully shaped and enamelled cup of early fifteenth century work, known as the Lynn Cup. It is called King John's, but is of a later period than the reign of John.—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>2</sup> "You see old Wortley Montagu is dead at last, at eighty-three. It was not mere

centre in my Lady Bute; her husband is one of Fortune's prodigies. They talk of a print, in which her mistress is reprimanding Miss Chudleigh; the latter curtsies, and replies, "Madame, chacun a son but."

Have you seen a scandalous letter in print, from Miss Ford<sup>1</sup> to Lord Jersey, with the history of a boar's head? George Selwyn calls him Meleager. Adieu! this is positively my last.

707. TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

*Monday, five o'clock, Feb. 1761.*

I AM a little peevish with you—I told you on Thursday night that I had a mind to go to Strawberry on Friday without staying for the Qualification-bill. You said it did not signify—No! What if *you* intended to speak on it? Am I indifferent to hearing you? More—Am I indifferent about acting with you? Would not I follow you in anything in the world?—This is saying no profligate thing. Is there anything I might not follow you in? You even did not tell me yesterday that you had spoken. Yet I will tell you all I have heard; though if there was a point in the world in which I could not wish you to succeed where you wish yourself, perhaps it would be in having you employed. I cannot be cool about your danger; yet I cannot know anything that concerns you, and keep it from you. Charles Townshend called here just after I came to town to-day. Among other discourse he told me of your speaking on Friday, and that your speech was reckoned hostile to the Duke of Newcastle. Then, talking of regiments going abroad, he said, \* \* \* \*

With regard to your reserve to me, I can easily believe that your natural modesty made you unwilling to talk of yourself to me. I don't suspect you of any reserve to me: I only mention it now for

avarice and its companion, abstinence, that kept him alive so long. He every day drank, I think it was, half-a-pint of tokay, which he imported himself from Hungary in greater quantity than he could use, and sold the overplus for any price he chose to set upon it. He has left better than half a million of money." *Gray, Works, by Mitford*, vol. iii. p. 272.—WRIGHT.

<sup>1</sup> Miss A. Ford. See the Letter and Lord Jersey's Reply in the 'Gentleman's Magazine' for 1761. "Lord Holderness is arrived, and, though he has not seen Miss Ford, is perfectly convinced from my representations of her, that she is the wife in the world for Mason. She is excellent in music, loves solitude, and has unmeasurable affections; we think of proposing her to him." *W. Whitehead* (Lord Jersey's friend) to Lord Harcourt, Bath, Dec. 16th, 1758, MS.—CUNNINGHAM.



an occasion of telling you, that I don't like to have anybody think that I would not do whatever you do. I am of no consequence : but at least it would give me some, to act invariably with you ; and that I shall most certainly be ever ready to do. Adieu !

## 708. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

*Arlington Street, March 3, 1761.*

WELL, are not you peevish that the new reign leaves our correspondence more languid than the old ? In all February not an event worth packing up and sending to you ! Neither changes, nor honours, nor squabbles yet. Lord Bute obliges everybody he can, and people seem extremely willing to be obliged. Mr. Pitt is laid up with a dreadful gout in all his limbs ; he did not sleep for fourteen nights, till one of his eyes grew as bad as his hands or feet. He begins to mend.

Whatever mysteries or clouds there are, will probably develope themselves as soon as the elections are over, and the Parliament fixed, which now engrosses all conversation and all purses ; for the expense is incredible. West Indians, conquerors, nabobs, and admirals, attack every borough ; there are no fewer than nine candidates at Andover. The change in a Parliament used to be computed at between sixty and seventy ; now it is believed there will be an hundred and fifty new members. Corruption now stands upon its own legs—no money is issued from the Treasury ; there are no parties, no pretence of grievances, and yet venality is grosser than ever ! The borough of Sudbury has gone so far as to advertise for a chapman ! We have been as victorious as the Romans, and are as corrupt : I don't know how soon the Prætorian militia will set the empire to sale. Sir Nathaniel Curzon has struck a very novel stroke ; advertising that the King intended to make him a peer ; and, therefore, recommending his brother to the county of Derby for the same *independent* principles with himself. He takes a Peerage to prove his independence, and recommends his brother to the Opposition to prove his gratitude !

Ireland is settled for the present ; the Duke of Bedford relinquishes it, with some emoluments, to his court. Lord Kildare's neutrality is rewarded with a Marquisate—he has been prevailed upon to retain the oldest title in Europe, instead of Leinster, which

he had a mind to take.<sup>1</sup> Lord Temple has refused that island, very unwillingly, I believe, or very fearfully; but Mr. Pitt was positive, having nobody else in the House of Lords—and what is such an only one? Some who are tolerably shrewd, think this indicates more, and that Mr. Pitt would not let Lord Temple engage in Ireland, when he himself may be thinking of quitting in England. Lord Halifax, I believe, will be Lord-Lieutenant.

Mr. Conway is going to Germany, to his great contentment, as his character is vindicated at last. It may show he deserved to lose no glory, but the ensuing campaign does not open much prospect of his gaining any.

The new peerages will soon be declared. Legge is not of the number; and yet has had an intimation to resign, being extremely out of favour in the new Court, where he had been so well, and which he had officiously contrived to disoblige very late in the day. Lord Barrington will be Chancellor of the Exchequer; Charles Townshend Secretary at War; and Lord Talbot, who is to be an Earl, and is much a favourite, will succeed Lord Halifax in the Board of Trade.

Voltaire has been charmingly absurd. He who laughed at Congreve for despising the rank of author and affecting the gentleman, set out post for a hovel he has in France, to write from thence, and style himself *Gentleman of the Bedchamber*<sup>2</sup> to Lord Lyttelton, who, in his 'Dialogues of the Dead,' had called him an exile. He writes in English, and not a sentence is tolerable English. The answer is very civil and sensible.

There has been a droll print: her mistress' reproving Miss Chudleigh for her train of life. She replies, "Madame, chacun a son *But*."

Pray, is there a print of the Cardinal of York, or any medal of him? If there is, do be so good to send them to me. Adieu!

<sup>1</sup> And which he afterwards took, with a dukedom.—WALPOLE.

<sup>2</sup> The letter is signed "Voltaire, Gentleman of the King's Chamber." See it in Phillimore's 'Memoirs and Correspondence of Lyttelton,' p. 555.—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>3</sup> The Princess Dowager.—WALPOLE.



## 709. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

*Arlington Street, March 7, 1761.*

I REJOICE, you know, in whatever rejoices you, and though I am not certain what your situation<sup>1</sup> is to be, I am glad you go, as you like it. I am told it is black rod. Lady Anne Jekyll<sup>2</sup> said, she had written to you on Saturday night. I asked when her brother was to go, if before August; she answered: "Yes, if possible." Long before October you may depend upon it; in the quietest times no lord-lieutenant ever went so late as that. Shall not you come to town first? You cannot pack up yourself, and all you will want, at Greatworth.

We are in the utmost hopes of a peace; a Congress is agreed upon at Augsbourg, but yesterday's mail brought bad news. Prince Ferdinand has been obliged to raise the siege of Cassel, and to retire to Paderborn; the hereditary Prince having been again defeated, with the loss of two generals, and to the value of five thousand men, in prisoners and exchanged. If this defers the peace it will be grievous news to me, now Mr. Conway is gone to the army.

The town talks of nothing but an immediate Queen, yet I am certain the Ministers know not of it. Her picture is come, and lists of her family given about; but the latter I do not send you, as I believe it apocryphal. Adieu!

P.S. Have you seen the advertisement of a new Noble Author? 'A Treatise of Horsemanship, by Henry Earl of Pembroke!'<sup>3</sup> As George Selwyn said of Mr. Greville, "so far from being a writer, I thought he was scarce a courteous reader."

## 710. TO THE REV. HENRY ZOUCHE.

*Arlington Street, March 7, 1761.*

JUST what I supposed, Sir, has happened; with your good

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Montagu was appointed usher of the black rod in Ireland.—ED. 1818.

<sup>2</sup> Sister of the Earl of Halifax.—ED. 1818.

<sup>3</sup> Tenth Earl of Pembroke and seventh Earl of Montgomery. The work was entitled 'Military Equitation; or a Method of breaking Horses, and teaching Soldiers to ride.' A fourth edition, in quarto, appeared in 1793.—WRIGHT.

breeding, I did not doubt but you would give yourself the trouble of telling me that you had received the Lucan, and as you did not, I concluded Dodsley had neglected it: he has in two instances. The moment they were published, I delivered a couple to him, for you, and one for a gentleman in Scotland. I received no account of either, and after examining Dodsley a fortnight ago, I learned three days since from him, that your copy, Sir, was delivered to Mrs. Ware, bookseller, in Fleet Street, who corresponds with Mr. Stringer, to be sent in the first parcel; but, says he, as they send only once a month, it probably was not sent away till very lately.

I am vexed, Sir, that you have waited so long for this trifle: if you neither receive it, nor get information of it, I will immediately convey another to you. It would be very ungrateful in me to neglect what would give you a moment's amusement, after your thinking so obligingly of the painted glass for me. I shall certainly be in Yorkshire this summer, and as I flatter myself that I shall be more lucky in meeting you, I will then take what you shall be so good as to bestow on me, without giving you the trouble of sending it.

If it were not printed in the London Chronicle, I would transcribe for you, Sir, a very weak letter of Voltaire to Lord Lyttelton, and the latter's answer: there is nothing else new, but a very indifferent play,<sup>1</sup> called 'The Jealous Wife,' so well acted as to have succeeded greatly. Mr. Mason, I believe, is going to publish some Elegies: I have seen the principal one, on Lady Coventry; it was then only an unfinished draft.

The second and third volumes of 'Tristram Shandy,' the dregs of nonsense, have universally met the contempt they deserve: genius may be exhausted;—I see that folly's invention may be so too.

The foundations of my Gallery at Strawberry Hill are laying. May I not flatter myself, Sir, that you will see the whole even before it is quite complete?

P.S. Since I wrote my letter, I have read a new play of Voltaire's, called 'Tancred,' and I am glad to say that it repairs the idea of his decaying parts, which I had conceived from his 'Peter the Great,' and the letter I mentioned. 'Tancred' did not please at Paris, nor was

<sup>1</sup> 'The Jealous Wife' still keeps the stage, and does not deserve to be so slightly spoken of; but there were private reasons which might possibly warp Mr. Walpole's judgment on the works of Colman. He was the nephew of Lord Bath, and 'The Jealous Wife' was dedicated to that great rival of Sir Robert Walpole.—СЮЖЕН.



I charmed with the two first acts; in the three last are great flashes of genius, single lines, and starts of passion of the first fire: the woman's part is a little too Amazonian.

## 711. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

*Arlington Street, March 17, 1761.*

You will have no reason to complain now that there is a barrenness of events. Here are changes enough to amount to a revolution, though it is all so gilded and crowned that you can scarce meet a face that is not triumphant. On Friday last it was notified pretty abruptly to Lord Holderness that he must quit the Seals, which the King thought proper to give to Lord Bute. This measure was as great a secret as it was sudden. Mr. Pitt heard it as late as his colleague himself. To soften, however, the disagreeableness of his not being consulted, and whatever else might be unpleasant to him in the measure, Mr. Pitt was acquainted that the King bestowed the Cofferer's place on Mr. James Grenville, and would restore the department of the West Indies, which had been disjoined to accommodate Lord Halifax, to the Secretary of State. As Mr. Pitt's passion is not the disposal of places, and as he has no dependants on whom to bestow them, this feather is not likely to make him amends for the loss of his helmet, which it is supposed Lord Bute intends to make useless; and, as he has hitherto behaved with singular moderation, it is believed that his taking the Seals in so particular a juncture was determined by the prospect of his being able to make a popular peace, France having made the most pressing offers. Nothing else, I think, could justify Lord Bute to himself for the imprudence of this step, which renders him the responsible Minister, and exposes him to all the danger attendant on such a situation. As Groom of the Stole, he had all the credit of favourite without the hazard. The world does not attribute much kindness to the Duke of Newcastle and Lord Hardwicke, who advised him to this measure.

Lord Halifax goes to Ireland; Lord Sandys succeeds him in the Board of Trade, which is reduced to its old insignificance; and the additional thousand pounds a-year granted to Lord Halifax are turned over to the Duke of Leeds, who is forced to quit the Cofferer's place to James Grenville, and to return to his old post of Justice in Eyre, which Lord Sandys had;—but to break the fall, the Duke is

made Cabinet Counsellor, a rank that will soon become indistinct from Privy Counsellor by growing as numerous. You will ask what becomes of Lord Holderness;—truly, he is no unlucky man. For a day or two he was to be Groom of the Stole, with an addition of 1000*l.* a-year,—at last he has the reversion of the Cinque Ports for life, after the Duke of Dorset; who is extremely infirm.

When you have digested all this in your head—Have you? I shall open a new vein of surprise,—a new favourite! Lord Talbot is made an Earl, and his son-in-law, Rice, a Lord of Trade;—stay, this is nothing: the new earl is made Lord Steward too! To pave his way, Lord Huntingdon is removed to Groom of the Stole, and the Duke of Rutland to Master of the Horse;—you see great Dukes are not immoveable as rocks. The comments on this extraordinary promotion are a little licentious, but, as I am not commentator enough to wrap them up in Latin, I shall leave them to future expounders; and the rest of the changes, which have less mystery, I shall reduce to a catalogue.

Legge, turned out from Chancellor of the Exchequer; succeeded by Lord Barrington, Secretary at War; he by Charles Townshend, Treasurer of the Chambers; and he by Sir Francis Dashwood, at the solicitation of Lord Westmorland. Mr. Elliot succeeds James Grenville in the Treasury. Lord Villiers and your friend T. Pelham, Lords of the Admiralty. Rice, John Yorke, and Sir Edm. Thomas, Lords of Trade. The new Peers, *Earl* Talbot and *Earl* of Delawar; Mr. Spencer, *Lord* Viscount Spencer; Sir Richard Grosvenor, a Viscount or Baron, I don't know which, nor does he, for yesterday, when he should have kissed hands, he was gone to Newmarket to see the trial of a race-horse. Dodington, Lord Melcombe; Sir Thomas Robinson, Lord Grantham; Sir William Irby, Lord Boston; Sir Nathaniel Curzon, Lord Scarsdale; and Lady Bute, Lady Mount-Stuart of Wortley. This is a sensible way of giving the English Peerage to her family regularly, and approved by all the world, both from her vast property, and particular merit, which is not at all diminished by the torrent of her fortune. Lord Carpenter is made *Earl* of Tyrconnel, in Ireland; and a Mr. Turnour, a Lord<sup>1</sup> there. The next shower is to rain red ribands, but those I suppose you are in no hurry to learn.

The Parliament rises in two days. Mr. Onslow quits the chair and the House; George Grenville is to be Speaker.

<sup>1</sup> Lord Winterton.—WALPOLE.



You will not wonder that in a scene so busy and amusing, I should be less inquisitive about the Jesuitical war at Rome. The truth is, I knew nothing of it, nor do we think more of Rome here than of a squabble among the canons of Liege or Cologne. However, I am much obliged to you for your accounts, and beg you will repay my anecdotes with the continuation of them. If Pasquin should reflect on any Signora Rezzonica for recommending a Major Domo<sup>1</sup> to his Holiness, pray send me his epigram.

If our political campaign should end here, and our German one where it is, we still are not likely to want warfare. The colliers in Northumberland are in open hostilities with the militia, and in the last battle at Hexham the militia lost an officer and three men, and the colliers one-and-twenty. If this engagement, and a peace abroad, had happened in the late reign, I suppose Prince Ferdinand would have had another pension on Ireland for coming over to quell the colliers. Adieu!

712. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

*Arlington Street, March 17, 1761.*

IF my last letter raised your wonder, this will not allay it. Lord Talbot is Lord Steward! The stone, which the builders refused, is become the head-stone of the corner. My Lady Talbot, I suppose, would have found no charms in Cardinal Mazarin. As the Duke of Leeds was forced to give way to Jemmy Grenville, the Duke of Rutland has been obliged to make room for this new Earl. Lord Huntingdon is Groom of the Stole, and the last Duke I have named, Master of the Horse; the red liveries cost Lord Huntingdon a pang. Lord Holderness has the reversion of the Cinque-ports for life, and I think may pardon his expulsion.

If you propose a fashionable assembly, you must send cards to Lord Spencer, Lord Grosvenor, Lord Melcomb, Lord Grantham, Lord Boston, Lord Scarsdale, Lady Mountstuart, the Earl of Tyrconnell, and Lord Winterton. The two last you will meet in Ireland. No joy ever exceeded your cousin's [Halifax's] or Dodington's: the former came last night to Lady Hilsborough's to display his triumph; the latter too was there, and advanced to me. I said, "I was coming to wish you joy."—"I concluded so," replied he,

<sup>1</sup> The name of the then pope was Rezzonico. The Major Domo alludes to Lord Talbot's being Lord Steward.—WALPOLE.

"and came to receive it." He left a good card yesterday at Lady Petersham's, "A very young Lord to wait on Lady Petersham, to make her Ladyship the first offer of himself." I believe she will be content with the Exchequer: Mrs. Grey has a pension of eight hundred pounds a-year.

Mrs. Clive is at her villa for Passion week; I have written to her for the box, but I don't doubt of its being gone; but considering her alliance, why does not Miss Rice bespeak the play and have the stage box.

I shall smile if Mr. Bentley and Müntz, and their two Hannahs meet at St. James's; so I see neither of them, I care not where they are.

Lady Hinchinbrook and Lady Mansel [sister to the Earl of Jersey] are at the point of death; Lord Hardwicke is to be Poet-Laureate; and, according to modern usage, I suppose it will be made a cabinet-counsellor's place. Good night!

713. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

*Arlington Street, March 19, 1761.*

I CAN now tell you, with great pleasure, that your cousin [the Earl of Halifax] is certainly named lord-lieutenant. I wish *you* joy. You will not be sorry too to hear that your Lord North is much talked of for succeeding him at the Board of Trade. I tell you this with great composure, though to-day has been a day of amazement. All the world is staring, whispering, and questioning. Lord Holdernessee has resigned the seals,<sup>1</sup> and they are given to Lord Bute. Which of the two Secretaries of State is first minister? the latter or Mr. Pitt? Lord Holdernessee received the command but yesterday, at two o'clock, till that moment thinking himself extremely well at court; but it seems the King said he was tired of having two secretaries, of which one would do nothing, and t'other could do nothing; he would have a secretary who both could act and would. Pitt had as short notice of this resolution as the sufferer, and was little better pleased. He is something softened for the present by the offer of cofferer for Jemmy Grenville, which

<sup>1</sup> Lord Barrington, in a letter to Mr. Mitchell, of the 23rd, says, "Our friend Holdernessee is finally in harbour; he has four thousand a-year for life, with the reversionship of the Cinque-ports, after the Duke of Dorset; which he likes better than having the name of pensioner. I never could myself understand the difference between a pension and a sinecure place."—WALTON.



is to be ceded by the Duke of Leeds, who returns to his old post of Justice in Eyre, from whence Lord Sandys is to be removed, some say to the head of the Board of Trade. Newcastle, who enjoys this fall of Holderness's, who had deserted him for Pitt, laments over the former, but seems to have made his terms with the new favourite: if the Bedfords have done so too, will it surprise you? It will me, if Pitt submits to this humiliation; if he does not, I take for granted the Duke of Bedford will have the other seals. The temper with which the new reign has hitherto proceeded, seems a little impeached by this sudden act, and the Earl now stands in the direct light of a minister, if the House of Commons should cavil at him. Lord Delawar kissed hands to-day for his earldom; the other new peers are to follow on Monday.

There are horrid disturbances about the militia<sup>1</sup> in Northumberland, where the mob have killed an officer and three of the Yorkshire militia, who, in return, fired and shot twenty-one.

Adieu! I shall be impatient to hear some consequence of my first paragraph.

P. S. Saturday.—I forgot to tell you that Lord Hardwicke has written some verses to Lord Lyttelton, upon those the latter made on Lady Egremont.<sup>2</sup> If I had been told that he had put on a bag, and was gone off with Kitty Fisher,<sup>3</sup> I should not have been more astonished.

Poor Lady Gower<sup>4</sup> is dead this morning of a fever in her lying-in. I believe the Bedfords are very sorry; for there is a new opera<sup>5</sup> this evening.

<sup>1</sup> In consequence of the expiration of the three years' term of service, prescribed by the Militia-act, and the new ballot about to take place.—WRIGHT.

<sup>2</sup> The following are the lines alluded to, "Addition extempore to the verses on Lady Egremont:

"Fame heard with pleasure—straight replied,  
First on my roll stands Wyndham's bride,  
My trumpet oft I've raised to sound  
Her modest praise the world around;  
But notes were wanting—canst thou find  
A muse to sing her face, her mind?  
Believe me, I can name but one,  
A friend of yours—'tis Lyttelton."—WRIGHT.

<sup>3</sup> See p. 227.—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>4</sup> Daughter of Scroope, Duke of Bridgewater.—WRIGHT.

<sup>5</sup> The serious opera of *Tito Manlio*, by Cocchi.—WRIGHT.

## 714. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

*March 21, 1761.*

OF the enclosed, as you perceive, I tore off the seal, but it has not been opened. I grieve at the loss of your suit, and for the injustice done you, but what can one expect but injury, when forced to have recourse to law? Lord Abercorn asked me this evening if it was true that you are going to Ireland? I gave a vague answer, and did not resolve him how much I knew of it. I am impatient for the reply to your compliment.

There is not a word of newer news than what I sent you last. The Speaker [Onslow] has taken leave, and received the highest compliments, and substantial ones too; he did not over-act, and it was really a handsome scene. I go to my election [at Lynn] on Tuesday, and, if I do not tumble out of the chair and break my neck, you shall hear from me at my return. I got the box for Miss Rice; Lady Hinchinbrook is dead.

## 715. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

*Houghton, March 25, 1761.*

HERE I am at Houghton! and alone! in this spot, where (except two hours last month) I have not been in sixteen years! Think, what a crowd of reflections! No; Gray, and forty churchyards, could not furnish so many; nay, I know one must feel them with greater indifference than I possess, to have patience to put them into verse. Here I am, probably for the last time of my life, though not for the last time: every clock that strikes tells me I am an hour nearer to yonder church—that church, into which I have not yet had courage to enter, where lies that mother on whom I doated, and who doated on me! There are the two rival mistresses of Houghton, neither of whom ever wished to enjoy it! There too lies he who founded its greatness, to contribute to whose fall Europe was embroiled; there he sleeps in quiet and dignity, while his friend and his foe, rather his false ally and real enemy, Newcastle and Bath, are exhausting the dregs of their pitiful lives in squabbles and pamphlets.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> My flatterers here are all mutes. The oaks, the beeches, the chesnuts, seem to contend which best shall please the Lord of the Manor. They cannot deceive, they



The surprise the pictures gave me is again renewed; accustomed for many years to see nothing but wretched daubs and varnished copies at auctions, I look at these as enchantment. My own description of them<sup>1</sup> seems poor; but shall I tell you truly, the majesty of Italian ideas almost sinks before the warm nature of Flemish colouring. Alas! don't I grow old? My young imagination was fired with Guido's ideas: must they be plump and prominent as Abishag to warm me now? Does great youth feel with poetic limbs, as well as see with poetic eyes? In one respect I am very young, I cannot satiate myself with looking: an incident contributed to make me feel this more strongly. A party arrived, just as I did, to see the house, a man and three women in riding dresses, and they rode post through the apartments. I could not hurry before them fast enough; they were not so long in seeing for the first time, as I could have been in one room, to examine what I knew by heart. I remember formerly being often diverted with this kind of *seers*; they come, ask what such a room is called, in which Sir Robert lay, write it down, admire a lobster or a cabbage in a market-piece, dispute whether the last room was green or purple, and then hurry to the inn for fear the fish should be over-dressed. How different my sensations! not a picture here but recalls a history; not one, but I remember in Downing-street or Chelsea, where queens and crowds admired them, though seeing them as little as these travellers!

When I had drunk tea, I strolled into the garden; they told me it was now called the *pleasure-ground*. What a dissonant idea of pleasure! those groves, those *allées*, where I have passed so many charming moments, are now stripped up or overgrown—many fond paths I could not unravel, though with a very exact clew in my memory; I met two gamekeepers, and a thousand hares! In the days when all my soul was tuned to pleasure and vivacity (and you will think, perhaps, it is far from being out of tune yet), I hated Houghton and its solitude; yet I loved this garden, as now, with many regrets, I love Houghton; Houghton, I know not what to call it, a monument of grandeur or ruin! How I have wished this evening for Lord Bute! how I could preach to him! For myself, I do not want to be preached to; I have long considered, how every Balbec must wait for the chance of a Mr. Wood. The servants wanted

will not lie. *Sir Robert Walpole to General Churchill, Houghton, June 24th, 1743.—CUNNINGHAM.*

<sup>1</sup> In the "*Ædes Walpolianæ*," see vol. i. p. lxx.—CUNNINGHAM.

to lay me in the great apartment—what, to make me pass my night as I have done my evening! It were like proposing to Margaret Roper to be a duchess in the court that cut off her father's head, and imagining it would please her. I have chosen to sit in my father's little dressing-room, and am now by his scrutoire, where, in the height of his fortune, he used to receive the accounts of his farmers, and deceive himself, or us, with the thoughts of his economy. How wise a man at once, and how weak! For what has he built Houghton? for his grandson to annihilate, or for his son to mourn over. If Lord Burleigh could rise and view his representative driving the Hatfield stage, he would feel as I feel now.<sup>1</sup> Poor little Strawberry! at least it will not be stripped to pieces by a descendant!<sup>2</sup> You will find all these fine meditations dictated by pride, not by philosophy. Pray consider through how many mediums philosophy must pass, before it is purified—

“—————how often must it weep, how often burn!”

My mind was extremely prepared for all this gloom by parting with Mr. Conway yesterday morning; moral reflections or common-places are the livery one likes to wear, when one has just had a real misfortune. He is going to Germany: I was glad to dress myself up in transitory Houghton, in lieu of very sensible concern. To-morrow I shall be distracted with thoughts, at least images of very different complexion. I go to Lynn, and am to be elected on Friday. I shall return hither on Saturday, again alone, to expect Burleighides on Sunday, whom I left at Newmarket. I must once in my life see him on his grandfather's throne.

*Epping, Monday night, thirty-first.*—No, I have not seen him; he loitered on the road, and I was kept at Lynn till yesterday morning. It is plain I never knew for how many trades I was formed, when at this time of day I can begin electioneering, and succeed in my new vocation. Think of me, the subject of a mob, who was scarce ever before in a mob, addressing them in the town-hall, riding at the head of two thousand people through such a town as Lynn, dining with above two hundred of them, amid bumpers, huzzas, songs, and tobacco, and finishing with country dancing at a ball and sixpenny whisk! I have borne it all cheerfully; nay,

<sup>1</sup> The prayer of Sir Robert Walpole, recorded on the foundation-stone, was, that “after its master, to a mature old age, had long enjoyed it in perfection, his latest descendants might safely possess it to the end of time.”—WRIGHT.

<sup>2</sup> Compare vol. ii. p. 439.—CUNNINGHAM.



have sat hours in *conversation*, the thing upon earth that I hate ; have been to hear misses play on the harpsichord, and to see an alderman's copies of Reubens and Carlo Marat. Yet to do the folks justice, they are sensible, and reasonable, and civilised ; their very language is polished since I lived among them. I attribute this to their more frequent intercourse with the world and the capital, by the help of good roads and postchaises, which, if they have abridged the King's dominions, have at least tamed his subjects. Well, how comfortable it will be to-morrow, to see my parroquet, to play at loo, and not be obliged to talk seriously ! The Heraclitus of the beginning of this letter will be overjoyed on finishing it to sign himself your old friend,

DEMOCRITUS.<sup>1</sup>

P.S. I forgot to tell you that my ancient aunt Hammond came over to Lynn to see me ; not from any affection, but curiosity. The first thing she said to me, though we have not met these sixteen years, was, "Child, you have done a thing to-day, that your father never did in all his life ; you sat as they carried you,—he always stood the whole time." "Madam," said I, "when I am placed in a chair, I conclude I am to sit in it ; besides, as I cannot imitate my father in great things, I am not at all ambitious of mimicking him in little ones." I am sure she proposes to tell her remarks to my uncle Horace's ghost, the instant they meet.

716. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

*Arlington Street, April 10, 1761.*

WELL, I have received my cousin Boothby and the packet. Thank you for the trouble you have given yourself ; but, another time, I will trust my memory rather than my taste. Rinuncini's brocadella is frightful ; how could I treasure up an idea of anything that consisted of such a horrid assemblage as green and yellow ? Those that have red, green and white, are very pretty, and as soon as I can determine the quantity I shall want, I will take the liberty of employing you for the manufacture. The gallery advances by large strides, and when that is complete, I shall furnish the Round Tower. My cousin Boothby<sup>2</sup> is my cousin ; my mother and his were first cousins ; but his, happening not to be the most amiable

<sup>1</sup> See vol. i. p. 39.—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>2</sup> Thomas Boothby Schrimshire, Esq.—WAEPOLE.

person in the world, we have had so little connection, that it was perfectly nothing at all.

If I can find an opportunity of presenting the account of the statues, I certainly will, and in a manner not to hurt you. Strange's [the Engraver's] information is, I believe, by no means ill-founded, and I give up my advice. Kings, though the representatives of Heaven, have none of its all-seeingness inserted in their patents, and being obliged to use many pair of eyes besides their own, no wonder if they are made to pay for all the light they borrow. The young King has excellent and various dispositions—just so many occasions for being imposed upon! Whatever a King loves, is ready money to those who gratify his inclinations—except he loves what his grandfather did, the money itself. I who love the arts, like the King, have found that even I was worth cheating.

Blessed be Providence! we are going to have Peace; I do not regret it, though the little dabs I save would be almost doubled if the Stocks continued at low-water mark. France, who will dictate even in humiliation, has declared to Sweden that she must and will make peace; that even their Imperial furiousnesses, Tisiphone and Aleto,<sup>1</sup> would be content with less perdition of the King of Prussia than they had meditated; and when snakes smile, who can help hoping? France adds, that she will even let the Peace be made *vis-à-vis du Roi de la Grande Bretagne*. It is to be treated here, and the emps of the two Empresses are to reside at Paris, to communicate their instructions; the congress will be afterwards held, for form, at Augsbourg. All Canada is offered. I don't believe we shall be intractable, as all Prince Ferdinand's visionary vivacities are vanished into smoke; his nephew is again beaten, himself retired to Paderborn, and the siege of Cassel raised. Luckily, the French cannot pursue their success for want of magazines.

And so you don't think we are obliged to Mr. Pitt? Yes, I am sure you do. Who would have believed five years ago that France would send to Whitehall to beg Peace? And why would they not have believed it? Why, because nobody foresaw that the Duke of Newcastle and Lord Hardwicke would not be as absolute as ever. Had they continued in power, the Duke of Newcastle would now be treating at Paris to be *Intendant* of Sussex, and Sir Joseph Yorke would be made a Prince of the empire for signing the session of Hanover. 'Tis better as it is, though the City of London should

<sup>1</sup> The two Empresses of Germany and Russia.—WALPOLE.



burn Mr. Pitt in effigy upon the cessation of contracts and remittances. And so you and I are creeping near to one another again; we shall be quite sociable when there is only *all* France betwixt us. Will you breakfast in the Holbein chamber the first week in June?

I must announce a loss to you, though scarce a misfortune, as you never saw her. Your *dear* brother's second daughter is dead of a consumption. She was a most soft-tempered creature, like him, and consequently what he much loved.

As the elections are now almost over, people will begin to think of something else, or at least will consider what they intend to think about next winter—no matter what! Let us sheath the sword, and fight about what we will. Adieu!

## 717. TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

*Arlington Street, April 10, 1761.*

If Prince Ferdinand had studied how to please me, I don't know any method he could have lighted upon so likely to gain my heart, as being beaten out of the field before you joined him. I delight in a hero that is driven so far that nobody can follow him. He is as well at Paderborn, as where I have long wished the King of Prussia, the other world. You may frown if you please at my imprudence, you who are gone with all the disposition in the world to be well with your commander; the peace is in a manner made, and the anger of generals will not be worth sixpence these ten years. We peaceable folks are now to govern the world, and you warriors must in your turn tremble at our subjects the mob, as we have done before your hussars and court-martials.

I am glad you had so pleasant a passage.<sup>1</sup> My Lord Lyttelton would say, that Lady Mary Coke, like Venus, smiled over the waves, *et mare præstabat eunti*. In truth, when she could tame me, she must have had little trouble with the ocean. Tell me how many burgomasters she has subdued, or how many would have fallen in love with her if they had not fallen asleep? Come, has she saved twopence by her charms? Have they abated a farthing of their impositions for her being handsomer than anything in the seven provinces? Does she know how political her journey is thought? Nay, my Lady Ailesbury, you are not out of the scrape; you are both reckoned *des Maréchales de Guebriant*,<sup>2</sup> going to fetch, and con-

<sup>1</sup> From Harwich to Helvoetsluys.—WALPOLE.

<sup>2</sup> The Maréchale de Guébriant was sent to the King of Poland with the character

*sequently* govern the young Queen. There are more jealousies about your voyage, than the Duke of Newcastle would feel if Dr. Shaw had prescribed a little ipecacuanha to my Lord Bute.

I am sorry I must adjourn my mirth, to give Lady Ailesbury a pang; poor Sir Harry Bellendine' is dead; he made a great dinner at Almack's for the house of Drummond, drank very hard, caught a violent fever, and died in a very few days. Perhaps you will have heard this before; I shall wish so; I do not like, even innocently, to be the cause of sorrow.

I do not at all lament Lord Granby's leaving the army, and your immediate succession. There are persons in the world who would gladly ease you of this burden. As you are only to take the vice-royalty of a coop, and that for a few weeks, I shall but smile if you are terribly distressed. Don't let Lady Ailesbury proceed to Brunswick: you might have had a wife who would not have thought it so terrible to fall into the hands [*arms*] of hussars; but as I don't take *that* to be your Countess's turn, leave her with the Dutch, who are not so boisterous as Cossacks or Chancellors of the Exchequer.

My love, my duty, my jealousy, to Lady Mary, if she is not sailed before you receive this—if she is, I shall deliver them myself. Good night! I write immediately on the receipt of your letter, but you see I have nothing yet new to tell you.

718. TO SIR DAVID DALRYMPLE.

SIR:

*Arlington Street, April 14, 1761.*

I HAVE deferred answering the favour of your last, till I could tell you that I had seen Fingal. Two journeys into Norfolk for my election, and other accidents, prevented my seeing any part of the poem till this last week, and I have yet only seen the first book. There are most beautiful images in it, and it surprises one how the bard could strike out so many shining ideas from a few so very simple objects, as the moon, the storm, the sea, and the heath, from whence he borrows almost all his allusions. The particularising of persons, by "he said," "he replied," so much objected to Homer, is so wanted in Fingal, that it in some measure justifies the Grecian Highlander; I have even advised Mr. Macpherson (to prevent

of ambassadress by Louis XIII. to accompany the Princess Marie de Gonzague, who had been married by proxy to the King of Poland at Paris.—WALPOLE.

*The Hon. Sir Henry Bellenden, Knight, Usher of the Black Rod, brother of Mary Bellenden, and uncle to the Countess of Ailesbury.*—CURRINGTON.



confusion) to have the names prefixed to the speeches, as in a play. It is too obscure without some such aid. My doubts of the genuineness are all vanished.

I fear, Sir, from Dodsley's carelessness, you have not received the *Lucan*. A gentleman in Yorkshire,<sup>1</sup> for whom I consigned another copy at the same time with yours, has got his but within this fortnight. I have the pleasure to find, that the notes are allowed the best of Dr. Bentley's remarks on poetic authors. *Lucan* was muscular enough to bear his rough hand.

Next winter I hope to be able to send you Vertue's '*History of the Arts*,' as I have put it together from his collections. Two volumes are finished, the first almost printed and the third begun. There will be a fourth, I believe, relating solely to engravers. You will be surprised, Sir, how the industry of one man could at this late period amass so near a complete history of our artists. I have no share in it, but in arranging his materials. Adieu!

## 719. TO THE COUNTESS OF SUFFOLK.

*Friday night, April 1761.*

WE are more successful, Madam, than I could flatter myself we should be. Mr. Conway—and I need say no more—has negotiated so well, that the Duke of Grafton is disposed to bring Mr. Beaucherk<sup>2</sup> in for Thetford. It will be expected, I believe, that Lord Vere should resign Windsor in a handsome manner to the Duke of Cumberland. It must be your ladyship's part to prepare this; which I hope will be the means of putting an end to these unhappy differences. My only fear now is, lest the Duke should have promised the Lodge. Mr. Conway writes to Lord Albemarle, who is yet at Windsor, to prevent this, if not already done, till the rest is ready to be notified to the Duke of Cumberland. Your ladyship's good sense and good heart make it unnecessary for me to say more.

<sup>1</sup> Reverend Henry Zouch.—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>2</sup> The Hon. Aubrey Beaucherk, son of Lord Vere; afterwards Duke of St. Albans.—WRIGHT.

## 720. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

*Arlington Street, April 16, 1761.*

You are a very mule; one offers you a handsome stall and manger in Berkeley Square, and you will not accept it. I have chosen your coat, a claret colour, to suit the complexion of the country you are going to visit; but I have fixed nothing about the lace. Barrett had none of gauze, but what were as broad as the Irish Channel. Your tailor found a very reputable one at another place, but I would not determine rashly; it will be two or three-and-twenty shillings the yard; you might have a very substantial real lace, which would wear like your buffet, for twenty. The second order of gauzes are frippery, none above twelve shillings, and those tarnished, for the species is out of fashion. You will have time to sit in judgment upon these important points; for Hamilton<sup>1</sup> your secretary told me at the Opera two nights ago, that he had taken a house near Bushy, and hoped to be in my neighbourhood for four months.

I was last night at your plump Countess's, who is so shrunk, that she does not seem to be composed of above a dozen hassocs. Lord Guildford rejoiced mightily over your preferment. The Duchess of Argyle was playing there, not knowing that the great Pam was just dead, to wit, her brother-in-law. He was abroad in the morning, was seized with a palpitation after dinner and was dead before the surgeon could arrive. There's the crown of Scotland too fallen upon my Lord Bute's head! Poor Lord Edgumbe is still alive, and may be so for some days; the physicians, who no longer ago than Friday se'nnight persisted that he had no dropsy, in order to prevent his having Ward, on Monday last proposed that Ward should be called in, and at length they owned they thought the mortification begun. It is not clear it is yet; at times he is in his senses, and entirely so, composed, clear, and most rational; talks of his death, and but yesterday, after such a conversation with his brother, asked for a pencil to amuse himself with drawing. What parts, genius, and agreeableness thrown away at a hazard table, and not permitted the chance of being saved by the villany of physicians!

You will be pleased with the Anacreontic, written by Lord

<sup>1</sup> William Gerard Hamilton, Single-speech Hamilton.—CUNNINGHAM.



Middlesex upon Sir Harry Bellendine: I have not seen anything so antique for ages; it has all the fire, poetry, and simplicity of Horace.

Ye sons of Bacchus, come and join  
In solemn dirge, while tapers shine  
Around the grape-embossed shrine  
Of honest Harry Bellendine.

Pour the rich juice of Bourdeaux's wine,  
Mix'd with your falling tears of brine,  
In full libation o'er the shrine  
Of honest Harry Bellendine.

Your brows let ivy chaplets twine,  
While you push round the sparkling wine,  
And let your table be the shrine  
Of honest Harry Bellendine.

He died in his vocation, of a high fever, after the celebration of some orgies. Though but six hours in his senses, he gave a proof of his usual good humour, making it his last request to the sister Tuftons to be reconciled; which they are. His pretty villa, in my neighbourhood, I fancy he has left to the new Lord Lorn. I must tell you an admirable bon-mot of George Selwyn, though not a new one; when there was a malicious report that the eldest Tufton was to marry Dr. Duncan, Selwyn said, "How often will she repeat that line of Shakspeare,

'Wake Duncan with this knocking—would thou couldst!'"

I enclose the receipt from your lawyer. Adieu!

721. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

*Arlington Street, April 28, 1761.*

I AM glad you will relish June for Strawberry; by that time I hope the weather will have recovered its temper. At present it is horribly cross and uncomfortable; I fear we shall have a cold season; we cannot eat our summer and have our summer.

There has been a terrible fire in the little traverse street, at the upper end of Sackville Street. Last Friday night between eleven and twelve, I was sitting with Lord Digby in the coffee-room at Arthur's; they told us there was a great fire somewhere about Burlington Gardens. I, who am as constant at a fire as George Selwyn

at an execution, proposed to Lord Digby to go and see where it was. We found it within two doors of that pretty house of Fairfax, now General Waldegrave's. I sent for the latter, who was at Arthur's; and for the guard, from St. James's. Four houses were in flames before they could find a drop of water; eight were burnt. I went to my Lady Suffolk, in Saville Row, and passed the whole night, till three in the morning, between her little hot bed-chamber and the spot, up to my ancles in water, without catching cold.<sup>1</sup> As the wind, which had sat towards Swallow Street, changed in the middle of the conflagration, I concluded the greatest part of Saville Row would be consumed. I persuaded her to prepare to transport her most valuable effects—"portantur avari Pygmalionis opes miseræ." She behaved with great composure, and observed to me herself how much worse her deafness grew with the alarm. Half the people of fashion in town were in the streets all night, as it happened in such a quarter of distinction. In the crowd, looking on with great tranquillity, I saw a Mr. Jackson, an Irish gentleman, with whom I had dined this winter at Lord Hertford's. He seemed rather grave; I said, "Sir, I hope you do not live hereabouts."—"Yes, Sir," said he, "I lodged in that house that is just burnt."

Last night there was a mighty ball at Bedford-house; the royal Dukes and Princess Emily were there; your Lord-Lieutenant [Halifax], the great lawyer, lords, and old Newcastle, whose teeth are tumbled out, and his mouth tumbled in; hazard very deep; loo, beauties, and the Wilton Bridge in sugar, almost as big as the life. I am glad all these joys are near going out of town. The Graftons go abroad for the Duchess's<sup>2</sup> health; another climate may mend that—I will not answer for more. Adieu! Yours ever.

722. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

*Arlington Street, May 5, 1761.*

WE have lost a young genius, Sir William Williams;<sup>3</sup> an express

<sup>1</sup> This accident was owing to a coachman carrying a lighted candle into the stable and, agreeably to Dean Swift's Advice to Servants, sticking it against the rack; the straw being set in a flame in his absence, by the candle falling. Eight or nine horses perished, and fourteen houses were burnt to the ground.—WALPOLE.

<sup>2</sup> Anne Liddel, only child of Lord Ravensworth, was first married to Augustus Henry Duke of Grafton, and, being divorced from him, secondly, to John Fitzpatrick, second Earl of Upper Ossory.—WALPOLE. This was Walpole's *future* correspondent, —my *Duchess* as he delights to call her.—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>3</sup> Sir William Peere Williams, Bart., member for Shoreham, and a captain in



from Belleisle, arrived this morning, brings nothing but his death. He was shot very unnecessarily, riding too near a battery; in sum, he is a sacrifice to his own rashness, and to ours. For what are we taking Belleisle? I rejoiced at the little loss we had on landing; for the glory, I leave it the common council. I am very willing to leave London to them too, and do pass half the week at Strawberry, where my two passions, lilacs and nightingales, are in full bloom. I spent Sunday as if it were Apollo's birth-day; Gray and Mason were with me, and we listened to the nightingales till one o'clock in the morning. Gray has translated two noble incantations from the Lord knows who, a Danish Gray, who lived the Lord knows when. They are to be enchased in a history of English bards, which Mason and he are writing; but of which the former has not written a word yet, and of which the latter, if he rides Pegasus at his usual foot-pace, will finish the first page two years hence.

But the true frantic Cestus resides at present with Mr. Hogarth; I went t'other morning to see a portrait he is painting of Mr. Fox. Hogarth told me he had promised, if Mr. Fox would sit as he liked, to make as good a picture as Vandyke or Rubens could.<sup>1</sup> I was silent—"Why now," said he, "you think this very vain, but why should not one speak truth?" This *truth* was uttered in the face of his own Sigismunda, which is exactly a maudlin w——, tearing off the trinkets that her keeper had given her, to fling at his head. She has her father's picture in a bracelet on her arm, and her fingers are bloody with the heart, as if she had just bought a sheep's pluck in St. James's Market.<sup>2</sup> As I was going, Hogarth put on a very grave face, and said, "Mr. Walpole, I want to speak to you." I sat down, and said, I was ready to receive his commands. For shortness, I will mark this wonderful dialogue by initial letters.

Burgoyne's Dragoons. Gray wrote his epitaph, at the request of Mr. Frederick Montagu, who intended to have inscribed it on a monument at Belleisle:—

"Here, foremost in the dangerous paths of fame,  
Young Williams fought for England's fair renown;  
His mind each Muse, each Grace adorn'd his frame,  
Nor Envy dared to view him with a frown," &c.—WRIGHT.

<sup>1</sup> I dare to challenge in one single piece,  
'Th' united force of Italy and Greece.

Churchill, *Epistle to Hogarth*.—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>2</sup> Compare Walpole in his 'Anecdotes of Painting,' iv. 143, Ed. Dallaway; and Churchill in his *Epistle to Hogarth*:

Poor Sigismunda, what a fate is thine!  
Dryden the great high-priest of all the Nine.—CUNNINGHAM.

H. I am told you are going to entertain the town with something in our way. W. Not very soon, Mr. Hogarth. H. I wish you would let me have it, to correct; I should be very sorry to have you expose yourself to censure; we painters must know more of those things than other people. W. Do you think nobody understands painting but painters? H. Oh! so far from it, there's Reynolds, who certainly has genius; why, but t'other day he offered a hundred pounds for a picture, that I would not hang in my cellar; and indeed, to say truth, I have generally found, that persons who had studied painting least were the best judges of it; but what I particularly wished to say to you was about Sir James Thornhill (you know he married Sir James's daughter): I would not have you say anything against him; there was a book published some time ago, abusing him, and it gave great offence. He was the first that attempted *history* in England, and, I assure you, some Germans have said that he was a very great painter. W. My work will go no lower than the year one thousand seven hundred, and I really have not considered whether Sir J. Thornhill will come within my plan or not; if he does, I fear you and I shall not agree upon his merits. H. I wish you would let me correct it; besides, I am writing something of the same kind myself; I should be sorry we should clash. W. I believe it is not much known what my work is, very few persons have seen it. H. Why, it is a critical history of painting, is not it? W. No, it is an antiquarian history of it in England; I bought Mr. Vertue's MSS., and, I believe, the work will not give much offence; besides, if it does, I cannot help it: when I publish anything, I give it to the world to think of it as they please. H. Oh! if it is an antiquarian work, we shall not clash; mine is a critical work; I don't know whether I shall ever publish it. It is rather an apology for painters. I think it is owing to the good sense of the English that they have not painted better. W. My dear Mr. Hogarth, I must take my leave of you, you now grow too wild—and I left him. If I had stayed, there remained nothing but for him to bite me. I give you my honour this conversation is literal, and, perhaps, as long as you have known Englishmen and painters, you never met with anything so distracted. I had consecrated a line to his genius (I mean, for wit) in my Preface; I shall not erase it; but I hope nobody will ask me if he is not mad. Adieu!



## 723. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

*Strawberry Hill, May 14, 1761.*

FROM your silence, I began to fear you were ill; but yesterday I received yours of the 25th of last month, with the account of your absence at Pisa. The little convulsions which surprised you so much in my letter of March 17th, subsided the moment they were settled; and if any factions design to form themselves, they will at least not bespeak their colours till next session of Parliament, or till the peace. The latter is the present object, and the Stocks at least give credit to the professions of France. The impertinent Bussy<sup>1</sup> (who, I believe, will be a little more humble than formerly) is coming, exchanged with Mr. Stanley,<sup>2</sup>—but with all the impatience of France to treat, they modestly proposed that Bussy should come in the man-of-war that carried Stanley. This was flatly refused; and an *Irish* arrangement is made; the one is to be at Dover, the other at Calais, on the 22nd, and if the same wind can blow contrary ways at once, they will sail at the same moment; if it cannot, I am persuaded the French weathercocks will not blow east till ours have been four-and-twenty hours in the west. I am not among the credulous, not conceiving why the Court of Versailles should desire a peace at the beginning of a campaign, when they will have so much more in bank to treat with at the end of it. They will have Hesse and Hanover; shall we have the Rock of Belleisle? That expedition engrosses as much attention as the peace. Though I have no particular friends there, I tremble every day in expectation of bloody journals, whether successful or disadvantageous. Sir William Williams, a young man much talked of, for his exceeding ambition, enterprising spirit, and some parts, in Parliament, is already fallen there; and even he was too great a price for such a trumpery island—we have dozens as good in the north of Scotland, and of as much consequence. For the Empress Queen, she has marked her christian disposition to peace sufficiently, by forbidding her Knights of Malta to assist their religion, lest it should offend the Turk, and take her off from pursuing the King of Prussia.

<sup>1</sup> The Abbé de Bussy: he had been very insolent, even to the King, in a former negotiation for a neutrality for Hanover.—WALPOLE.

<sup>2</sup> Hans Stanley, Esq., grandson of Sir Hans Sloane.—CUNNINGHAM,

Your friend, Lord Huntingdon, is safe—at least till some new Court-earthquake. To Mr. Dodington you ask what you shall say? Nothing: but to my Lord Melcombe address as many lords and lordships as you please, and you cannot err: he is as fond of his title as his child could be, if he had one. Another of your friends, Lord Northampton, is named to return the compliment to Venice.

I rejoice that you have got Mr. [Thomas] Pitt;<sup>1</sup> make him a thousand speeches from me, and tell him how much I say you will like one another. You will be happy too in Sir Richard Lyttelton and his Duchess;<sup>2</sup> they are the best humoured people in the world. I promised you another Duchess, the famous beauty—she of Hamilton, but she is returning to England. In her room I announce her Grace of Grafton,<sup>3</sup> a passion of mine—not a regular beauty, but one of the finest women you ever saw, and with more dignity and address. She is one of our first great ladies. She goes first to Genoa—an odd place for her health, but she is not very bad. The Duke goes with her, and as it is not much from inclination that she goes, perhaps they will not agree whither they shall go next. He is a man of strict honour, and does not want sense, nor good-breeding; but is not particularly familiar, nor particularly good-humoured, nor at all particularly generous.

As we have a rage at present for burlettas, I wish you would send me the music of your present one, which you say is so charming. If pleasures can tempt people to stay in town, there will be a harvest all summer; operas at the little theatre in the Haymarket, and plays at Drury Lane.

I have lost one of the oldest friends I had in the world, Lord Edgumbe;<sup>4</sup> a martyr to gaming. With every quality to make himself agreeable, he did nothing but make himself miserable. I feel the loss much, though long expected; and it is the more sensible here, where I saw most of him. My towers rise, my galleries and cloisters extend—for what? For me to leave, or to inhabit by myself, when I have survived my friends! Yet, with these ungrateful reflections, how I wish once to see you here! And of what should we most talk?—of a dear friend we have both,

<sup>1</sup> Thomas Pitt of Boconnock.—WALPOLE. See vol. ii. p. 148. He was created in 1784 Lord Camelford, and died in 1793. He was for some time Walpole's neighbour at Twickenham. See *Letter to Montagu*, Sept. 7th, 1763.—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>2</sup> Rachel, Duchess Dowager of Bridgewater, married to her second husband, Richard, brother of George first Lord Lyttelton.—WALPOLE.

<sup>3</sup> See vol. iii. p. 398.

<sup>4</sup> See vol. i. p. 156.—CUNNINGHAM.



alas! survived. Gal. served me to talk to of you—now I can only talk to you of him! But I will not—I love to communicate my satisfactions—my melancholy I generally shut up in my own breast. Adieu!

## 724. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

*Strawberry Hill, May 14, 1761.*

As I am here, and know nothing of our poor heroes at Belleisle, who are combating rocks, mines, famine, and Mr. Pitt's obstinacy, I will send you the victory of a heroine, but must preface it with an apology, as it was gained over a sort of relation of yours. Jemmy Lumley last week had a party of whist at his own house; the combatants, Lucy Southwell, that curtsies like a bear, Mrs. Prijean, and a Mrs. Mackenzy. They played from six in the evening till twelve next day; Jemmy never winning one rubber, and rising a loser of two thousand pounds. How it happened I know not, nor why his suspicions arrived so late, but he fancied himself cheated, and refused to pay. However, *the bear* had no share in his evil surmises: on the contrary, a day or two afterwards, he promised a dinner at Hampstead to Lucy and her virtuous sister. As he went to the rendezvous his chaise was stopped by somebody, who advised him not to proceed. Yet no whit daunted, he advanced. In the garden he found the gentle conqueress, Mrs. Mackenzy, who accosted him in the most friendly manner. After a few compliments, she asked him if he did not intend to pay her. "No, indeed I shan't, I shan't; your servant, your servant."—"Shan't you?" said the fair virago; and taking a horsewhip from beneath her hoop, she fell upon him with as much vehemence as the Empress-queen would upon the King of Prussia, if she could catch him alone in the garden at Hampstead. Jemmy cried out murder; his servants rushed in, rescued him from the jaws of the lioness, and carried him off in his chaise to town. The Southwells, who were already arrived, and descended on the noise of the fray, finding nobody to pay for the dinner, and fearing they must, set out for London too without it, though I suppose they had prepared tin pockets to carry off all that should be left. Mrs. Mackenzy is immortal, and in the Crown Office.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> "Sure Mr. Jonathan, or some one, has told you how your good friend, Mr. L., has been horsewhipped, trampled, bruised, and p—d upon, by a Mrs. Mackenzie, a

The other battle in my military journal happened between the Duchess of Argyle and Lord Vere. The Duchess, who always talks of puss and pug, and who, having lost her memory, forgets how often she tells the same story, had tired the company at Dorset-house with the repetition of the same story; when the Duke's spaniel reached up into her lap, and placed his nose most critically: "See," said she, "see, how fond all creatures are of me." Lord Vere, who was at cards, and could not attend to them for her gossiping, said peevishly, without turning round or seeing where the dog was, "I suppose he smells puss." "What!" said the Duchess of Argyle, in a passion, "Do you think my puss stinks?" I believe you have not two better stories in Northamptonshire.

Don't imagine that my gallery will be *prance-about-in-able*, as you expect, by the beginning of June; I do not propose to finish it till next year, but you will see some glimpse of it, and for the rest of Strawberry, it never was more beautiful. You must now begin to fix your motions: I go to Lord Dacre's at the end of this month, and to Lord Ilchester's the end of the next; between those periods I expect you.

*Saturday Morning, Arlington Street.*

I came to town yesterday for a party at Bedford-house, made for Princess Amelia; the garden was open, with French horns and clarionets, and would have been charming with one single zephyr, that had not come from the north-east; however, the young ladies found it delightful. There was limited loo for the Princess, unlimited for the Duchess of Grafton, to whom I belonged, a table of quinze, and another of quadrille. The Princess had heard of our having cold meat upon the loo-table, and would have some. A table was brought in, she was served so, others rose by turns and went to the cold meat; in the outward room were four little tables for the rest of the company. Think, if King George the Second could have risen and seen his daughter supping pell-mell with men, as it were in a booth! The tables were removed, the young people began to dance to a tabor and pipe; the Princess sat down again, but to unlimited loo; we played till three, and I won enough to help on the gallery. I am going back to it, to give my nieces and their lords a dinner.

We were told there was a great victory come from Pondicherry,

sturdy Scotchwoman.<sup>¶</sup> It was done in an inn-yard at Hampstead, in the face of day, and he has put her in the crown-office. It is very true." *Gray to Wharton.*—WRIGHT.



but it came from too far to divert us from liking our party better. Poor George Monson has lost his leg there. You know that Sir W. Williams has made Fred. Montagu heir to his debts. Adieu!

## 725. TO THE COUNTESS OF AILESBUURY.

*Strawberry Hill, June 13, 1761.*

I NEVER ate such good snuff, nor smelt such delightful bonbons, as your ladyship has sent me. Every time you rob the Duke's dessert, does it cost you a pretty snuff-box? Do the pastors at the Hague<sup>1</sup> enjoin such expensive retributions? If a man steals a kiss there, I suppose he does penance in a sheet of Brussels lace. The comical part is, that you own the theft, and send it me, but say nothing of the vehicle of your repentance. In short, Madam, the box is the prettiest thing I ever saw, and I give you a thousand thanks for it.

When you comfort yourself about the Operas, you don't know what you have lost; nay, nor I neither; for I was here, concluding that a serenata for a birthday would be as dull and as vulgar as those festivities generally are: but I hear of nothing but the enchantment of it. There was a second orchestra in the footman's gallery, disguised by clouds, and filled with the music of the King's chapel. The choristers behaved like angels, and the harmony between the two bands was in the most exact time. Elisi piqued himself, and beat both heaven and earth. The joys of the year do not end there. The under-actors open at Drury-lane to-night with a new comedy by Murphy, called "All in the Wrong." At Ranelagh, all is fireworks and skyrockets. The birthday exceeded the splendour of Haroun Alraschid and the 'Arabian Nights,' when people had nothing to do but to scour a lantern and send a genie for a hamper of diamonds and rubies. Do you remember one of those stories, where a prince has eight statues of diamonds, which he overlooks, because he fancies he wants a ninth; and to his great surprise the ninth proves to be pure flesh and blood, which he never thought of? Somehow or other, Lady Sarah [Lennox] is the ninth statue; and, you will allow, has better white and red than if she was made of pearls and rubies. Oh! I forgot, I was telling you of the birthday: my Lord P \* \* \* had drunk the King's health so often at

<sup>1</sup> Lady Ailesbury remained at the Hague while Mr. Conway was with the army during the campaign of 1761.—BERRY.

dinner, that at the ball he took Mrs. \* \* \* for a beautiful woman, and, as she says, "made an improper use of his hands." The proper use of hers, she thought, was to give him a box on the ear, though within the verge of the Court. He returned it by a push, and she tumbled off the end of the bench; which his Majesty has accepted as sufficient punishment, and she is not to lose her right hand.<sup>1</sup>

I enclose the list your ladyship desired: you will see that the 'Plurality of Worlds' are Moore's, and of some I do not know the authors. There is a late edition with these names to them.

My Duchess [Grafton] was to set out this morning. I saw her for the last time the day before yesterday at Lady Kildare's: never was a journey less a party of pleasure. She was so melancholy, that all Miss Pelham's oddness and my spirits could scarce make her smile. Towards the end of the night, and that was three in the morning, I did divert her a little. I slipped Pam into her lap, and then taxed her with having it there. She was quite confounded; but taking it up, saw he had a telescope in his hand, which I had drawn, and that the card, which was split, and just waxed together, contained these lines:

"Ye simple astronomers, lay by your glasses;  
The transit of Venus has proved you all asses:  
Your telescopes signify nothing to scan it;  
'Tis not meant in the clouds, 'tis not meant of a planet:  
The seer who foretold it mistook or deceives us,  
For Venus's transit is when Grafton leaves us."

I don't send your ladyship these verses as good, but to show you that all gallantry does not centre at the Hague.

I wish I could tell you that Stanley<sup>2</sup> and Bussy, by crossing over and figuring in, had forwarded the peace. It is no more made than Belleisle is taken. However, I flatter myself that you will not stay abroad till you return for the coronation, which is ordered for the beginning of October. I don't care to tell you how lovely the season is; how my acacias are powdered with flowers, and my hay just in its picturesque moment. Do they ever make any other hay in Holland than bullrushes in ditches? My new buildings rise so swiftly, that I shall not have a shilling left, so far from giving commissions on Amsterdam. When I have made my house so big that

<sup>1</sup> The old punishment for giving a blow in the King's presence.—BERRY.

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Hans Stanley was at this time employed in negotiating a peace at Paris.—WRIGHT.



I don't know what to do with it, and am entirely undone, I propose, like King Pyrrhus, who took such a roundabout way to a bowl of punch, to sit down and enjoy myself; but with this difference, that it is better to ruin one's self than all the world. I am sure you would think as I do, though Pyrrhus were King of Prussia. I long to have you bring back the only hero that ever I could endure. Adieu, Madam! I sent you just such another piece of tittle-tattle as this by General Waldegrave: you are very partial to me, or very fond of knowing everything that passes in your own country, if you can be amused so. If you can, 'tis surely my duty to divert you, though at the expense of my character; for I own I am ashamed when I look back and see four sides of paper scribbled over with nothings.

## 726. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

*Strawberry Hill, June 18, 1761.*

I AM glad you will come on Monday, and hope you will arrive in a rainbow and pair, to signify that we are not to be totally drowned. It has rained incessantly, and floated all my new works; I seem rather to be building a pond than a gallery. My farm too is all under water, and what is vexatious, if Sunday had not thrust itself between, I could have got in my hay on Monday. As the parsons will let nobody else make hay on Sundays, I think they ought to make it on that day themselves.

By the papers I see Mrs. Trevor Hampden is dead of the small-pox. Will he be much concerned? If you stay with me a fortnight or three weeks, perhaps I may be able to carry you to a play of Mr. Bentley's—you stare, but I am in earnest: nay, and *de par le roy*. In short, here is the history of it. You know the passion he always had for the Italian comedy; about two years ago he wrote one, intending to get it offered to Rich, but without his name. He would have died to be supposed an author, and writing for gain. I kept this an inviolable secret. Judge then of my surprise, when about a fortnight or three weeks ago, I found my Lord Melcomb reading this very *Bentleiad* in a circle at my Lady Hervey's. Cumberland<sup>1</sup> had carried it to him with a recommendatory copy of verses, containing more incense to the King, and my Lord Bute, than the magi

<sup>1</sup> Richard Cumberland, Bentley's nephew—the original of Sir Fretful Plagiary, whom to his last day he resembled. I knew him very well for the last dozen years of his life.—CROKER, *MS.*

brought in their portmanteaus to Jerusalem. The idols were propitious, and to do them justice, there is a great deal of wit in the piece, which is called 'The Wishes, or Harlequin's Mouth Opened.' A bank-note of two hundred pounds was sent from the Treasury to the author, and the play ordered to be performed by the summer company. Foote was summoned to Lord Melcomb's, where Parnassus was composed of the peer himself, who, like Apollo, as I am going to tell you, was dozing, the two chief justices, and Lord B. Bubo read the play himself, "with handkerchief and orange by his side."<sup>1</sup> But the curious part is a prologue, which I never saw. It represents the god of verse fast asleep by the side of Helicon: the race of modern bards try to wake him, but the more they repeat their works, the louder he snores. At last "Ruin seize thee, ruthless King!" is heard, and the god starts from his trance. This is a good thought, but will offend the bards so much, that I think Dr. Bentley's son will be abused at least as much as his father was. The prologue concludes with young Augustus, and how much he excels the ancient one by the choice of his friend. Foote refused to act this prologue, and said it was too strong. "Indeed," said Augustus's friend, "I think it is." They have softened it a little, and I suppose it will be performed. You may depend upon the truth of all this; but what is much more credible is, that the *comely young* author appears every night in the Mall in a milk-white coat with a blue cape, disclaims any benefit, and says he has done with the play now it is out of his own hands, and that Mrs. Hannah Clio, alias Bentley, writ the best scenes in it. He is going to write a tragedy, and she, I suppose, is going—to court.

You will smile when I tell you that t'other day a party went to Westminster Abbey, and among the rest saw the ragged regiment.<sup>2</sup> They inquired the names of the figures. "I don't know them," said the man, "but if Mr. Walpole was here he could tell you every one." Adieu! I expect Mr. John and you with impatience.

727. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

*Strawberry Hill, July 5, 1761.*

You are a pretty sort of a person to come to one's house and get sick, only to have an excuse for not returning to it. Your departure

<sup>1</sup> Pope.—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>2</sup> The wax-effigies carried formerly at funerals, called familiarly by the choristers the Ragged Regiment.—CUNNINGHAM.



is so abrupt, that I don't know but I may expect to find that Mrs. *Jane* Truebridge, whom you commend so much, and call Mrs. *Mary*, will prove Mrs. Hannah. Mrs. Clive is still more disappointed; she had proposed to play at quadrille with you from dinner till supper, and to sing old Purcell to you from supper to breakfast next morning.<sup>1</sup> If you cannot trust yourself from Greatworth for a whole fortnight, how will you do in Ireland for six months? Remember all my preachments, and never be in spirits at supper. Seriously I am sorry you are out of order, but am alarmed for you at Dublin, and though all the bench of bishops should quaver Purcell's hymns, don't let them warble you into a pint of wine. I wish you were going among catholic prelates, who would deny you the cup. Think of me and resist temptation. Adieu!

## 728. TO THE EARL OF STRAFFORD.

MY DEAR LORD:

*Strawberry Hill, July 5, 1761.*

I CANNOT live at Twickenham and not think of you: I have long wanted to write, and had nothing to tell you. My Lady D. seems to have lost her sting; she has neither blown up a house nor a quarrel since you departed. Her wall, contiguous to you, is built, but so precipitate and slanting, that it seems hurrying to take water. I hear she grows sick of her undertakings. We have been ruined by deluges; all the country was under water. Lord Holderness's new *fosse*<sup>2</sup> was beaten in for several yards: this tempest was a little beyond the dew of Hermon, that fell on the *Hill of Sion*. I have been in still more danger by water: my parroquet was on my shoulder as I was feeding my gold-fish, and flew into the middle of the pond: I was very near being the Nouvelle Eloïse, and tumbling in after him; but with much ado I ferried him out with my hat.

Lord Edgecumbe has had a fit of apoplexy; your brother Charles<sup>3</sup> a bad return of his old complaint; and Lord Melcombe has tumbled down the kitchen stairs, and—waked himself.

London is a desert; no soul in it but the King. Bussy has

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Burney tells us, that Mrs. Clive's singing, "which was intolerable when she meant to be fine, in ballad-farces and songs of humour, was, like her comic acting, everything it should be."—WRIGHT.

<sup>2</sup> At Sion-hill, near Brentford.—WALPOLE.

<sup>3</sup> Charles Townshend, married to Lady Greenwich, eldest sister to Lady Strafford.—WALPOLE.

taken a temporary house. The world talks of peace—would I could believe it! every newspaper frightens me: Mr. Conway would be very angry if he knew how I dread the very name of the Prince de Soubise.

We begin to perceive the tower of Kew<sup>1</sup> from Montpelier Row; in a fortnight you will see it in Yorkshire.

The apostle Whitfield is come to some shame: he went to Lady Huntingdon lately, and asked for forty pounds for some distressed saint or other. She said she had not so much money in the house, but would give it him the first time she had. He was very pressing, but in vain. At last he said, "There's your watch and trinkets, you don't want such vanities; I will have that." She would have put him off: but he persisting, she said, "Well, if you must have it you must." About a fortnight afterwards, going to his house, and being carried into his wife's chamber, among the paraphernalia of the latter the Countess found her own offering. This has made a terrible schism: she tells the story herself—I had not it from Saint Frances,<sup>2</sup> but I hope it is true. Adieu, my dear lord!

P.S. My gallery sends its humble duty to your new front, and all my creatures beg their respects to my lady.

729. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

*Strawberry Hill, July 9, 1761.*

WAS it worth while to write a letter on purpose to tell you that Belleisle was taken? I did not think the news deserved postage. I stayed, and hoped to send you peace. Yesterday I concluded I should. An extraordinary Privy Council of all the members in and near town was summoned by the King's own messengers, not by those of the Council, to meet *on the most urgent and important business*. To sanctify or to reject the pacification, was concluded. Not at all—To declare a queen. *Urgent* business enough, I believe; I do not see how it was *important*. The handkerchief has been tossed a vast way; it is to a Charlotte, Princess of Mecklenbourg.<sup>3</sup> Lord

<sup>1</sup> The pagoda in the royal garden at Kew.—WALPOLE.

<sup>2</sup> Lady Frances Shirley.—WALPOLE.

<sup>3</sup> "I take the earliest opportunity to acquaint you, that yesterday my Lord Bute desired my Lord Hardwicke, Mr. Pitt, and myself to come to his office, when he informed us the King had for some time been making inquiries into the characters of several Princesses of Germany, in order to choose one of them for his consort; that upon the fullest information his Majesty's choice had fallen upon the Princess Charlotte of Mecklenbourg



Harcourt is to be at her father's court—if he can find it—on the 1st of August, and the Coronation of both their Majesties is fixed for the 22nd of September. What food for newsmongers, tattle, solicitations, mantua-makers,<sup>1</sup> jewellers, &c., for above two months to come!

Though exceedingly rejoiced that we are to have more young princes and princesses, I cannot help wishing the Council had met for a peace. It seems to be promised, but I hate delays, and dread the episode of a battle. Bussy has taken a temporary house, and is to be presented here as Stanley has been at Paris.

You will be pleased with a story from thence: Monsieur de Souvré, a man of wit, was at Madame Pompadour's, who is learning German. He said, "Il me semble que depuis que Madame la Marquise apprenne l'Allemande, elle écorche le François." As the company laughed violently at this, the King came in, and would know what diverted them so much. They were forced to tell him. He was very angry, and said, "Monsieur de Souvré, est-il longtemps que vous n'avez pas été à vos terres?" "Oui, Sire," replied he; "mais je compte d'y partir ce soir." The frank *hardiesse* of the answer saved him.

Have you seen Voltaire's miserable imitation, or second part, or dregs, of his 'Candide?' Have you seen his delightful ridicule of the Nouvelle Eloïse, called 'Prediction?'

I have often threatened you with a visit at Florence; I believe I shall now be forced to make you one, for I am ruining myself; my Gallery, Cabinet, and Round Tower, will cost immensely. However, if you can, find me a pedestal; it will at least look well in my auction.<sup>2</sup> The brocadella I shall postpone a little, not being too impatient for a commission of bankruptcy.

I have not connexion enough with the Northumberlands to recommend a governor for their son. I don't even know that he is going

Strelitz. My Lord Bute read to us the letters from the person who has been employed, and indeed nothing can be more advantageous than the description and character there given of the lady." *Duke of Newcastle to Duke of Bedford, July 2, 1761.*—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>1</sup> "The lady pitched on to be our future Queen is the Princess Charlotte of Mecklenburg Strelitz; one whose character appears everything we could wish, and that not taken upon very slight grounds. The numberless stories and insolent untruths propagated most artfully about this town have induced me to think that in accelerating this measure I was doing no unacceptable service to my King and country." *Earl of Bute to Duke of Bedford, July 3, 1761.*—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>2</sup> Walpole seems to have foretold the fate of Strawberry Hill.—CUNNINGHAM.

abroad. The poor lad,<sup>1</sup> who has a miserable constitution, has been very near taking a longer journey. His brother<sup>2</sup> has as flimsy a texture; and they have just lost their only daughter.

Adieu! We shall abound with news for three or four months, but it will all be of pageants.

730. TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

*Arlington Street, July 14, 1761.*

My dearest Harry, how could you write me such a cold letter as I have just received from you, and beginning *Dear sir!* Can you be angry with me, for can I be in fault to you? Blameable in ten thousand other respects, may not I almost say I am perfect with regard to you? Since I was fifteen have not I loved you unalterably? Since I was capable of knowing your merit, has not my admiration been veneration? For what could so much affection and esteem change? Have not your honour, your interest, your safety been ever my first objects? Oh, Harry! if you knew what I have felt and am feeling about you, would you charge me with neglect? If I have seen a person since you went, to whom my first question has not been, "What do you hear of the peace?" you would have reason to blame me. You say I write very seldom: I will tell you what, I should almost be sorry to have you see the anxiety I have expressed about you in letters to everybody else. No; I must except Lady Ailesbury, and there is not another on earth who loves you so well and is so attentive to whatever relates to you.

With regard to writing, this is exactly the case: I had nothing to tell you; nothing has happened; and where you are, I was cautious of writing. Having neither hopes nor fears, I always write the thoughts of the moment, and even laugh to divert the person I am writing to, without any ill will on the subjects I mention. But in your situation that frankness might be prejudicial to you: and to write grave unmeaning letters, I trusted you was too secure of me either to like them or desire them. I knew no news, nor could I: I have lived quite alone at Strawberry; am connected

<sup>1</sup> Earl Percy, eldest son of the Duke and Duchess of Northumberland.—WALPOLE.

<sup>2</sup> Lord Algernon Percy. Lord Northumberland was not made a duke till after the period of the letter above.—WALPOLE.



with no court, ministers, or party; consequently heard nothing, and events there have been none. I have not even for this month heard my Lady Townshend's extempore gazette. All the morning I play with my workmen or animals, go regularly every evening to the meadows with Mrs. Clive, or sit with my Lady Suffolk, and at night scribble my Painters—What a journal to send you! I write more trifling letters than any man living; I am ashamed of them, and yet they are expected of me. You, my Lady Ailesbury, your brother, Sir Horace Mann, George Montagu, Lord Strafford—all expect I should write—Of what? I live less and less in the world, care for it less and less, and yet am thus obliged to inquire what it is doing. Do make these allowances for me, and remember half your letters go to my Lady Ailesbury. I writ to her of the King's marriage, concluding she would send it to you: tiresome as it would be, I will copy my own letters, if you expect it; for I will do anything rather than disoblige you. I will send you a diary of the Duke of York's balls and Ranelagh's, inform you of how many children my Lady Berkeley is with child, and how many races my nephew goes to. No; I will not, you do not want *such* proofs of my friendship.

The papers tell us you are retiring, and I was glad. You seem to expect an action—Can this give me spirits? Can I write to you joyfully, and fear? Or is it fit Prince Ferdinand should know you have a friend that is as great a coward about you as your wife? The only reason for my silence, that can *not* be true, is, that I forget you. When I am prudent or cautious, it is no symptom of my being indifferent. Indifference does not happen in friendships, as it does in passions; and if I was young enough or feeble enough to cease to love you, I would not for my own sake let it be known. Your virtues are my greatest pride; I have done myself so much honour by them, that I will not let it be known you have been peevish with me unreasonably. Pray God we may have peace, that I may scold you for it!

The King's marriage was kept the profoundest secret till last Wednesday, when the privy council was extraordinarily summoned, and it was notified to them. Since that, the new Queen's mother is dead, and will delay it a few days; but Lord Harcourt is to sail on the 27th, and the Coronation will certainly be on the 22nd of September. All that I know fixed, is, Lord Harcourt Master of the Horse, the Duke of Manchester Chamberlain, and Mr. Stone Treasurer. Lists there are in abundance; I don't know the

authentic : those most talked of, are, Lady Bute groom of the stole, the Duchesses of Hamilton and Ancaster, Lady Northumberland, Bolingbroke, Weymouth, Scarborough, Abergavenny, Effingham, for ladies; you may choose any six of them you please; the four first are most probable. Misses, Henry Beauclerc, M. Howe, Meadows, Wrottesley, Bishop, &c. &c. Choose your maids too. Bed-chamber women, Mrs. Bloodworth, Robert Brudenel, Charlotte Dives, Lady Erskine; in short, I repeat a mere newspaper.

We expect the final answer of France this week. Bussy<sup>1</sup> was in great pain on the fireworks for Quebec, lest he should be obliged to illuminate his house: you see I ransack my memory for something to tell you.

Adieu! I have more reason to be angry than you had; but I am not so hasty: you are of a *violent, impetuous, jealous* temper—I, *cool, sedate, reasonable*. I believe I must subscribe my name, or you will not know me by this description.

731. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

*Strawberry Hill, Friday night, July 16, 1761.*

I DID not notify the King's marriage to you yesterday, because I knew you would learn as much by the evening post, as I could tell you. The solemn manner of summoning the council was very extraordinary: people little imagined, that the urgent and important business in the rescript was to acquaint them that his Majesty was going to be married \* \* \* \* \*. All I can tell you of truth, is, that Lord Harcourt goes to fetch the Princess, and comes back her Master of Horse. She is to be here in August, and the Coronation certainly on the 22nd of September. Think of the joy the women feel; there is not a Scotch peer in the fleet, that might not marry the greatest fortune in England between this and the 22nd of September. However, the ceremony will lose its two brightest luminaries, my niece Waldegrave for beauty, and the Duchess of Grafton for figure. The first will be lying-in, the latter at Geneva; but I think she will come, if she walks to it, as well as at it. I cannot recollect but Lady Kildare and Lady Pembroke of great beauties. Mrs. Bloodworth and Mrs. Robert Brudenel, bed-chamber women, Miss

<sup>1</sup> The Abbé de Bussy, sent here with overtures of peace. Mr. Stanley was at the same time sent to Paris.—WALPOLE.



Wrottesley and Miss Meadows, maids of honour, go to receive the Princess at Helvoet; what lady I do not hear. Your cousin's Grace of Manchester, they say, is to be chamberlain, and Mr. [Andrew] Stone, treasurer; the Duchess of Ancaster<sup>1</sup> and Lady Bolingbroke of her bed-chamber: these I do not know are certain, but hitherto all seems well chosen. Miss Molly Howe, one of the pretty Bishops, and a daughter of Lady Harry Beauclerc, are talked of for maids of honour.<sup>2</sup> The great apartment at St. James's is enlarging, and to be furnished with the pictures from Kensington: this does not portend a new palace.

In the midst of all this novelty and hurry, my mind is very differently employed. They expect every minute the news of a battle between Soubise and the hereditary Prince. Mr. Conway, I believe, is in the latter army: judge if I can be thinking much of espousals and coronations! It is terrible to be forced to sit still, expecting such an event; in one's own room one is not obliged to be a hero; consequently, I tremble for one that is really a hero.

Mr. Hamilton, your secretary, has been to see me to-day; I am quite ashamed not to have prevented him. I will go to-morrow with all the speeches I can muster.

I am sorry neither you nor your brother are quite well, but shall be content if my Pythagorean sermons have any weight with you. You go to Ireland to make the rest of your life happy; don't go to fling the rest of it away. Good night!

Mr. Chute is gone to his Chutehood.

732. TO GROSVENOR BEDFORD, ESQ.<sup>3</sup>

DEAR SIR:

*Strawb. Sunday, [July 19, 1761.]*

I WILL beg you to copy the following lines for me, and bring or send them, whichever is most convenient to you, to my house in Arlington Street on Tuesday morning. Pray don't mention them to any body.

Yours, &c. H. W.

I hope you did not suffer by all the trouble I gave you yesterday.

<sup>1</sup> The Duchess of Ancaster was made Mistress of the Robes.—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>2</sup> The Maids of Honour were—Miss Bishop, Miss Wrottesley, Miss Beauclerk, Miss Keck, Miss Meadows, Miss Tryon.—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>3</sup> Now first collected. The note and poem were first printed in the Quarterly Review for March, 1852, with a happy quotation from Swift's *Rhapsody on Poetry*.—CUNNINGHAM.

THE GARLAND.<sup>1</sup>

In private life, where Virtues safely bloom,  
 What flow'rs diffuse their favourite perfume?  
 Devotion first the Garland's front commands,  
 Like some fair Lily borne by Angel hands.  
 Next, Filial Love submissive warmth displays,  
 Like Heliotropes, that court their parent rays.  
 Friendship, that yields its fragrance but to those  
 That near approach it, like the tender Rose,  
 As royal Amaranths, unchanging Truth;  
 And Violet-like, the bashful blush of youth.  
 Chaste Purity by no loose heat misled,  
 Like virgin Snowdrops in a winter bed.  
 Prudence, the Sensitive, whose leaves remove  
 When hands, too curious, would their texture prove.  
 Bounty, full-flush'd at once with fruit and flower,  
 As Citrons give and promise ev'ry hour.  
 Soft Pity last, whose dews promiscuous fall,  
 Like lavish Eglantines, refreshing all.

How blest a cottage where such Virtues dwell!  
 To Heaven ascends the salutary smell:  
 But should such virtues round imperial state  
 Their cordial gales in balmy clouds dilate;  
 Nations, a long-lost Paradise would own,  
 And Happiness reclaim her proper Throne.  
 Hate, Discord, War, and each foul ill would cease,  
 And laurel'd Conquest only lead to Peace.  
 "Ah! vain Idea!" cries the servile Bard,  
 Who lies for hire, and flatters for reward;  
 "Such I have sung of—such have never seen—  
 My Kings were visions and a dream my Queen.  
 Point out the charming Phantom."—One there is;  
 Un-nam'd—the world will own the Garland His:  
 Truth so exactly wove the wreath for one,  
 It must become his honest brow—or none.

## 733. TO THE COUNTESS OF AILESBUURY.

*Strawberry Hill, July 20, 1761.*

I BLUSH, dear Madam, on observing that half my letters to your ladyship are prefaced with thanks for presents:—don't mistake; I am not ashamed of thanking you, but of having so many occasions for it. Monsieur Hop has sent me the piece of china: I admire it as much as possible, and intend to like him as much as ever I can; but hitherto I have not seen him, not having been in town since he arrived.

Could I have believed that the Hague would so easily compensate

<sup>1</sup> "July 16, 1761. Wrote 'The Garland,' a poem on the King, and sent it to Lady Bute, but not in my own hand, nor with my name, nor did ever own it."—*Walpole's Short Notes*, i., lxxi.—CUNNINGHAM.



for England? nay, for Park-place! Adieu, all our agreeable suppers! Instead of Lady Cecilia's<sup>1</sup> French songs, we shall have Madame Welderen<sup>2</sup> quavering a confusion of d's and t's, b's and p's—*Bourquoi sçais du blaire?*<sup>3</sup>—Worse than that, I expect to meet all my — relations at your house, and Sir Samson Gideon instead of Charles Townshend. You will laugh like Mrs. Tipkin<sup>4</sup> when a Dutch Jew tells you that he bought at two and a half per cent. and sold at four. Come back, if you have any taste left: you had better be here talking robes, ermine, and tissue, jewels and tresses, as all the world does, than own you are so corrupted. Did you receive my notification of the new Queen? Her mother is dead, and she will not be here before the end of August.

My mind is much more at peace about Mr. Conway than it was. Nobody thinks there will be a battle, as the French did not attack them when both armies shifted camps; and since that, Soubise has entrenched himself up to the whiskers:—whiskers I think he has, I have been so afraid of him! Yet our hopes of meeting are still very distant: the peace does not advance; and if Europe has a *stiver* left in its pockets, the war will continue; though happily all parties have been so scratched, that they only sit and look anger at one another, like a dog and cat that don't care to begin again.

We are in danger of losing our sociable box at the Opera. The new Queen is very musical, and if Mr. Deputy Hodges and the City don't exert their veto, will probably go to the Haymarket. . . . George Pitt, in imitation of the Adonises in Tanzai's retinue, has asked to be her Majesty's grand harper. *Dieu sçait quelle raclerie il y aura!* All the guitars are untuned; and if Miss Conway has a mind to be in fashion at her return, she must take some David or other to teach her the new twing twang, twing twing twang. As I am still desirous of being in fashion with your ladyship, and am, over and above, very grateful, I keep no company but my Lady Denbigh and Lady Blandford, and learn every evening, for two hours, to mash my English. Already I am tolerably fluent in saying *she* for *he*.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Lady Cecilia West, daughter of John Earl of Delawar, afterwards married to General James Johnston [vol. ii. p. 24].—WALPOLE.

<sup>2</sup> Wife of the Count de Welderen, one of the lords of the States of Holland.—WRIGHT.

<sup>3</sup> The first words of a favourite French air.—WALPOLE.

<sup>4</sup> A character in Steele's comedy of *The Tender Husband, or The Accomplished Fools*.—WALPOLE.

<sup>5</sup> A mistake which these ladies, who were both Dutch women, constantly made.—BERRY.

Good night, Madam! I have no news to send you: one cannot announce a royal wedding and a coronation every post.

P.S. Pray, Madam, do the gnats bite your legs? Mine are swelled as big as *one*, which is saying a deal for me.

July 32.

I had writ this, and was not time enough for the mail, when I receive your charming note, and this magnificent victory!<sup>1</sup> Oh! my dear Madam, how I thank you, how I congratulate you, how I feel for you, how I have felt for you and for myself! But I bought it by two terrible hours to-day—I heard of the battle two hours before I could learn a word of Mr. Conway—I sent all round the world, and went half round it myself. I have cried and laughed, trembled and danced, as you bid me. If you had sent me as much old china as King Augustus gave two regiments for, I should not be half so much obliged to you as for your note. How could you think of me, when you had so much reason to think of nothing but yourself?—And then they say virtue is not rewarded in this world. I will preach at Paul's Cross, and quote you and Mr. Conway; no two persons were ever so good and so happy. In short, I am serious in the height of all my joy. God is very good to you, my dear Madam; I thank him for you; I thank him for myself: it is very unalloyed pleasure we taste at this moment!—Good night! My heart is so expanded, I could write to the last scrap my of paper; but I won't.

Yours most entirely.

734. TO THE EARL OF STRAFFORD.

MY DEAR LORD:

Strawberry Hill, July 22, 1761.

I LOVE to be able to contribute to your satisfaction, and I think few things would make you happier than to hear that we have totally defeated the French combined armies, and that Mr. Conway is safe. The account came this morning: I had a short note from poor Lady Ailesbury, who was waked with the good news before she had heard there had been a battle. I don't pretend to send you

<sup>1</sup> The battle of Kirckdenekirek, on the 15th and 16th of July, in which the allied army, under Prince Ferdinand, gained a great victory over the French, under the Prince of Soubise.—WRIGHT.



circumstances, no more than I do of the wedding and coronation, because you have relations and friends in town nearer and better informed. Indeed, only the blossom of victory is come yet. Fitzroy is expected, and another fuller courier after him. Lord Granby, to the mob's heart's content, has the chief honour of the day—rather, of the two days. The French behaved to the mob's content too, that is, shamefully: and all this glory cheaply bought on our side. Lieutenant-colonel Keith killed, and Colonel Marlay and Harry Townshend wounded. If it produces a peace, I shall be happy for mankind—if not, shall content myself with the single but pure joy of Mr. Conway's being safe.

Well! my lord, when do you come? You don't like the question, but kings will be married and must be crowned—and if people will be earls, they must now and then give up castles and new fronts for processions and ermine. By the way, the number of peeresses that propose to excuse themselves makes great noise; especially as so many are breeding, or trying to breed, by commoners, that they cannot walk. I hear that my Lord Delawar, concluding all women would not dislike the ceremony, is negotiating his peerage in the city, and trying if any great fortune will give fifty thousand pounds for one day, as they often do for one night. I saw Miss \* \* \* this evening at my Lady Suffolk's, and fancy she does not think my Lord \* \* \* quite so ugly as she did two months ago. Adieu, my lord! This is a splendid year!

## 735. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

*Strawberry Hill, July. 22, 1761.*

For my part, I believe Mademoiselle Scuderi drew the plan of this year. It is all royal marriages, coronations, and victories; they come tumbling so over one another from distant parts of the globe, that it looks just like the handywork of a lady romance writer, whom it costs nothing but a little false geography to make the Great Mogul in love with a Princess of Mecklenburg, and defeat two marshals of France as he rides post on an elephant to his nuptials. I don't know where I am. I had scarce found Mecklenburg Strelitz<sup>1</sup> with a magnifying-glass before I am whisked to Pondicherry<sup>2</sup>—well,

<sup>1</sup> The King had just announced his intention of demanding in marriage the Princess Charlotte of Mecklenburg Strelitz.—WRIGHT.

<sup>2</sup> The news of the capture of Pondicherry had only arrived on the preceding day.—WRIGHT.

I take it, and raze it. I begin to grow acquainted with Colonel Coote, and to figure him packing up chests of diamonds, and sending them to his wife against the King's wedding—thunder go the Tower guns, and behold, Broglie and Soubise are totally defeated; if the mob have not much stronger heads and quicker conceptions than I have, they will conclude my Lord Granby is become nabob. How the deuce in two days can one digest all this? Why is not Pondicherry in Westphalia? I don't know how the Romans did, but I cannot support two victories every week. Well, but you will want to know the particulars. Broglie and Soubise united, attacked our army on the 15th, but were repulsed; the next day, the Prince Mahomet Alli Cawn—no, no, I mean Prince Ferdinand, returned the attack, and the French threw down their arms and fled, run over my Lord Harcourt, who was going to fetch the new Queen; in short, I don't know how it was, but Mr. Conway is safe, and I am as happy as Mr. Pitt himself. We have only lost a Lieutenant-colonel Keith; Colonel Marlay and Harry Townshend are wounded.

I could beat myself for not having a flag ready to display on my round tower, and guns mounted on all my battlements. Instead of that, I have been foolishly trying on my new pictures upon my gallery. However, the oratory of our Lady of Strawberry shall be dedicated next year on the anniversary of Mr. Conway's safety. Think with his intrepidity, and delicacy of honour wounded, what I had to apprehend; you shall absolutely be here on the sixteenth of next July. Mr. Hamilton tells me your King does not set out for his new dominions till the day after the Coronation; if you will come to it, I can give you a very good place for the procession; where<sup>1</sup>, is a profound secret, because, if known, I should be teased to death, and none but my first friends shall be admitted. I dined with your secretary [Single-speech Hamilton] yesterday; there were Garrick and a young Mr. Burke, who wrote a book in the style of Lord Bolingbroke, that was much admired.<sup>2</sup> He is a sensible man, but has not worn off his authorism yet, and thinks there is nothing so charming as writers, and to be one. He will know better one of these days. I like Hamilton's little Marly; we walked in the great *allée*, and drank tea in the arbour of treillage; they talked of Shakspeare and Booth, of Swift and my Lord Bath,

<sup>1</sup> At the Exchequer office.—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Burke's 'Vindication of Natural Society,' in imitation of Lord Bolingbroke's style, which came out in the spring of 1756, was his first avowed production.—WRIGHT.



and I was thinking of Madame Sévigné. Good night—I have a dozen other letters to write; I must tell my friends how happy I am—not as an Englishman, but as a cousin.

## 736. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

*Strawberry Hill, July 23, 1761.*

ONE cannot take the trouble of sending every victory by itself; I stay till I have enough to make a packet, and then write to you. On Monday last we learned the conquest of Pondicherry, and away went a courier to Mr. Stanley to raise our terms. Before the man could get halfway, comes an account of the entire defeat of Broglie and Soubise. I don't know what Mr. Stanley will be to ask now. We have been pretty well accustomed to victories of late, and yet this last is as much as we know how to bear decently; it is heightened by the extreme distress our army had suffered, and by the little hopes we had of even keeping our ground against such superior force. It seals all our other conquests; we have nothing to restore for Germany. The King may be crowned at Aix-la-Chapelle, like Charlemagne, if he pleases, and receive the diadems of half the world. Of all our glories, none ever gave me such joy as this last. Mr. Conway, you know, is with Prince Ferdinand, and is safe—indeed everybody is; we lost but one officer of rank, a Lieutenant-Colonel Keith; and two are wounded, a Lieutenant-Colonel Marlay and Captain Harry Townshend.<sup>1</sup> No particulars are come yet; if I hear any before this goes away, you shall.

You will see the history of Pondicherry in the Gazette. Pray like Monsieur Lally's spirited insolence in the crisis of his misfortune. His intercepted letter shows it was not mere impertinence, but that he had tried and attempted everything upon earth to save his charge. We have got another little windfall in the West Indies, the Isle of Dominique; but one does not stoop to pick up such diminutive countries, unless they are absolutely of no use, like Belleisle, and then it is heroic obstinacy to insist on having them.

How all this must sound to the Princess of Mecklenburg! To be sure, she thinks herself coming to marry Alexander the Great.

<sup>1</sup> Third son of Thomas Townshend, Teller of the Exchequer, who was second son of Charles Viscount Townshend, Secretary of State.—WALPOLE.

There is a Lady Statira Lenox<sup>1</sup> who had like to have stood a little in her way, or, rather, I believe, helped her a little on her way. The Mother-Duchess is dead, and retards the nuptials, but the princess is expected, however, by the end of August.

Is Sir Richard Lyttelton with you, and Mr. [Thomas] Pitt?—the latter's father was just married again; but to make his son some amends for giving away a jointure of 600*l.* a-year, is just dead—very happily for his family.

The new Queen's family<sup>2</sup> consists of Lord Harcourt, Master of the Horse; Duke of Manchester, Chamberlain; Mr. Stone, Treasurer; The Duchess of Ancaster, Mistress of the Robes, and First Lady of the Bedchamber; the others are, the Duchess of Hamilton, Lady Effingham, Lady Northumberland, Lady Weymouth, and Lady Bolingbroke. Bedchamber Women and Maids of Honour, I could tell you some too; but what can you care about the names of girls whose parents were not married when you were in England? This is not the only circumstance in which you would not know your own country again. You left it a private little island, living upon its means. You would find it the capital of the world; and, to talk with the arrogance of a Roman, St. James's Street crowded with Nabobs and American chiefs, and Mr. Pitt attended in his Sabine farm by Eastern Monarchs and Borealian electors, waiting, till the gout is gone out of his foot, for an audience. The City of London is so elated, that I think it very lucky some Alderman did not insist on—

Matching his daughter with the King.

Adieu! I shall be in town to-morrow; and, perhaps, able to wrap up and send you half-a-dozen French standards in my postscript.

*Arlington Street, Friday, 24th.*

Alack! I do not find our total victory so total as it was. It is true we have taken three thousand prisoners; but we have lost two thousand, and the French army is still so superior as to be able to afford it. The Broglians thought themselves betrayed by the

<sup>1</sup> Lady Sarah Lenox, sister of the Duke of Richmond, with whom the King was thought to be in love.—WALPOLE.

<sup>2</sup> Simon, first Earl of Harcourt; Robert Montagu, Duke of Manchester; Andrew Stone; Mary Panton, Duchess of Ancaster; Eliz. Gunning, Duchess of Hamilton; Eliz. Beckford, Countess of Effingham; Eliz. Seymour, Countess of Northumberland; Eliz. Bentinck, Viscountess Weymouth; Diana Spenser, Viscountess Bolingbroke; and Alicia Carpenter, Countess of Egremont, omitted above.—WALPOLE.



Soubisians, whose centre did not attack. Some say it was impossible—that is not your business or mine; there are certainly great jarrings in their army—but the worst is (I mean to me) there is likely to be another battle. I wish they would be beaten once for all, and have done!

## 737. TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

*Strawberry Hill, July 23, 1761.*

WELL, *mon beau cousin*! you may be as cross as you please now: when you beat two Marshals of France and cut their armies to pieces, I don't mind your pouting; but in good truth, it was a little vexatious to have you quarrelling with me, when I was in greater pain about you than I can express. I will say no more; make a peace, under the walls of Paris if you please, and I will forgive you all—but no more battles: consider, as Dr. Hay said, it is cowardly to beat the French now.

Don't look upon yourselves as the only conquerors in the world. Pondicherry is ours, as well as the field of Kirk Denckirk. The park guns never have time to cool; we ruin ourselves in gunpowder and sky-rockets. If you have a mind to do the gallantest thing in the world after the greatest, you must escort the Princess of Mecklenburg through France. You see what a bully I am; the moment the French run away, I am sending you on expeditions. I forgot to tell you that the King has got the isle of Dominique and the chicken-pox, two trifles that don't count in the midst of all these festivities. No more does your letter of the 8th, which I received yesterday: it is the one that is to come after the 16th, that I shall receive graciously.

*Friday, 24th.*

Not satisfied with the rays of glory that reached Twickenham, I came to town to bask in your success; but am most disagreeably disappointed to find you must beat the French once more, who seem to love to treat the English mob with subjects for bonfires. I had got over such an alarm, that I foolishly ran into the other extreme, and concluded there was not a French battalion left entire upon the face of Germany. Do write to me; don't be out of humour, but tell me every motion you make: I assure you I have deserved you should. Would you were out of the question, if it were only that I might feel a little humanity! There is not a blacksmith or link-boy in London

that exults more than I do, upon any good news, since you went abroad. What have I to do to hate people I never saw, and to rejoice in their calamities? Heaven send us peace, and you home! Adieu!

## 738. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

*Arlington Street, July 28, 1761.*

No, I shall never cease being a dupe, till I have been undeceived round by everything that calls itself a virtue. I came to town yesterday, through clouds of dust, to [Drury Lane Theatre] see *The Wishes*, and went actually feeling for Mr. Bentley, and full of the emotions he must be suffering. What do you think, in a house crowded, was the first thing I saw? Mr. and Madame Bentley, perched up in the front boxes, and acting audience at his own play! No, all the impudence of false patriotism never came up to it. Did one ever hear of an author that had courage to see his own first night in public? I don't believe Fielding or Foote himself ever did; and this was the modest, bashful Mr. Bentley, that died at the thought of being known for an author even by his own acquaintance! In the stage-box was Lady Bute, Lord Halifax, and Lord Melcombe. I must say, the two last entertained the house as much as the play; your King [Halifax] was prompter, and called out to the actor every minute to speak louder. The other went backwards and forwards behind the scenes, fetched the actors into the box, and was busier than Harlequin. The *curious* prologue was not spoken, the whole very ill acted. It turned out just what I remembered it; the good parts extremely good, the rest very flat and vulgar; the genteel dialogue, I believe, might be written by Mrs. Hannah. The audience were extremely fair: the first act they bore with patience, though it promised very ill; the second is admirable, and was much applauded; so was the third; the fourth woeful; the beginning of the fifth it seemed expiring, but was revived by a delightful burlesque of the ancient chorus, which was followed by two dismal scenes, at which people yawned, but were awakened on a sudden by Harlequin's being drawn up to a gibbet, nobody knew why or wherefore: this raised a prodigious and continued hiss, Harlequin all the while suspended in the air—at last they were suffered to finish the play, but nobody attended to the conclusion.<sup>1</sup> Modesty and his Lady all

<sup>1</sup> The piece was coldly received by the town. Cumberland says that, "when the



the while sat with the utmost indifference ; I suppose Lord Melcombe had fallen asleep before he came to this scene, and had never read it. The epilogue was about the King and new Queen, and ended with a personal satire on Garrick : not very kind on his own stage. To add to the judgment of his conduct, Cumberland two days ago published a pamphlet to abuse him. It was given out for to-night with more claps than hisses, but I think will not do unless they reduce it to three acts.

I am sorry you will not come to the Coronation. The place I offered I am not sure I can get for anybody else ; I cannot explain it to you, because I am engaged to secrecy : if I can get it for your brother John I will, but don't tell him of it, because it is not sure. Adieu !

## 739. TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

*Strawberry Hill.*

THIS is the 5th of August, and I just receive your letter of the 17th of last month by Fitzroy.<sup>1</sup> I heard he had lost his pocket-book with all his dispatches, but had found it again. He was a long time finding the letter for me.

You do nothing but reproach me ; I declare I will bear it no longer, though you should beat forty more Marshals of France. I have already writ you two letters that would fully justify me if you receive them ; if you do not, it is not I that am in fault for not writing, but the post-offices for reading my letters, content if they would forward them when they have done with them. They seem to think, like you, that I know more news than anybody. What is to be known in the dead of summer, when all the world is dispersed ? Would you know who won the sweepstakes at Huntingdon ? what parties are at Woburn ? what officers upon guard in Betty's fruit-shop ?<sup>2</sup> whether the peeresses are to wear long or short tresses at the Coronation ? how many jewels Lady Harrington borrows of actresses ? All this is your light summer wear for conversation ;

last of the three Wishes produced the ridiculous catastrophe of the hanging of Harlequin in full view of the audience, my uncle, the author, then sitting by me, whispered in my ear, ' If they don't damn this, they deserve to be damned themselves ; ' and whilst he was yet speaking the roar began, and The Wishes were irrevocably damned."

—WRIGHT. It was acted *six* times.—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>1</sup> George Fitzroy, afterwards created Lord Southampton.

<sup>2</sup> See vol ii. p. 213; and vol. iii. p. 245.—CUNNINGHAM.

and if my memory were as much stuffed with it as my ears, I might have sent you volumes last week. My nieces, Lady Waldegrave and Mrs. Keppel, were here five days, and discussed the claim or disappointment of every miss in the kingdom for Maid of Honour. Unfortunately this new generation is not at all my affair. I cannot attend to what concerns them—Not that their trifles are less important than those of one's own time, but my mould has taken all its impressions, and can receive no more. I must grow old upon the stock I have. I, that was so impatient at all their chat, the moment they were gone, flew to my Lady Suffolk, and heard her talk with great satisfaction of the late Queen's coronation-petticoat. The preceding age always appears respectable to us (I mean as one advances in years), one's own age interesting, the coming age neither one nor t'other.

You may judge by this account that I have writ *all* my letters, or ought to have written them; and yet, for occasion to blame me, you draw a very pretty picture of my situation: all which tends to prove that I ought to write to you every day, whether I have anything to say or not. I am writing, I am building—both *works that will outlast the memory of battles and heroes!* Truly, I believe, the one will as much as t'other. My buildings are paper, like my writings, and both will be blown away in ten years after I am dead; if they had not the substantial use of amusing me while I live, they would be worth little indeed. I will give you one instance that will sum up the vanity of great men, learned men, and buildings altogether. I heard lately, that Dr. Pearce, a very learned personage, had consented to let the tomb of Aylmer de Valence, Earl of Pembroke, a very great personage, be removed for Wolfe's monument; that at first he had objected, but was wrought upon by being told that *hight* Aylmer was a knight templar, a very wicked set of people, as his lordship had heard, though he knew nothing of them, as they are not mentioned by Longinus. I own I thought this a made story, and wrote to his lordship, expressing my concern that one of the finest and most ancient monuments in the Abbey should be removed, and begging, if it was removed, that he would bestow it on me, who would erect and preserve it here. After a fortnight's deliberation, the bishop sent me an answer, civil indeed, and commending my zeal for antiquity! but avowing the story under his own hand. He said, that at first they had taken Pembroke's tomb for a knight templar's. Observe, that not only the man who shows the tombs names it every day, but that there is a draught of it at large in Dart's Westminster;



that upon discovering whose it was, he had been very unwilling to consent to the removal, and at last had obliged Wilton to engage to set it up within ten feet of where it stands at present. His lordship concluded with congratulating me on publishing learned authors at my press. I don't wonder that a man who thinks Lucan a *learned* author, should mistake a tomb in his own cathedral. If I had a mind to be angry, I could complain with reason; as, having paid forty pounds for ground for my mother's tomb, that the Chapter of Westminster sell their church over and over again; the ancient monuments tumble upon one's head through their neglect, as one of them did, and killed a man at Lady Elizabeth Percy's funeral; and they erect new waxen dolls of Queen Elizabeth, &c. to draw visits and money from the mob. I hope all this history is applicable to some part or other of my letter; but letters you will have, and so I send you one, very like your own stories that you tell your daughter: There was a King, and he had three daughters, and they all went to see the tombs; and the youngest, who was in love with Aylmer de Valence, &c.

Thank you for your account of the battle; thank Prince Ferdinand for giving you a very honourable post, which, in spite of his teeth and yours, proved a very safe one; and above all, thank Prince Soubise, whom I love better than all the German Princes in the universe. Peace, I think, we must have at last, if you beat the French, or at least hinder them from beating you, and afterwards starve them. Bussy's last *last* courier is expected; but as he may have a last last *last* courier, I trust no more to this than to all the others. He was complaining t'other day to Mr. Pitt of our haughtiness, and said it would drive the French to some desperate effort; "Thirty thousand men," continued he, "would embarrass you a little, I believe!" "Yes, truly," replied Pitt, "for I am so embarrassed with those we have already, I don't know what to do with them."

Adieu! Don't fancy that the more you scold, the more I will write: it has answered three times, but the next cross word you give me shall put an end to our correspondence. Sir Horace Mann's father used to say, "talk, Horace, you have been abroad:"—You cry, "Write, Horace, you are at home." No, Sir, you can beat an hundred and twenty thousand French, but you cannot get the better of me. I will not write such foolish letters as this every day, when I have nothing to say. Yours as you behave.

## 740. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

*Arlington Street, August 17, 1761.*

I AM come to town to-day to prepare my wedding garments. The new Queen may be here by this day se'nnight, but scarce will before the 28th, and if the winds are not in hymeneal humour, it may be the Lord knows how long. There will be as great magnificence as people can put upon their backs—nothing more; no shows, no ceremonies. Six drawing-rooms and one ball—that is all; and then the honey-moon in private till the Coronation. They told me the painting of the Charlotte yacht would certainly turn the Queen's stomach. I said if her head is not turned, she may compound for anything else. Think of the Crown of England and a handsome young King dropping out of the clouds into Strelitz! The crowds, the multitudes, the millions, that are to stare at her; the swarms to kiss her hand, the pomp of the Coronation. She need be but seventeen to bear it.

In the meantime, adieu peace! France has refused to submit to our terms. They own themselves undone, but depend on the continuation of the war for revenging them—not by arms, but by exhausting us. I can tell you our terms pretty exactly. All Canada, but letting them fish on Newfoundland; Goree and Senegal, but with a promise of helping them somehow or other in their black trade; the neutral islands to be divided; Hesse and Hanover restored, and Minorca: Guadaloupe and Belleisle to return to them. The East Indies postponed to the Congress; Dunkirk to be demolished, *à la* Utrecht; at least, *à l'* Aix-la-Chapelle. The last article is particularly offered to glory. If they have no fleet, Dunkirk will not hurt us; when they have, twenty other places will do the business, especially if they have Nieuport and Ostend, on which, notwithstanding all reports, I hear we have been silent. Our terms are lofty; yet, could they expect that we would undo them and ourselves for nothing? We shall be like the late Duke of Marlborough, have a vast landed estate, and want a guinea.

The great Prince of the coalpits, Sir James Lowther, marries the eldest infant of the adjoining coalpits, Lord Bute's daughter. You will allow this earl is a fortunate man; the late King, old Wortley, and the Duke of Argyle,<sup>1</sup> all dying in a year, and his daughter

<sup>1</sup> By whose death Lord Bute obtained the chief power in Scotland.—WALPOLE.



married to such an immense fortune! He certainly behaves with great moderation, and nobody has had reason to complain of him. Adieu!

741. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

*Strawberry Hill, Aug. 20, 1761.*

A FEW lines before you go; your resolutions are good, and give me great pleasure; bring them back unbroken; I have no mind to lose you; we have been acquainted these thirty years, and to give the devil his due, in all that time I never knew a bad, a false, a mean or ill-natured thing in the devil—but don't tell him I say so, especially as I cannot say the same of myself. I am now doing a dirty thing, flattering you to preface a commission. Dickey Bateman<sup>1</sup> has picked up a whole cloister full of old chairs in Hertfordshire. He bought them one by one, here and there in farm-houses, for three-and-sixpence, and a crown a-piece. They are of wood, the seats triangular, the backs, arms, and legs loaded with turnery. A thousand to one but there are plenty up and down Cheshire too. If Mr. and Mrs. Wetenhall, as they ride or drive out, would now and then pick up such a chair, it would oblige me greatly. Take notice, no two need be of the same pattern.

Keep it as the secret of your life: but if your brother John addresses himself to me a day or two before the Coronation, I can place him well to see the procession: when it is over, I will give you a particular reason why this must be such a mystery. I was extremely diverted t'other day with my mother's and my old milliner; she said she had a petition to me—"What is it, Mrs. Burton?" "It is in behalf of two poor orphans." I began to feel for my purse. "What can I do for them, Mrs. Burton?" "Only if your honour would be so compassionate as to get them tickets for the Coronation." I could not keep my countenance, and these distressed *orphans* are two and three-and-twenty! Did you ever hear a more melancholy case?

<sup>1</sup> Honourable Richard Bateman, brother of Viscount Bateman. At his sale in 177 Walpole made considerable purchases.

"See Betty, see who's there."

"Tis Mr. Bateman, Ma'am, in his new chair."

"Dickey's new chair! the charming'st thing in town,

Whose poles are lacker'd and whose lining's brown."

Sir C. H. Williams, *Isabella or The Morning*.—CUNNINGHAM.

The Queen is expected on Monday! I go to town on Sunday. Would these shows and your Irish journey were over, and neither of us a day the poorer!

I am expecting Mr. Chute to hold a chapter on the cabinet. A barge-load of niches, window-frames, and ribs, is arrived. The cloister is paving, the privy garden making, painted glass adjusting to the windows on the back stairs: with so many irons in the fire, you may imagine I have not much time to write. I wish you a safe and pleasant voyage.

742. TO THE EARL OF STRAFFORD.

MY DEAR LORD:

*Arlington Street, Tuesday morning.*

NOTHING was ever equal to the bustle and uncertainty of the town for these three days. The Queen was seen off the coast of Sussex on Saturday last, and is not arrived yet—nay, last night at ten o'clock it was neither certain when she landed, nor when she would be in town. I forgive history for knowing nothing, when so public an event as the arrival of a new Queen is a mystery even at the very moment in St. James's Street. The messenger that brought the letter yesterday morning, said she *arrived* at half an hour after four at Harwich. This was immediately translated into *landing*, and notified in those words to the ministers. Six hours afterwards it proved no such thing, and that she was only in the Harwich-road: and they recollected that *half an hour after four* happens twice in twenty-four hours, and the letter did not specify which of the *twices* it was. Well! the bridemaids whipped on their virginity; the new road and the parks were thronged; the guns were choking with impatience to go off; and Sir James Lowther, who was to pledge his Majesty, was actually married to Lady Mary Stuart.<sup>1</sup> Five, six, seven, eight o'clock came, and no Queen—She lay at Witham [in Essex], at Lord Abercorn's, who was most tranquilly in town: and it is not certain even whether she will be composed enough to be in town to-night. She has been sick but half an hour: sung and played on the harpsichord all the voyage, and been cheerful the whole time. The Coronation will now certainly not be put off—so I shall have the pleasure of seeing you on the 15th. The weather is close and sultry; and if the wedding is to-night, we shall all die.

They have made an admirable speech for the Tripoline ambassador

<sup>1</sup> Eldest daughter of the Earl of Bute.—WRIGHT.



—that he said he heard the King had sent his *first eunuch* to fetch the Princess. I should think he meant Lord Anson.

You will find the town over head and ears in disputes about rank, precedence, processions, *entrées*, &c. One point, that of the Irish peers, has been excellently liquidated: Lord Halifax has stuck up a paper in the coffee-room at Arthur's, importing, "That his Majesty, not having leisure to determine a point of such great consequence, permits for this time such Irish peers as shall be at the marriage to walk in the procession." Everybody concludes those personages will understand this order, as it is drawn up in their *own* language; otherwise it is not very clear how they are to walk *to* the marriage, if they are *at* it before they come *to* it.

Strawberry returns its duty and thanks for all your lordship's goodness to it, and though it has not got its wedding-clothes yet, will be happy to see you. Lady Betty Mackenzie is the individual woman she was—she seems to have been gone three years, like the Sultan in the Persian Tales, who popped his head into a tub of water, pulled it up again, and fancied he had been a dozen years in bondage in the interim. She is not altered in a tittle. Adieu, my dear lord!

*Twenty minutes past three in the afternoon, not in the middle of the night.*

Madame Charlotte is this instant arrived. The noise of coaches, chaises, horsemen, mob, that have been to see her pass through the parks, is so prodigious that I cannot distinguish the guns. I am going to be dressed, and before seven shall launch into the crowd. Pray for me!

743. TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

*Arlington Street, Sept. 9, 1761.*

THE date of my promise is now arrived, and I fulfil it—fulfil it with great satisfaction, for the Queen is come; I have seen her, have been presented to her—and may go back to Strawberry. For this fortnight I have lived upon the road between Twickenham and London: I came, grew impatient, returned; came again, still to no purpose. The yachts made the coast of Suffolk last Saturday, on Sunday entered the road of Harwich, and on Monday morning the King's chief eunuch, as the Tripoline ambassador calls Lord Anson, landed the Princess. She lay that night at Lord Abercorn's at Witham [in Essex], the palace of silence; and yesterday at a

quarter after three arrived at St. James's. In half an hour one heard of nothing but proclamations of her beauty: everybody was content, everybody pleased. At seven one went to court. The night was sultry. About ten the procession began to move towards the chapel, and at eleven they all came up into the drawing-room. She looks very sensible, cheerful, and is remarkably genteel.<sup>1</sup> Her tiara of diamonds was very pretty, her stomacher sumptuous; her violet-velvet mantle and ermine so heavy, that the spectators knew as much of her upper half as the King himself. You will have no doubts of her sense by what I shall tell you. On the road they wanted her to curl her toupet: she said she thought it looked as well as that of any of the ladies sent to fetch her; if the King bid her, she would wear a periwig, otherwise she would remain as she was. When she caught the first glimpse of the Palace, she grew frightened and turned pale; the Duchess of Hamilton<sup>2</sup> smiled—the Princess said, "My dear Duchess, you may laugh, you have been married twice, but it is no joke to me." Her lips trembled as the coach stopped, but she jumped out with spirit, and has done nothing but with good-humour and cheerfulness. She talks a great deal—is easy, civil, and not disconcerted. At first, when the bridesmaids and the court were introduced to her, she said, *Mon Dieu, il y en a tant, il y en a tant!*<sup>3</sup> She was pleased when she was to kiss the peeresses; but Lady Augusta<sup>3</sup> was forced to take her hand and give it to those that were to kiss it, which was prettily humble and good-natured. While they waited for supper, she sat down, sung, and played. Her French is tolerable, she exchanged much both of that and German with the King, the Duke [of Cumberland], and the Duke of York. They did not get to bed till two. To-day was a drawing-room: everybody was presented to her; but she spoke to nobody, as she could not know a soul. The crowd was much less than at a birth-day, the magnificence very little more. The King looked very handsome, and talked to her continually with great good-humour. It does not promise as if they two would be the two most unhappy persons in England, from this event. The bridesmaids, especially Lady Caroline Russel, Lady Sarah Lenox, and

<sup>1</sup> Queen Charlotte had always been if not ugly, at least ordinary, but in her later years her want of personal charms became of course less observable, and it used to be said that she was grown better looking. I one day said something to this effect to Colonel Disbrowe, her Chamberlain. "Yes," replied he, "I do think that the bloom of her ugliness is going off." Poor Disbrowe survived his mistress but a very short time.—CROKER, *MS.*

<sup>2</sup> The Duchess was a Lady of the Bedchamber to the Queen.—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>3</sup> H. R. H. Princess Augusta.—CUNNINGHAM.



Lady Elizabeth Keppel, were beautiful figures. With neither features nor air, Lady Sarah was by far the chief angel. The Duchess of Hamilton was almost in possession of her former beauty to-day; and your other Duchess, your daughter [Richmond], was much better dressed than ever I saw her. Except a pretty Lady Sutherland, and a most perfect beauty, an Irish Miss Smith,<sup>1</sup> I don't think the Queen saw much else to discourage her: my niece [Lady Waldegrave], Lady Kildare, Mrs. Fitzroy, were none of them there. There is a ball to-night, and two more drawing-rooms; but I have done with them. The Duchess of Queensbury and Lady Westmoreland were in the procession, and did credit to the ancient nobility.

You don't presume to suppose, I hope, that we are thinking of you, and wars, and misfortunes, and distresses, in these festival times. Mr. Pitt himself would be mobbed if he talked of anything but clothes, and diamonds, and bridemaids. Oh! yes, we have wars, civil wars; there is a campaign opened in the Bed-chamber. Everybody is excluded but the ministers; even the Lords of the Bed-chamber, cabinet counsellors, and foreign ministers: but it has given such offence that I don't know whether Lord Huntingdon must not be the scape-goat. Adieu! I am going to transcribe most of this letter to your Countess [Lady Ailesbury].

## 744. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

*Arlington Street, Sept. 10, 1761.*

WHEN we least expected the Queen, she came, after being ten days at sea, but without sickness for above half-an-hour. She was gay the whole voyage, sung to her harpsichord, and left the door of her cabin open. They made the coast of Suffolk last Saturday, and on Monday morning she landed at Harwich; so prosperously has his Majesty's chief eunuch, as they have made the Tripoline ambassador call Lord Anson, executed his commission. She lay that night at your old friend Lord Abercorn's, at Witham [in Essex]; and, if she judged by her host, must have thought she was coming to reign in the realm of taciturnity. She arrived at St. James's a quarter after three on Tuesday the 8th. When she first saw the Palace she turned pale: the Duchess of Hamilton smiled. "My dear Duchess," said the Princess, "*you* may laugh; you have been married twice; but it is no joke to me." Is this a bad

<sup>1</sup> Afterwards married to Mr. Mathew, now Lord Llandaff.—WALPOLE.  
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proof of her sense? On the journey they wanted her to curl her toupet. "No, indeed," said she, "I think it looks as well as those of the ladies who have been sent for me: if the King would have me wear a periwig, I will; otherwise I shall let myself alone." The Duke of York gave her his hand at the garden-gate: her lips trembled, but she jumped out with spirit. In the garden the King met her; she would have fallen at his feet; he prevented and embraced her, and led her into the apartments, where she was received by the Princess of Wales and Lady Augusta:<sup>1</sup> these three princesses only dined with the King. At ten the procession went to chapel, preceded by unmarried daughters of peers, and peeresses in plenty. The new Princess was led by the Duke of York and Prince William;<sup>2</sup> the Archbishop married them; the King talked to her the whole time with great good humour, and the Duke of Cumberland gave her away. She is not tall, nor a beauty; pale, and very thin; but looks sensible, and is genteel. Her hair is darkish and fine; her forehead low, her nose very well, except the nostrils spreading too wide; her mouth has the same fault, but her teeth are good. She talks a good deal, and French tolerably; possesses herself, is frank, but with great respect to the King. After the ceremony, the whole company came into the drawing-room for about ten minutes, but nobody was presented that night. The Queen was in white and silver; an endless mantle of violet-coloured velvet, lined with ermine, and attempted to be fastened on her shoulder by a bunch of large pearls, dragged itself and almost the rest of her clothes halfway down her waist. On her head was a beautiful little tiara of diamonds; a diamond necklace, and a stomacher of diamonds, worth three score thousand pounds, which she is to wear at the Coronation too. Her train was borne by the ten bridesmaids, Lady Sarah Lenox, Lady Caroline Russell, Lady Caroline Montagu, Lady Harriot Bentinck, Lady Anne Hamilton, Lady Essex Kerr (daughters of Dukes of Richmond, Bedford, Manchester, Portland, Hamilton, and Roxburgh); and four daughters of the Earls of Albemarle, Brook, Harcourt, and Ilchester,—Lady Elizabeth Keppel, Louisa Greville, Elizabeth Harcourt, and Susan Fox Strangways: their heads crowned with diamonds, and in robes of white and silver. Lady Caroline Russell<sup>3</sup> is extremely handsome; Lady Elizabeth Keppel<sup>4</sup> very pretty; but with neither

<sup>1</sup> Mother of Caroline, Queen of George IV.—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>2</sup> Afterwards Duke of Gloucester.—WALPOLE.

<sup>3</sup> Afterwards Duchess of Marlborough.—WALPOLE.

<sup>4</sup> Afterwards Marchioness of Tavistock.—WALPOLE.



features nor air, nothing ever looked so charming as Lady Sarah Lenox; she has all the glow of beauty peculiar to her family. As supper was not ready, the Queen sat down, sung, and played on the harpsichord to the Royal Family, who all supped with her in private. They talked of the different German dialects; the King asked if the Hanoverian was not pure—"Oh, no, sir," said the Queen; "it is the worst of all."—She will not be unpopular.

The Duke of Cumberland told the King that himself and Lady Augusta were sleepy. The Queen was very averse to leave the company, and at last articulated that nobody should accompany her but the Princess of Wales and her own two German women, and that nobody should be admitted afterwards but the King—they did not retire till between two and three.

The next morning the King had a levee. He said to Lord Hardwicke, "It is a very fine day:" that old gossip replied, "Yes, Sir, and it was a very fine night." Lord Bute had told the King that Lord Orford had betted his having a child before Sir James Lowther, who had been married the night before to Lord Bute's eldest daughter; the King told Lord Orford he should be glad to go his halves. The bet was made with Mr. Rigby. Somebody asked the latter how he could be so bad a courtier as to bet against the King? He replied, "Not at all a bad courtier; I betted Lord Bute's daughter against him."

After the King's Levee there was a Drawing-Room; the Queen stood under the throne: the women were presented to her by the Duchess of Hamilton, and then the men by the Duke of Manchester; but as she knew nobody, she was not to speak. At night there was a ball, drawing-rooms yesterday and to-day, and then a cessation of ceremony till the Coronation, except next Monday, when she is to receive the address of the Lord Mayor and Aldermen, sitting on the throne attended by the bridemaids. A ridiculous circumstance happened yesterday; Lord Westmoreland, not very young nor clear-sighted, mistook Lady Sarah Lenox for the Queen, kneeled to her, and would have kissed her hand if she had not prevented him. People think that a Chancellor of Oxford was naturally attracted by the blood of Stuart. It is as comical to see Kitty Dashwood,<sup>1</sup> the famous old beauty of the Oxfordshire Jacobites, living in the palace as Duenna to the Queen. She and Mrs. Boughton, Lord Lyttelton's ancient Delia, are revived again in

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Catherine Dashwood, on whom Mr. Hammond wrote many poems.—

a young court that never heard of them. There, I think, you could not have had a more circumstantial account of a royal wedding from the Heralds' Office. Adieu!

Yours to serve you,  
HORACE SANDFORD.  
Mecklenburgh King-at-Arms.

745. TO GROSVENOR BEDFORD, ESQ.<sup>1</sup>

MY DEAR SIR:

Sept. 23, 1761.

TEN thousand thanks to you for all your goodness and all your trouble; I can never say enough to you for the obliging kindness you have shown me, I fear you will suffer by it; tell me how you do to-day and if you have got a good night's rest. Compose yourself till you are perfectly recovered. Pray make my thanks too to Miss Bedford and your sons, who have had nothing but plague with me. Adieu!

Your much obliged  
And sincere friend,  
HO. WALPOLE.

Don't wonder I was so impatient to get away; I was fatigued to death; but got home perfectly well and am quite so.\*

## 746. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Arlington Street, Sept. 24, 1761.

I AM glad you arrived safe in Dublin, and hitherto like it so well; but your trial is not begun yet. When our King comes, the ploughshares will be put into the fire. Bless your stars that your King [Halifax] is not to be married or crowned. All the vines of Bourdeaux, and all the fumes of Irish brains cannot make a town so drunk as a regal wedding and coronation. I am going to let London cool, and will not venture into it again this fortnight. Oh! the buzz,

WALPOLE. See Mr. Croker's Preface to Lord Hervey's *Memoirs*, p. xxx.—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>1</sup> Now first published.—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>2</sup> Note by Mr. Bedford.—Mr. Walpole's friends invited by Mr. Grosvenor Bedford to his house in Palace Yard to see the coronation in 1761 :—

Lady Hervey,  
Lady Hertford,  
Lady Anne Conway,  
Mr. Chute,

Mrs. Clive,  
Mr. Raftor,  
Lady Townshend and Master,  
Miss Hotham and her maid.

—CUNNINGHAM.



the prattle, the crowds, the noise, the hurry ! Nay, people are so little come to their senses, that though the Coronation was but the day before yesterday, the Duke of Devonshire had forty messages yesterday, desiring tickets for a ball that they fancied was to be at Court last night. People had sat up a night and a day, and yet wanted to see a dance. If I was to entitle ages, I would call this the *century of crowds*. For the Coronation, if a puppet-show could be worth a million, that is. The multitudes, balconies, guards, and processions, made Palace-yard the liveliest spectacle in the world : the Hall was the most glorious. The blaze of lights, the richness and variety of habits, the ceremonial, the benches of peers and peeresses, frequent and full, was as awful as a pageant can be : and yet for the King's sake and my own, I never wish to see another ; nor am impatient to have my Lord Effingham's promise fulfilled. The King complained that so few precedents were kept for their proceedings. Lord Effingham owned, the Earl Marshal's office had been strangely neglected ; but he had taken such care for the future, that the *next coronation* would be regulated in the most exact manner imaginable. The number of peers and peeresses present was not very great ; some of the latter, with no excuse in the world, appeared in Lord Lincoln's gallery, and even walked about the hall indecently in the intervals of the procession. My Lady Harrington, covered with all the diamonds she could borrow, hire, or seize, and with the air of Roxana, was the finest figure at a distance ; she complained to George Selwyn that she was to walk with Lady Portsmouth, who would have a wig, and a stick—"Pho," said he, "you will only look as if you were taken up by the constable." She told this everywhere, thinking the reflection was on my Lady Portsmouth. Lady Pembroke, alone at the head of the countesses, was the picture of majestic modesty ; the Duchess of Richmond as pretty as nature and dress, with no pains of her own, could make her ; Lady Spencer, Lady Sutherland, and Lady Northampton, very pretty figures. Lady Kildare, still beauty itself, if not a little too large. The ancient peeresses were by no means the worst party : Lady Westmoreland, still handsome, and with more dignity than all ; the Duchess of Queensbury looked well, though her locks milk-white ; Lady Albemarle very genteel ; nay, the middle age had some good representatives in Lady Holderness, Lady Rochford, and Lady Strafford, the perfectest little figure of all. My Lady Suffolk ordered her robes, and I dressed part of her head, as I made some of my Lord Hertford's dress ; for you know, no

profession comes amiss to me, from a tribune of the people to a habit-maker. Don't imagine that there were not figures as excellent on the other side; old Exeter, who told the King he was the handsomest man she ever saw; old Effingham and a Lady Say and Seale, with her hair powdered and her tresses black, were an excellent contrast to the handsome. Lord B \* \* \* \* put on rouge upon his wife and the Duchess of Bedford in the Painted Chamber; the Duchess of Queensbury told me of the latter, that she looked like an orange-peach, half red and half yellow. The coronets of the peers and their robes disguised them strangely; it required all the beauty of the Dukes of Richmond and Marlborough to make them noticed. One there was, though of another species, the noblest figure I ever saw, the high-constable of Scotland, Lord Errol; as one saw him in a space capable of containing him, one admired him. At the wedding, dressed in tissue, he looked like one of the Giants in Guildhall, new gilt. It added to the energy of his person, that one considered him acting so considerable a part in that very Hall, where so few years ago one saw his father, Lord Kilmarnock, condemned to the block. The Champion acted his part admirably, and dashed down his gauntlet with proud defiance. His associates, Lord Effingham, Lord Talbot, and the Duke of Bedford, were woeful; Lord Talbot [the Lord High Steward] piqued himself on backing his horse down the Hall, and not turning its rump towards the King, but he had taken such pains to dress it to that duty, that it entered backwards: and at his retreat the spectators clapped, a terrible indecorum, but suitable to such Bartholomew-fair doings. He had twenty *demelés*, and came out of none creditably. He had taken away the table of the knights of the Bath, and was forced to admit two in their old place, and dine the others in the Court of Requests.<sup>1</sup> Sir William Stanhope said, "We are ill-treated, for *some of us* are gentlemen." Beckford told the Earl, it was hard to refuse a table to the City of London, whom it would cost ten thousand pounds to banquet the King, and that his lordship would repent it, if they had not a table in the Hall; they had. To the barons of the Cinque-ports, who made the same complaint, he said, "If you come to me as Lord Steward, I tell you, it is impossible; if, as Lord Talbot, I am a match for any of you;" and then he said to Lord Bute, "If I

<sup>1</sup> Their Majesties retired into the Court of Wards until dinner was ready.—CUNNINGHAM.



were a minister, thus I would talk to France, to Spain, to the Dutch—none of your half measures.” This has brought me to a melancholy topic. Bussy goes to-morrow, a Spanish war is hanging in the air, destruction is taking a new lease of mankind—of the remnant of mankind. I have no prospect of seeing Mr. Conway. Adieu! I will not disturb you with my forebodings. You I shall see again in spite of war, and I trust in spite of Ireland. I was much disappointed at not seeing your brother John: I kept a place for him to the last minute, but have heard nothing of him. Adieu!

## 747. TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

*Arlington Street, Sept. 25, 1761.*

THIS is the most unhappy day I have known of years: Bussy goes away! Mankind is again given up to the sword! Peace and you are far from England!

*Strawberry Hill.*

I WAS interrupted this morning, just as I had begun my letter, by Lord Waldegrave; and then the Duke of Devonshire sent for me to Burlington-house to meet the Duchess of Bedford, and see the old pictures from Hardwicke. If my letter reaches you three days later, at least you are saved from a lamentation. Bussy has put off his journey to Monday (to be sure, you know this is Friday): he says this is a strange country, he can get no waggoner to carry his goods on a Sunday. I am glad a Spanish war waits for a conveyance, and that a waggoner's *veto* is as good as a tribune's of Rome, and can stop Mr. Pitt on his career to Mexico. He was going post to conquer it—and Beckford, I suppose, would have had a contract for remitting all the gold, of which Mr. Pitt never thinks, unless to serve a city friend. It is serious that we have discussions with Spain, who says France is humbled enough, but must not be ruined: Spanish gold is actually coining in frontier towns of France; and the privilege which Biscay and two other provinces have of fishing on the coast of Newfoundland, has been demanded for all Spain. It was refused peremptorily; and Mr. Secretary Cortez<sup>1</sup> insisted yesterday se'nnight on recalling Lord Bristol.<sup>2</sup> The rest of the council, who are content with the world they have to govern,

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Pitt, then secretary of state.—WALPOLE.

<sup>2</sup> The English ambassador at the court of Madrid.—WALPOLE.

without conquering others, prevailed to defer this impetuosity. However, if France or Spain are the least untractable, a war is inevitable: nay, if they don't submit by the first day of the session, I have no doubt but Mr. Pitt will declare it himself on the address. I have no opinion of Spain intending it: they give France money to protract a war, from which they reap such advantages in their peaceful capacity; and I should think would not give their money if they were on the point of having occasion for it themselves. In spite of you, and all the old barons our ancestors, I pray that we may have done with glory, and would willingly burn every Roman and Greek historian who have done nothing but transmit precedents for cutting throats.

The Coronation is over: 'tis even a more gorgeous sight than I imagined. I saw the procession and the Hall; but the return was in the dark. In the morning they had forgot the Sword of State, the chairs for King and Queen, and their canopies. They used the Lord Mayor's for the first, and made the last in the Hall: so they did not set forth till noon; and then, by a childish compliment to the King, reserved the illumination of the Hall till his entry; by which means they arrived like a funeral, nothing being discernible but the plumes of the knights of the Bath, which seemed the hearse. Lady Kildare, the Duchess of Richmond, and Lady Pembroke were the capital beauties. Lady Harrington, the finest figure at a distance; old Westmoreland, the most majestic. Lady Hertford could not walk, and indeed I think is in a way to give us great anxiety. She is going to Ragley to ride. Lord Beauchamp was one of the King's train-bearers. Of all the incidents of the day, the most diverting was what happened to the Queen. She had a retiring-chamber, with *all* conveniences, prepared behind the altar. She went thither—in the *most convenient* what found she but—the Duke of Newcastle! Lady Hardwicke died three days before the ceremony, which kept away the whole house of Yorke. Some of the peeresses were dressed over-night, slept in arm-chairs, and were waked if they tumbled their heads. Your sister Harris's maid, Lady Peterborough,<sup>1</sup> was a comely figure. My Lady Cowper refused, but was forced to walk with Lady Macclesfield.<sup>2</sup> Lady Falmouth was not there; on which George Selwyn said, "that those peeresses who were most used to *walk*, did not." I carried my Lady Towns-

<sup>1</sup> Robiniana, daughter (says Collins' continuator), of "Colonel ——— Brown," and wife of the fourth Earl of Peterborough, who died in 1779.—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>2</sup> Lady Macclesfield had been a common woman. *Ante*, p. 180.—CUNNINGHAM.



hend, Lady Hertford, Lady Anne Connolly, my Lady Hervey, and Mrs. Clive, to my deputy's house at the gate of Westminster-hall. My Lady Townshend said 'she should be very glad to see a Coronation, as she never had seen one. "Why," said I, "Madam, you walked at the last?" "Yes, child," said she, "but I saw nothing of it: I only looked to see who looked at me." The Duchess of Queensbury walked! her affectation that day was to do nothing preposterous. The Queen has been at the Opera, and says she will go once a week. This is a fresh disaster to our box, where we have lived so harmoniously for three years. We can get no alternative but that over Miss Chudleigh's; and Lord Strafford and Lady Mary Coke will not subscribe, unless we can. The Duke of Devonshire and I are negotiating with all our art to keep our party together. The crowds at the Opera and play when the King and Queen go, are a little greater than what I remember. The late Royalties went to the Haymarket, when it was the fashion to frequent the other opera in Lincoln's-inn-fields. Lord Chesterfield one night came into the latter, and was asked, if he had been at the other house? "Yes," said he, "but there was nobody but the King and Queen; and as I thought they might be talking business, I came away."

Thank you for your journals: the best route you can send me would be of your journey homewards. Adieu!

P. S. If you ever hear from, or write to, such a person as Lady Ailesbury, pray tell her she is worse to me in point of correspondence than ever you said I was to you, and that she sends me every thing but letters!

#### 748. TO THE COUNTESS OF AILESBUURY.

*Strawberry Hill, Sept. 27, 1761.*

You are a mean, mercenary woman. If you did not want histories of weddings and coronations, and had not jobs to be executed about muslins, and a bit of china, and counterband goods, one should never hear of you. When you don't want a body, you can frisk about with greffiers and burgomasters, and be as merry in a dyke as my lady frog herself. The moment your curiosity is agog, or your cambric seized, you recollect a good cousin in England, and, as folks said two hundred years ago, begin to write "upon the knees of your heart." Well! I am a sweet-tempered creature, I forgive

you. I have already writ to a little friend in the Custom-House, and will try what can be done; though, by Mr. Amyand's<sup>1</sup> report to the Duchess of Richmond, I fear your case is desperate. For the genealogies, I have turned over all my books to no purpose; I can meet with no Lady Howard that married a Carey, nor a Lady Seymour that married a Caufield. Lettice Caufield, who married Francis Staunton, was daughter of Dr. James (not George) Caufield, younger brother of the first Lord Charlemont. This is all that I can ascertain. For the other pedigree; I can inform your friend that there was a Sir Nicholas Throckmorton, who married an Anne Carew, daughter of Sir Nicholas Carew, knight of the garter, not Carey.—But this Sir Nicholas Carew married Joan Courtney—not a Howard: and besides, the Careys and Throckmortons you wot of, were just the reverse: your Carey was the cock, and Throckmorton the hen—mine are *vice versâ*:—otherwise, let me tell your friend, Carews and Courtneys are worth Howards any day of the week, and of ancients blood;—so, if descent is all he wants, I advise him to take up with the pedigree as I have refitted it. However, I will cast a figure once more, and try if I can conjure up the dames Howard and Seymour that he wants.

My heraldry was much more offended at the Coronation with the ladies that did walk, than with those that walked out of their place; yet I was not so *perilously* angry as my Lady Cowper, who refused to set a foot with my Lady Macclesfield; and when she was at last obliged to associate with her, set out on a round trot, as if she designed to prove the antiquity of her family by marching as lustily as a maid of honour of Queen Gwiniver. It was in truth a brave sight. The sea of heads in Palace-yard, the guards, horse and foot, the scaffolds, balconies, and procession, exceeded imagination. The Hall, when once illuminated, was noble; but they suffered the whole parade to return into it in the dark, that his Majesty might be surprised with the quickness with which the sconces caught fire. The Champion acted well; the other Paladins had neither the grace nor alertness of Rinaldo. Lord Effingham and the Duke of Bedford were but untoward knights errant; and Lord Talbot had not much more dignity than the figure of General Monk in the Abbey.<sup>2</sup> The habit of the peers is unbecoming to the last degree;

<sup>1</sup> Claudius Amyand, Esq., a Commissioner of Customs, married November 26, 1761, to Frances Payne, daughter of the Rev. Mr. Payne, and, since 1758, Dowager Countess of Northampton.—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>2</sup> The wax effigy of General Monk.—CUNNINGHAM.



but the peeresses made amends for all defects. Your daughter Richmond, Lady Kildare, and Lady Pembroke were as handsome as the Graces. Lady Rochford, Lady Holderness, and Lady Lyttelton looked exceedingly well in that their day; and for those of the day before, the Duchess of Queensbury, Lady Westmoreland, and Lady Albemarle were surprising. Lady Harrington was noble at a distance, and so covered with diamonds, that you would have thought she had bid somebody or other, like Falstaff, *rob me the Exchequer*. Lady Northampton was very magnificent too, and looked prettier than I have seen her of late. Lady Spencer and Lady Bolingbroke were not the worst figures there. The Duchess of Ancaster [Mistress of the Robes] marched alone after the Queen with much majesty; and there were two new Scotch peeresses that pleased everybody, Lady Sutherland and Lady Dunmore. *Per contra*, were Lady P \* \* \*, who had put a wig on, and old E \* \* \*, who had scratched hers off; Lady S \* \* \*, the Dowager E \* \* \*, and a Lady Say and Sele, with her tresses coal-black, and her hair coal-white. Well! it was all delightful, but not half so charming as its being over. The gabble one heard about it for six weeks before, and the fatigue of the day, could not well be compensated by a mere puppet-show; for puppet-show it was, though it cost a million. The Queen is so gay that we shall not want sights; she has been at the Opera, the Beggar's Opera and the Rehearsal, and two nights ago carried the King to Ranelagh. In short, I am so miserable with losing my Duchess,<sup>1</sup> and you and Mr. Conway, that I believe, if you should be another six weeks without writing to me, I should come to the Hague and scold you in person—for, alas! my dear lady, I have no hopes of seeing you here. Stanley is recalled, is expected every hour. Bussy goes to-morrow; and Mr. Pitt is so impatient to conquer Mexico, that I don't believe he will stay till my Lord Bristol can be ordered to leave Madrid. I tremble lest Mr. Conway should not get leave to come—nay, are we sure he would like to ask it? He was so impatient to get to the army, that I should not be surprised if he staid there till every suttler and woman that follows the camp was come away. You ask me if we are not in admiration of Prince Ferdinand. In truth, we have thought very little of him. He may outwit Broglio ten times, and not be half so much talked of as Lord Talbot's backing his horse down Westminster-hall. The generality are not struck with any-

<sup>1</sup> The Duchess of Grafton, who was abroad.—WALPOLE.

thing under a complete victory. If you have a mind to be well with the mob of England, you must be knocked on the head like Wolfe, or bring home as many diamonds as Clive. We live in a country where so many follies or novelties start forth every day, that we have not time to try a general's capacity by the rules of Polybius.

I have hardly left room for my obligations—to your ladyship, for my commissions at Amsterdam; to Mrs. Sally,<sup>1</sup> for her tea-pots, which are likely to stay so long at the Hague, that I fear they will have begot a whole set of china; and to Miss Conway and Lady George, for thinking of me. Pray assure them of my *re-thinking*. Adieu, dear Madam! Don't you think we had better write oftener and shorter.

## 749. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

*Strawberry Hill, Sept. 28, 1761.*

WHAT is the finest sight in the world? A Coronation. What do people talk most about? A Coronation. What is delightful to have passed? A Coronation. Indeed, one had need be a handsome young peeress not to be fatigued to death with it. After being exhausted with hearing of nothing else for six weeks, and having every cranny of my ideas stuffed with velvet and ermine, and tresses, and jewels, I thought I was very cunning in going to lie in Palace-yard, that I might not sit up all night in order to seize a place. The consequence of this wise scheme was, that I did not get a wink of sleep all night; hammering of scaffolds, shouting of people, relieving guards, and jangling of bells, was the concert I heard from twelve to six, when I rose; and it was noon before the procession was ready to set forth, and night before it returned from the Abbey. I then saw the Hall, the dinner, and the champion, a gloriously illuminated chamber, a wretched banquet, and a foolish puppet-show. A Trial of a peer, though by no means so sumptuous, is a preferable sight, for the latter is interesting. At a Coronation one sees the peerage as exalted as they like to be, and at a Trial as much humbled as a plebeian wishes them. I tell you nothing of who looked well; you know them no more than if I told you of the next Coronation. Yes, two ancient dames whom you remember, were still ornaments of the show,—the Duchess of Queensberry and Lady Westmore-

<sup>1</sup> Lady Ailesbury's woman.—WALPOLE.



land. Some of the peeresses were so fond of their robes, that they graciously exhibited themselves for a whole day before to all the company their servants could invite to see them. A maid from Richmond begged leave to stay in town because the Duchess of Montrose was only to be seen from two to four. The Heralds were so ignorant of their business, that, though pensioned for nothing but to register lords and ladies, and what belongs to them, they advertised in the newspaper for the Christian names and places of abode of the peeresses. The King complained of such omissions and of the want of precedent; Lord Effingham, the Earl Marshal, told him, it was true there had been great neglect in that office, but he had now taken such care of registering directions, that *next coronation* would be conducted with the greatest order imaginable. The King was so diverted with this *flattering* speech that he made the earl repeat it several times.

On this occasion one saw to how high-water-mark extravagance is risen in England. At the Coronation of George II. my mother gave forty guineas for a dining-room, scaffold, and bed-chamber. An exactly parallel apartment, only with rather a worse view, was this time set at three hundred and fifty guineas—a tolerable rise in thirty-three years! The platform from St. Margaret's Roundhouse to the church-door, which formerly let for forty pounds, went this time for two thousand four hundred pounds. Still more was given for the inside of the Abbey. The prebends would like a Coronation every year. The King paid nine thousand pounds for the hire of jewels; indeed, last time, it cost my father fourteen hundred to bejewel my Lady Orford. A single shop now sold six hundred pounds' sterling worth of nails—but nails are risen—so is everything, and everything adulterated. If we conquer Spain, as we have done France, I expect to be poisoned. Alas! we *are* going to conquer Spain. They have taken France by the hand, and bully for her. Mr. Pitt, who desires nothing better than to bid upon anybody's haughtiness, has recalled Mr. Stanley, and would willingly have recalled my Lord Bristol too. If the Turks don't know what to do with their armament, Mr. Pitt will be obliged to them if they will be a little impertinent too. If all this did but starve us I should not much mind it: I should look as well as other people in haughty rags, and while one's dunghill is the first dunghill in Europe, one is content. But the lives! the lives it will cost! to wade through blood ' to dignity! I had rather be a worm than a

vulture. Besides, I am no gamester; I do not love doubling the bet, but would realise something.

The Duchess of Grafton is drawing nearer to you; you will see her by the end of the winter; they leave Geneva the 10th of next month, and go to Turin. I believe I liked the Coronation the less for wanting the principal figure. Good night!

750. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

*Arlington Street, Oct 6, 1761.*

I WROTE to you but last week. You will conclude I have a victory to tell you, by following that letter with another so soon. Oh, no! you may bid adieu to victories. It is not that Spain or we have declared war, but Mr. Pitt has resigned.<sup>1</sup> The Cabinet Council were for temporising. That is not *his* style.

Without entering into discussions of which side is in the right, you will easily see how fatal this event must be, even from its creating two sides. What saved us; and then what lifted us so high, but Union? What could France, what could your old friend the Empress Queen, desire so ardently as divisions amongst us? They will have their wish to satiety. I foresee nothing but confusion. Nor shall we have a war the less: if Spain bullied while Mr. Pitt was minister, I don't believe she will tremble more at his successors. Who they will be I cannot imagine. It required all his daring to retrieve our affairs. Who will dare for him, nay, and against him? Next to pitying our country and ourselves, I feel for the young King. It is hard to have so bright a dawn so soon overcast! I fear he is going to taste as bitter a cup as ever his grandfather swallowed! This happened but yesterday. It is not an event to lie dormant long without consequences.

Adieu! my dear child; this is an unpleasant letter, and I don't care how soon I finish it. Squabbles of ministers are entertaining in time of peace; they are a little too serious now. Adieu!

<sup>1</sup> Yesterday Mr. Pitt waited upon the King and resigned the seals. He expressed great concern that he was obliged to take that step from his differences in opinion from all the rest of the Council. \* \* \* His Majesty showed great regard for him and his services.—*Duke of Newcastle to Duke of Bedford, Oct. 6, 1761.*—CUNNINGHAM.



## 751. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

*Arlington Street, Oct. 8, 1761.*

I CANNOT swear I wrote to you again to offer your brother the place for the Coronation; but I was confident I did, nay, I think so still: my proofs are, the place remained vacant, and I sent to old Richard to inquire if Mr. John was not arrived. He had no great loss, as the procession returned in the dark.

*Your King* [Halifax] will have heard that Mr. Pitt resigned last Monday.<sup>1</sup> Greater pains have been taken to recover him than were used to drive him out. He is inflexible, but mighty peaceable. Lord Egremont is to have the seals to-morrow. It is a most unhappy event—France and Spain will soon let us know we ought to think so. For your part, you will be invaded; a blacker Rod than you will be sent to Ireland.<sup>2</sup> Would you believe that the town is a desert? The wedding filled it, the Coronation crammed it; Mr. Pitt's resignation has not brought six people to London. As they could not hire a window and crowd one another to death to see him give up the seals, it seems a matter of perfect indifference. If he will accuse a single man of checking our career of glory, all the world will come to see him hanged; but what signifies the ruin of a nation, if no particular man ruins it?

The Duchess of Marlborough<sup>3</sup> died the night before last. Thank you for your descriptions; pray continue them. Mrs. Delany<sup>4</sup> I know a little, Lord Charlemont's villa is in Chambers's book.<sup>5</sup>

I have nothing new to tell you; but the grain of mustard-seed sown on Monday will soon produce as large a tree as you can find in any prophecy. Adieu!

P.S. Lady Mary Wortley is arrived.

<sup>1</sup> Compare Mr. Pitt's own account of this transaction, in a letter to Alderman Beckford.—*Chatham Correspondence*, vol. ii. p. 158.—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Montagu was Gentleman Usher to the Black Rod in Ireland.—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>3</sup> Heiress to Lord Trevor. Langleys and 3000*l.* a year descended to the Duke by her death.—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>4</sup> Widow of Dr. Patrick Delany, the friend of Swift. She lived much at Bulstrode with the old Duchess of Portland, where the King and Queen met her and removed her to Windsor, with a pension of 300*l.* a year. The Hamilton Family have some letters of her curious enough—at least two were so that I saw; they related to a royal visit to Bulstrode. I showed them to the Prince of Wales, who was mentioned in them, and he assured me they were accurately true; they will, I suppose, be published.—CROKER *MS.*

<sup>5</sup> Sir William Chambers's "Treatise on Civil Architecture."—WRIGHT.

## 752. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

*Arlington Street, Oct. 8, 1761.*

I WRITE to you so often, you will think I have succeeded Mr. Pitt as Secretary of State. The truth is, I want to overtake my last letter. I fear I was peevish in it. I was

So odd, my country's ruin made me grave.

Forgive me; it was an air of departing haughtiness. We have been used of late to triumph; it felt unpleasant to relinquish glory; and I am exactly that sort of philosopher to be angry if I am not prepared to keep my temper.

Spain tells us to-day that she means us no harm. She has only made a defensive and *offensive* league with France to keep the *peace*. When she hears Mr. Pitt is out, I suppose she will make a neutrality, that she may invade Ireland. If she does, pray hold your militia ready to attack Naples.

Great attempts, great offers have been made to recover Mr. Pitt. He waives them, goes to Court, bows, and goes to Bath. In the City it was proposed at first to go into mourning on his resignation; as yet they have come to no resolution. It will perhaps depend on some trifle to set fire to the train—should it not be lighted up now, that will insure nothing. It cannot be indifferent whether he is in place or out. Your new master [Sir Charles Windham] is to be Lord Egremont, who was to have gone to Augsburg: he is to have the Seals to-morrow. As Mr. Pitt declares against being hostile, I conclude nobody will resign with him.

Lady Mary Wortley is arrived. I have not seen her yet, though they have not made her perform quarantine for her own dirt.

This short letter, and t'other short letter, make a long one. Adieu!

Stop, I have told you a monstrous lie; Lady Mary is not arrived; it was a Dutch blunder of Lady Denbigh,<sup>1</sup> who confounded Lady Mary Wrottesley and Lady Mary Wortley.

Lord Talbot, on Mr. Pitt's resignation, advised the Duke of Newcastle not to die for joy on the Monday, nor for fear on Tuesday.

<sup>1</sup> Isabella, daughter of Peter de Yong of Utrecht in Holland, wife of the fifth Earl of Denbigh (died 1755), and mother of the sixth Earl. She died in 1769. Lady Mary speaks of her as "our dear and amiable cousin," as Lord Denbigh's "Dutch Lady who I am very certain is the produce of some French valet de chambre." *Works by Lord Wharnclyffe*, ii. 218, 199.—CUNNINGHAM.



## 753. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

*Strawberry Hill, Oct. 10, 1761.*

AM not I an old fool? at my years to be a dupe to virtue and patriotism; I, who have seen all the virtue of England sold six times over! Here have I fallen in love with my father's enemies, and because they served my country, believed they were the most virtuous men upon earth. I adored Mr. Pitt, as if I was just come from school and reading Livy's lies of Brutus and Camillus, and Fabius; and romance knows whom. Alack! alack! Mr. Pitt loves an estate as well as my Lord Bath! The Conqueror of Canada, of Afric, of India, would, if he had been in the latter, have brought my Lady Esther<sup>1</sup> as many diamonds as General Clive took. Spain assures us she is still very pacific, and what if France would have been so too, if Mr. Pitt would have suffered her! one day or other we shall know. In the mean time, as the mob have not pulled the King out of St. James's, nor Mr. Pitt into it again, the latter has contented himself with a barony for Lady Esther, and three thousand pounds a-year for three lives. Lord Temple has resigned; I don't understand that. Mr. George Grenville is to be representing Minister in the House of Commons, and not Speaker; Lord Egremont is Secretary of State; and Lord Hardwicke, I suppose, Privy Seal. You will like your new master the Secretary, who is extremely well bred.

Don't be frightened at this torrent of letters; I will send you no more this age; and when I do, I shall only talk to you of assemblies, plays, operas, balls, &c., which are subjects of dignity compared to politics.

Is Sir Richard Lyttelton<sup>2</sup> with you still, or in your neighbourhood? You need not read my opinion to him of this transaction. Confess, however, that I send you quick intelligence,—three letters in a week.

<sup>1</sup> Lady Esther, wife of Mr. Pitt, and sister of Lord Temple.—WALPOLE.

<sup>2</sup> Cousin of Lady Esther, and attached to Mr. Pitt.—WALPOLE. There is a fine half-length portrait at Hagley of Sir Richard Lyttelton painted in Italy at this time by Pompeo Battoni.—CUNNINGHAM.

## 754. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

*Strawberry Hill, Oct. 10, 1761.*

PRAY, Sir, how does virtue sell in Ireland now? I think for a province they have now and then given large prices. Have you a mind to know what the biggest virtue in the world is worth? If Cicero had been a Drawcansir instead of a coward, and had carried the glory of Rome to as lofty a height as he did their eloquence, for how much do you think he would have sold all that reputation? Oh! sold it! you will cry, vanity was his predominant passion; he would have trampled on sesterces like dirt, and provided the tribes did but erect statues enough for him, he was content with a bit of Sabine mutton; he would have preferred his little Tusculan villa, or the flattery of Caius Atticus at Baïæ, to the wealth of Croesus, or to the luxurious banquets of Lucullus. Take care, there is not a Tory gentleman, if there is one left, who would not have laid the same wager twenty years ago on the disinterestedness of my Lord Bath. Come, you tremble, you are so incorrupt yourself you would give the world Mr. Pitt was so too. You adore him for what he has done for us; you bless him for placing England at the head of Europe, and you don't hate him for infusing as much spirit into us, as if a Montague, Earl of Salisbury, was still at the head of our enemies. Nothing could be more just. We owe the recovery of our affairs to him, the splendour of our country, the conquest of Canada, Louisbourg, Guadaloupe, Africa, and the East. Nothing is too much for such services; accordingly, I hope you will not think the barony of Chatham,<sup>1</sup> and three thousand pounds a-year for three lives too much for my Lady Hester. She has this pittance: good night!

P.S. I told you falsely in my last that Lady Mary Wortley was arrived—I cannot help it if my Lady Denbigh<sup>2</sup> cannot read English in all these years, but mistakes Wrottesley for Wortley.

<sup>1</sup> The city and the people are outrageous about Lady Cheat'em, as they call her, and her husband's pension.—*Rigby to Duke of Bedford, Oct. 12, 1761.*—CUNNINGHAM.



## 755. TO THE COUNTESS OF AILESBUURY.

*Strawberry Hill, Oct. 10, 1761.*

I DON'T know what business I had, Madam, to be an economist : it was out of character. I wished for a thousand more drawings in that sale at Amsterdam, but concluded they would be very dear ; and not having seen them, I thought it too rash to trouble your ladyship with a large commission.

I wish I could give you as good an account of your commission ; but it is absolutely impracticable. I employed one of the most sensible and experienced men in the Custom-House ; and all the result was, he could only recommend me to Mr. Amyand as the newest, and consequently the most polite of the commissioners—but the Duchess of Richmond had tried him before—to no purpose. There is no way of recovering any of your goods, but purchasing them again at the sale.

What am I doing, to be talking to you of drawings and chintzes, when the world is all turned topsy turvy ? Peace, as the poets would say, is not only returned to heaven, but has carried her sister Virtue along with her !—Oh ! no, Peace will keep no such company—Virtue is an errant strumpet, and loves diamonds as well as my Lady Harrington, and is as fond of a coronet as my Lord Melcombe. Worse ! worse ! She will set men to cutting throats, and pick their pockets at the same time. I am in such a passion, I cannot tell you what I am angry about—why, about Virtue and Mr. Pitt ; two errant cheats, gipsies ! I believe he was a comrade of Elizabeth Canning, when he lived at Enfield-wash.<sup>1</sup> In short, the council were for making peace ;

But he, as loving his own pride and purposes,  
Evades them with a bombast circumstance,  
Horribly stuff'd with epithets of war,  
And in conclusion—nonsuits my mediators.

He insisted on a war with Spain, was resisted, and last Monday resigned. The City breathed vengeance on his opposers, the Council quaked, and the Lord knows what would have happened ; but yesterday, which was only Friday, as this giant was stalking to seize

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Pitt lived for several years in Enfield-Chase near Enfield-wash, the land of Elizabeth Canning.—CUNNINGHAM.

the Tower of London, he stumbled over a silver penny, picked it up, carried it home to Lady Hester, and they are now as quiet, good sort of people, as my Lord and Lady Bath who lived in the vinegar-bottle. In fact, Madam, this immaculate man has accepted the Barony of Chatham for his wife, with a pension of three thousand pounds a-year for three lives; and though he has not quitted the House of Commons, I think my Lord Anson would now be as formidable there. The pension he has left *us*, is a war for three thousand lives! perhaps, for twenty times three thousand lives!—But—

Does this become a soldier? *this* become  
Whom armies follow'd, and a people loved?

What! to sneak out of the scrape, prevent peace, and avoid the war! blast one's character, and all for the comfort of a paltry annuity, a long-necked peeress, and a couple of Grenvilles! The City looks mighty foolish, I believe, and possibly even Beckford may blush. Lord Temple resigned yesterday: I suppose his virtue pants for a dukedom. Lord Egremont has the seals; Lord Hardwicke, I fancy, the Privy Seal; and George Grenville, no longer Speaker, is to be the cabinet minister in the House of Commons. Oh! Madam, I am glad you are inconstant to Mr. Conway, though it is only with a Barbette! If you piqued yourself on your virtue, I should expect you would sell it to the master of a Trechscoot.

I told you a lie about the King's going to Ranelagh—No matter; there is no such thing as truth. Garrick exhibits the Coronation, and, opening the end of the stage, discovers a real bonfire and real mob: the houses in Drury-lane let their windows at threepence a head. Rich is going to produce a finer Coronation, nay, than the real one; for there is to be a dinner for the Knights of the Bath and the Barons of the Cinque-ports, which Lord Talbot refused them.

I put your Caufields and Stauntons into the hands of one of the first heralds upon earth, and who has the entire pedigree of the Careys; but he cannot find a drop of Howard or Seymour blood in the least artery about them. Good night, Madam!



## 756. TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

*Arlington Street, Oct. 12, 1761.*

It is very lucky that you did not succeed in the expedition to Rochfort. Perhaps you might have been made a peer; and as *Chatham* is a naval title, it might have fallen to your share. But it was reserved to crown greater glory: and lest it should not be substantial pay enough, three thousand pounds a-year for three lives go along with it. Not to Mr. Pitt—you can't suppose it. Why truly, not the title, but the annuity does, and Lady Hester is the baroness; that, if he should please, he may earn an earldom himself. Don't believe me, if you have not a mind. I know I did not believe those who told me. But ask the Gazette that swears it—ask the King, who has kissed Lady Hester—ask the City of London, who are ready to tear Mr. Pitt to pieces—ask forty people I can name, who are overjoyed at it—and then ask me again, who am mortified, and who have been the dupe of his disinterestedness. Oh, my dear Harry! I beg you on my knees, keep your virtue: do let me think there is still one man upon earth who despises money. I wrote you an account last week of his resignation. Could you have believed that in four days he would have tumbled from the conquest of Spain to receiving a quarter's pension from Mr. West? <sup>1</sup> To-day he has advertised his seven coach-horses to be sold—Three thousand a-year for three lives, and fifty thousand pounds of his own, will not keep a coach and six.<sup>2</sup> I protest I believe he is mad, and Lord Temple thinks so too; for he resigned the same morning that Pitt accepted the pension. George Grenville is Minister in the House of Commons. I don't know who will be Speaker. They talk of Prowse, Hussey, Bacon, and even of old Sir John Rushout. Delaval has said an admirable thing: he blames Pitt—not as you and I do; but calls him fool; and says, if he had gone into the City, told them he had a poor wife and children unprovided for, and had opened a subscription, he would have got five hundred thousand pounds, instead of three thousand pounds a-year. In the mean time the good man has

<sup>1</sup> Secretary to the Treasury.—WALPOLE.

<sup>2</sup> Your Grace will perceive in to-day's Public Advertiser that his [Mr. Pitt's] coach-horses are to be sold; his house in St. James's Square is also to be let: he will have no house in town, and live altogether at Hayes.—*Rigby to Duke of Bedford, Oct. 12, 1761.*—CUNNINGHAM.

saddled us with a war which we can neither carry on nor carry off. 'Tis pitiful! 'tis wondrous pitiful! Is the communication stopped, that we never hear from you? I own 'tis an Irish question. I am out of humour: my visions are dispelled, and you are still abroad. As I cannot put Mr. Pitt to death, at least I have buried him: here is his epitaph:

Admire his eloquence—it mounted higher  
Than Attic purity or Roman fire:  
Adore his services—our lions view  
Ranging, where Roman eagles never flew:  
Copy his soul supreme o'er Lucre's sphere;  
—But oh! beware three thousand pounds a-year!<sup>1</sup>

Jemmy Grenville<sup>2</sup> resigned yesterday. Lord Temple is all hostility; and goes to the drawing-room to tell everybody how angry he is with the court—but what is Sir Joseph Wittol, when Nol Bluff is pacific? They talk of erecting a tavern in the City, called The Salutation: the sign to represent Lord Bath and Mr. Pitt embracing. These are shameful times. Adieu!<sup>3</sup>

757. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

*Strauberry Hill, October 24, 1761.*

I HAVE got two letters from you, and am sensibly pleased with your satisfaction. I love your cousin for his behaviour to you; he will never place his friendship better. His parts and dignity, I did not doubt, would bear him out. I fear nothing but your spirits and the frank openness of your heart; keep them within bounds, and you

<sup>1</sup> Gray also appears to have been greatly offended at this acceptance of the title and pension: "Oh!" he exclaims, "that foolishness of great men, that sold his inestimable diamond for a paltry peerage and pension! The very night it happened was I swearing it was a d—d lie, and never could be: but it was for want of reading Thomas à Kempis, who knew mankind so much better than I."—*Works by Mitford*, vol. iii. p. 265. Mr. Burke took a very different view of Mr. Pitt's conduct on this occasion. "With regard to the pension and title, it is a shame," he says, "that any defence should be necessary. What eye cannot distinguish, at the first glance, between this and the exceptionable case of titles and pensions? What Briton, with the smallest sense of honour and gratitude, but must blush for his country, if such a man retired unrewarded from the public service, let the motives for that retirement be what they would? It was not possible that his sovereign could let his eminent services pass unrequited: the sum that was given was inadequate to his merits; and the quantum was rather regulated by the moderation of the great mind that received it, than by the liberality of that which bestowed it."—WRIGHT.

<sup>2</sup> The Right Honourable James Grenville, brother to Earl Temple. He resigned the office of Cofferer to his Majesty—4000*l.* a year.—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>3</sup> Query Lord Bute.—CUNNINGHAM.



will return in health, and with the serenity I wish you long to enjoy.

You have heard our politics; they do not mend, sick of glory, without being tired of war, and surfeited with unanimity before it had finished its work, we are running into all kinds of confusion. The City have bethought themselves, and have voted that they will still admire Mr. Pitt; consequently, he, without the check of seeming virtue, may do what he pleases. An address of thanks to him has been carried by one hundred and nine against fifteen, and the City<sup>1</sup> are to instruct their members; that is, because we are disappointed of a Spanish war, we must have one at home. Merciful! how old I am grown! Here am I, not liking a civil war! Do you know me? I am no longer that Gracchus, who, when Mr. Bentley told him something or other, I don't know what, would make a sect, answered quickly, "Will it make a party?" In short, I think I am always to be in contradiction; now I am loving my country.

Workshop<sup>2</sup> is burnt down; I don't know the circumstances; the Duke and Duchess [of Norfolk] are at Bath: it has not been finished a month; the last furniture was brought in for the Duke of York: I have some comfort that I had seen it;—except the bare chambers, in which the Queen of Scots lodged, nothing remained of ancient time.

I am much obliged to Mr. Hamilton's civilities;<sup>3</sup> but I don't take too much to myself; yet it is no drawback to think that he sees and compliments your friendship for me. I shall use his permission of sending you anything that I think will bear the sea; but how must I send it? by what conveyance to the sea, and where deliver it? Pamphlets swarm already; none very good, and chiefly grave; you would not have them. Mr. Glover has published his long-hoarded *Medea*, as an introduction to the House of Commons; it had been more proper to usher him from school to the university. There are a few good lines, not much conduct, and a quantity of iambics, and trochaics, that scarce speak English, and yet have no rhyme to keep one another in countenance. If his chariot is stopped at Temple-

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Pitt's most extraordinary and unwarrantable letter has had a most extraordinary and unanswerable effect, and has brought back to him his mad, noisy, City friends, who were for a time displeased with him.—*Duke of Newcastle to Duke of Bedford Oct. 20, 1761.*—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>2</sup> The Duke of Norfolk's seat, Workshop Manor, Nottinghamshire, was burnt down on the 20th of October 1761. The damage was estimated at one hundred thousand pounds.—WRIGHT. See vol. ii. p. 31.—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>3</sup> Single-Speech Hamilton.—CUNNINGHAM.

bar, I suppose he will take it for the Straits of Thermopylæ, and be delivered of his first speech before its time.

The catalogue of the Duke of Devonshire's collection is only in the six volumes of the Description of London. I did print about a dozen, and gave them all away so totally, that on searching, I had not reserved one for myself. When we are at leisure, I will reprint a few more, and you shall have one for your Speaker. I don't know who is to be ours: Prowse, they say, has refused; Sir John Cust was the last I heard named: but I am here and know nothing; sorry that I shall hear anything on Tuesday se'nnight.

Pray pick me up any prints of lord-lieutenants, Irish bishops, ladies—nay, or patriots; but I will not trouble you for a snuff-box or toothpick-case, made of a bit of the Giant's Causeway.

My 'Anecdotes of Painting' will scarcely appear before Christmas. My gallery and cabinet are at a full stop till spring, but I shall be sorry to leave it all in ten days; October, that scarce ever deceived one before, has exhibited a deluge; but it has recovered, and promised to behave well as long as it lives, like a dying sinner. Good night!

P.S. My niece [Waldegrave] lost the Coronation for only a daughter. It makes me smile, when I reflect that you are come into the world again, and that I have above half left it.

758. TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

*Strawberry Hill, Oct. 26, 1761.*

How strange it seems! You are talking to me of the King's wedding, while we are thinking of a civil war. Why, the King's wedding was a century ago, almost two months; even the Coronation that happened half an age ago, is quite forgot. The post to Germany cannot keep pace with our revolutions. Who knows but you may still be thinking that Mr. Pitt is the most disinterested man in the world? Truly, as far as the votes of a common-council can make him so, he is. Like Cromwell, he has always promoted the Self-Denying Ordinance, and has contrived to be excused from it himself. The City could no longer choose who should be their man of virtue; there was not one left: by all rules they ought next to have pitched upon one who was the oldest offender: instead of that, they have re-elected the most recent; and, as if virtue was a



borough, Mr. Pitt is re-chosen for it, on vacating his seat. Well, but all this is very serious: I shall offer you a prophetic picture, and shall be very glad if I am not a true soothsayer. The City have voted an address of thanks to Mr. Pitt, and given instructions to their members; the chief articles of which are, to promote an inquiry into the disposal of the money that has been granted, and to consent to no peace, unless we are to retain all, or very near all, our conquests. Thus the City of London usurp the right of making peace and war.<sup>1</sup> But is the government to be dictated to by one town? By no means. But suppose they are not—what is the consequence? How will the money be raised? If it cannot be raised without them, Mr. Pitt must again be minister: that you think would easily be accommodated. Stay, stay; he and Lord Temple have declared against the whole Cabinet Council. Why, that they have done before now, and yet have acted with them again. It is very true; but a little word has escaped Mr. Pitt, which never entered into his former declarations; nay, nor into Cromwell's, nor Hugh Capet's, nor Julius Cæsar's, nor any reformer's of ancient time. He has happened to say, he will *guide*. Now, though the Cabinet Council are mighty willing to be guided, when they cannot help it, yet they wish to have appearances saved: they cannot be fond of being told they are to be guided; still less, that other people should be told so. Here, then, is Mr. Pitt and the common-council on one hand, the great lords on the other. I protest, I do not see but it will come to this. Will it allay the confusion, if Mr. Fox is retained on the side of the court? Here are no Whigs and Tories, harmless people, that are content with worrying one another for a hundred and fifty years together. The new parties are, *I will*, and *You shall not*; and their principles do not admit delay. However, this age is of suppler mould than some of its predecessors; and this may come round again, by a *coup de baguette*, when one least expects it. If it should not, the honestest part one can take is to look on, and try if one can do any good if matters go too far.

I am charmed with the Castle of Hercules;<sup>2</sup> it is the boldest pile I have seen since I travelled in Fairyland. You ought to have

<sup>1</sup> I had also some discourse with my Lord Bute, who expressed great resentment, and made very just observations of the tendency of these proceedings of the Common Council, and how like they were to those which preceded the year 1641.—*Duke of Newcastle to Duke of Bedford, Oct. 22, 1761.*—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>2</sup> Alluding to a description of a building in Hesse Cassel, given by Mr. Conway in one of his letters.—WALPOLE.

delivered a princess imprisoned by enchanters in his club: she, in gratitude, should have fallen in love with you: your constancy should have been immaculate. The devil knows how it would have ended—I don't—and so I break off my romance.

You need not beat the French any more this year: it cannot be ascribed to Mr. Pitt; and the mob won't thank you. If we are to have a warm campaign in Parliament, I hope you will be sent for. Adieu! We take the field to-morrow se'nnight.

P.S. You will be sorry to hear that Worksop is burned. My Lady Waldegrave has got a daughter, and your brother an ague.

759. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

*Arlington Street, Nov. 7, 1761.*

You will rejoice to hear that your friend Mr. Amyand<sup>1</sup> is going to marry the dowager Lady Northampton; she has two thousand pounds a-year, and twenty thousand in money. Old Dunch<sup>2</sup> is dead, and Mrs. Felton Hervey<sup>3</sup> was given over last night, but is still alive.

Sir John Cust is Speaker, and bating his nose, the chair seems well filled. There are so many new faces in this Parliament, that I am not at all acquainted with it.

The enclosed print<sup>4</sup> will divert you, especially the baroness in the right-hand corner—so ugly, and so satisfied: the Athenian head was intended for Stuart; but was so like, that Hogarth was forced to cut off the nose. Adieu!

<sup>1</sup> See p. 442.—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>2</sup> Elizabeth Godfrey, daughter of Colonel Godfrey and Arabella Churchill, and wife of Edmund Dunch, of Wittenham, in Berks, Esq., comptroller of the household of George the First. She died November 4, 1761, aged 89. She was the mother of Bell Dunch (Mrs. Thompson), on whom Lady Mary Wortley Montagu wrote an elegy, of Harriet Duchess of Manchester, and of Lady Oxenden. (See Lady Mary W. Montagu's *Works*, ii. 196, and iii. 409; also Lord Hervey's *Memoirs*, ii. 346.) —CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>3</sup> Wife of the Hon. Felton Hervey, ninth son of John, first Earl of Bristol. She died next day, Nov. 8, 1761.—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>4</sup> The Five orders of Periwigs by Hogarth.—CUNNINGHAM.



## 760. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

*Arlington Street, Nov. 14, 1761.*

If my share in our correspondence was all considered, I could willingly break it off; it is wearisome to pursue the thread of folly for so many years, and with the same personages on the scene. Patriotism, prostitution, power, patriotism again—one ought to be new to it all, to see it in an amusing light—but I recollect that you wish to hear it, and I submit to run through a recapitulation of what moves little more than my contempt!

The Common Council (calling themselves the City of London) have given Mr. Pitt a dispensation for taking a pension, on his writing them a letter, in which he acquainted them, that as he could not be monarch for their sakes, he would content himself, like them, with a private station, and with giving all the disturbance he could. You have seen his letters in the papers—my paraphrase is not stronger, than his own commentary on his behaviour. They thanked him, and instructed their members to tread in his steps. Hitherto this flame has had much ado to spread. Exeter, and Stirling, and at last York, are the only towns that have copied the example.

In the midst of this came over the negotiation for peace published in France—a melancholy volume to any feeling heart! You may see what a beneficial, what a splendid peace we might have had; you will not so easily find the reason why we rejected it. You will see nothing but facility on their side, nothing but haughtiness on ours; yet the eyes that the pension and peerage could not open are not purged by this memorial. There are men who wish for more than the world we have conquered!

Well! the Parliament opened; and the first production of the rebaptized patriots, was a *constitutional* proposal from Lord Temple for a *First Minister*. Patriots used to attack such officers, though they intended to be in their place; this is the first time they ever demanded such a post for the good of their country. This was on the address, and was answered by the Duke of Bedford.

A week afterwards the King, Queen, and royal family dined with the Lord Mayor; but a young King, and a new Queen, were by no means the principal objects of attention. A chariot and pair, containing Mr. Pitt and Lord Temple, formed the chief part of the triumph. The reception, acclamation, and distinction paid to Mr.

Pitt through the streets, and the observance of him in Guildhall, were equal to anything you can imagine. You will call his appearance there arrogant,—I do not think it was very well bred. Since that—for pensions stop the mouths only of courtiers, not of the virtuous—he has harangued in the House with exceeding applause; it was fine, guarded, artful—very inflammatory. Don't think I am paying court by censuring a *late* Minister. He is too near being Minister again for mine to be interested conduct. It never was my turn, nor do the examples I see make me more in love with the practice. Nor think me changed lightly about Mr. Pitt—nobody admired him more—you saw it. When he preferred haughtiness to humanity, glory to peaceful glory,—when his disinterestedness could not resist a pension, nor a pension make him grateful—he changed, not I. When he courts a mob, I certainly change; and whoever does court the mob, whether an orator or a mountebank, whether Mr. Pitt or Dr. Rock,<sup>1</sup> are equally contemptible in my eyes. Could I now decide by a wish, he should have remained in place, or have been ruined by his pension. When he would not do all the good in his power, I would leave him no power to do harm,—would that were always the case! Alas! I am a speculatist and he is a statesman; but I have that advantage, or disadvantage, over others of my profession, I have seen too much to flatter myself with visions!

George Pitt, whom you must well remember, is coming to you to Turin, with his lovely wife,<sup>2</sup> all loveliness within and without. If you see my Duchess [Grafton] soon, tell her I trust my letter of thanks for the *découpure*<sup>3</sup> she sent me of herself did not miscarry. We hear your neighbour Sir Richard [Lyttelton] thinks of resigning the Jewel-Office. Adieu!

Nov. 16th.

I HAVE just received yours of the 31st of last month, but can tell you no more than I have already said. We don't know the particulars of the treaty between Spain and France: Lord Bristol<sup>4</sup> is certainly coming home; Lord Temple says, has *demanded* to come, and

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Richard Rock, the Quack Doctor, *ante*, p. 100.—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>2</sup> Penelope, sister of Sir Richard Atkins, wife of George Pitt, afterwards Lord Rivers. [See vol. i. p. 79, and ii. 157.] She is celebrated in Horace Walpole's poem, on the Beauties—ED. 43.

<sup>3</sup> Her figure cut out in card by Monsieur Hubert, of Geneva, who was famous in that art.—WALPOLE.

<sup>4</sup> George William Hervey, Earl of Bristol, ambassador at Madrid.—WALPOLE.



insinuates, from political reasons ; the court calls it asking to come for his health ; he certainly has wished to come before these broils. You may expect new events every day in politics. I don't see how we can make peace, or another war ; even in Germany it is not over for this campaign. Lord Granby and Mr. Conway have been successful in some fresh skirmishes, when I thought the latter gone to Pymont, for his amusement, and the rest of our generals coming home. As he went abroad last, he does not return this winter. When the officers do come I expect a new scene ; we hear of nothing but hardships and abuses ; the German War was already become unpopular, and had Mr. Pitt sunk entirely, would not have supported itself. It will require all the compromising spirit of the age to bring things back into a settled channel. I am not shining in prophecy, so I shall foretell nothing ; while we have a shilling left, it will quiet somebody or other. Good night.

P.S. I have forgot to answer one of your questions, that I can answer : you ask if the City had not rather part with Mr. Pitt than have a Spanish war ? How *tramontane* you are ! I believe the chief reason of their forgiving his pension, was his holding out Spanish plunder to them. Though they say they have ceased to be Jacobites, they have not relinquished the principles of privateering, brokerage, insurance, contracts, and twenty other tenets, not to be found in the *Crusca*.<sup>1</sup> Perhaps, you do not know that merchants thrive by taxes, which ruin everybody else. Your own country is delightful, but you are not acquainted with half its virtues.

## 761. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

*Arlington Street, Nov. 28, 1761.*

I AM much obliged for the notice of Sir Compton's illness ; if you could send me word of peace too, I should be completely satisfied on Mr. Conway's account. He has been in the late action, and escaped, at a time that, I flattered myself, the campaign was at an end. However, I trust it is now. You will have been concerned for young Courtney. The war, we hear, is to be transferred to these islands ; most probably to yours. The Black-Rod I hope, like a herald, is a sacred personage.

<sup>1</sup> Alluding to the celebrated Dictionary of the *Accademici della Crusca*.—CUNNINGHAM.

There has been no authentic account of the Coronation published; if there should be, I will send it. When I am at Strawberry, I believe I can make you out a list of those that walked; but I have no memorandum in town. If Mr. Bentley's play<sup>1</sup> is printed in Ireland, I depend on your sending me two copies.

There has been a very private ball at court, consisting of not above twelve or thirteen couple; some of the lords of the bedchamber, most of the ladies, the maids of honour, and six strangers, Lady Caroline Russell, Lady Jane Stewart, Lord Suffolk, Lord Northampton, Lord Mandeville, and Lord Grey. Nobody sat by, but the Princess, the Duchess of Bedford, and Lady Bute. They began before seven, danced till one, and parted without a supper.

Lady Sarah Lenox has refused Lord Errol; the Duke of Bedford is Privy Seal; Lord Thomond cofferer; Lord George Cavendish comptroller; George Pitt goes minister to Turin; and Mrs. Speed must go thither, as she is marrying the Baron de Perrier, Count Virry's son.<sup>2</sup> Adieu! Commend me to your brother.

## 762. TO THE COUNTESS OF AILESBUURY.

DEAR MADAM:

Arlington Street, Nov. 28, 1761.

You are so bad and so good, that I don't know how to treat you. You give me every mark of kindness but letting me hear from you. You send me charming drawings the moment I trouble you with a commission, and you give Lady Cecilia [Johnston] commissions for

"MR. DODSLEY,

Teddington, May 23, 1762.

<sup>1</sup> "At the time you were disposed to print 'the Wishes,' it was not in my power to let you have it; as Lord Halifax had done me and it the honour to ask for it, to take along with him to Ireland, where it has been acted. At present, I think to give it to the public, not in the state it appeared at Drury Lane, but as *originally written, and recovered from the violent amputations it underwent*. Near a third part of it will be new to the town. If you think it worth a hundred pounds, it is at your service. As I detest bargaining, your 'yes' or 'no' shall determine the matter between us. If you choose to peruse the play in its present condition, I will send it you. I have an Advertisement and a Dedication ready to be prefixed to it.

"I am, Mr. Dodsley, Your humble Servant,

"R. BENTLEY."

[Original letter in possession of Rev. John Mitford.]—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>2</sup> My old friend Miss Speed has done what the world calls a very foolish thing; she has married the Baron de la Peyrière, son to the Sardinian minister, the Count de Viry. He is about twenty-eight years old (ten years younger than herself), but looks nearer forty. This is not the effect of debauchery; for he is a very sober man, good-natured, and honest, and no conjurer.—*Gray to Wharton*. (*Works by Mitford*, vol. iii. p. 263).—WRIGHT. She died in 1783.—CUNNINGHAM.



trifles of my writing, in the most obliging manner. I have taken the latter off her hands. The Fugitive Pieces, and the Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors shall be conveyed to you directly. Lady Cecilia and I agree how we lament the charming suppers there, every time we pass the corner of Warwick Street! We have a little comfort for your sake and our own, in believing that the campaign is at an end, at least for this year—but they tell us, it is to recommence here or in Ireland. You have nothing to do with that. Our politics, I think, will soon be as warm as our war. Charles Townshend is to be lieutenant-general to Mr. Pitt. The Duke of Bedford is privy seal; Lord Thomond, cofferer; Lord George Cavendish, comptroller.

Diversions, you know, Madam, are never at high-water mark before Christmas: yet operas flourish pretty well: those on Tuesdays are removed to Mondays, because the Queen likes the burlettas, and the King cannot go on Tuesdays, his post-days. On those nights we have the middle front box, railed in, where Lady Mary [Coke] and I sit in triste state like a Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress. The night before last there was a private ball at court, which began at half an hour after six, lasted till one, and finished without a supper. The King danced the whole time with the Queen,—Lady Augusta with her four younger brothers. The other performers were: the two Duchesses of Ancaster and Hamilton, who danced little; Lady Effingham and Lady Egremont, who danced much; the six maids of honour; Lady Susan Stewart, as attending Lady Augusta; and Lady Caroline Russel, and Lady Jane Stuart, the only women not of the family. Lady Northumberland is at Bath; Lady Weymouth lies in; Lady Bolingbroke was there in waiting, but in black gloves, so did not dance. The men, besides the royals, were Lords March and Eglintoun, of the bedchamber; Lord Cantelupe, vice-chamberlain; Lord Huntingdon; and four strangers, Lord Mandeville, Lord Northampton, Lord Suffolk, and Lord Grey. No sitters-by, but the Princess, the Duchess of Bedford, and Lady Bute.

If it had not been for this ball, I don't know how I should have furnished a decent letter. Pamphlets on Mr. Pitt are the whole conversation, and none of them worth sending cross the water: at least I, who am said to write some of them, think so; by which you may perceive I am not much flattered with the imputation. There must be new personages, at least, before I write on any side.—Mr. Pitt and the Duke of Newcastle! I should as soon think of informing

the world that Miss Chudleigh is no vestal. You will like better to see some words which Mr. Gray has writ, at Miss Speed's request, to an old air of Geminiani: the thought is from the French.

## I.

Thyrsis, when we parted, swore  
Ere the spring he would return.  
Ah! what means yon violet flower,  
And the bud that decks the thorn?  
'Twas the lark that upward sprung,  
'Twas the nightingale that sung.

## II.

Idle notes! untimely green!  
Why this unavailing haste!  
Western gales and skies serene  
Speak not always winter past.  
Cease my doubts, my fears to move;  
Spare the honour of my love.<sup>1</sup>

Adieu, Madam, your most faithful servant.

## 763. TO SIR DAVID DALRYMPLE

Nov. 30, 1761.

I AM much obliged to you, Sir, for the specimen of letters<sup>2</sup> you have been so good as to send me. The composition is touching, and the printing very beautiful. I am still more pleased with the design of the work; nothing gives so just an idea of an age as genuine letters; nay, history waits for its last seal from them. I have an immense collection in my hands,<sup>3</sup> chiefly of the very time on which you are engaged; but they are not my own.

If I had received your commands in summer when I was at Strawberry Hill, and at leisure, I might have picked you out something to your purpose; at present I have not time, from Parliament and business, to examine them: yet to show you, Sir, that I have great desire to oblige you and contribute to your work, I send you the following singular paper, which I have obtained from Dr. Charles Lyttelton, Dean of Exeter, whose name I will beg you to

<sup>1</sup> Originally, "Dare not to reproach my love."—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>2</sup> "Memorials and Letters relating to the History of Britain in the reigns of James the First and Charles the First," published by Sir David Dalrymple in 1766, from the originals in the Advocates' Library.—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>3</sup> The Conway Papers, *ante* 179.—CUNNINGHAM.



mention in testimony of his kindness, and as evidence for the authenticity of the letter, which he copied from the original in the hands of Bishop Tanner, in the year 1733. It is from Anne of Denmark, to the Marquis of Buckingham.

"ANNA R.

"My kind dogge, if I have any power or credit with you, let me have a trial of it at this time, in dealing sincerely and earnestly with the King, that Sir Walter Raleigh's life may not be called in question. If you do it, so that the success answer my expectation, assure yourself that I will take it extraordinarily kindly at your hands, and rest one that wisheth you well, and desires you to continue still as you have been, a true servant to your master."

I have begun Mr. Hume's History, and got almost through the first volume. It is amusing to one who knows a little of his own country, but I fear would not teach much to a beginner; details are so much avoided by him, and the whole rather skimmed than elucidated. I cannot say I think it very carefully performed. Dr. Robertson's work I should expect would be more accurate.

P. S. There has lately appeared, in four little volumes, a Chinese Tale, called *Hau Kiou Chooan*, not very entertaining from the incidents, but I think extremely so from the novelty of the manner and the genuine representation of their customs.<sup>1</sup>

764. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

*Arlington Street, Dec. 8. 1761.*

I RETURN you the list of prints, and shall be glad you will bring me all to which I have affixed this mark ×. The rest I have; yet the expense of the whole list would not ruin me. Lord Farnham, who, I believe, departed this morning, brings you the list of the Duke of Devonshire's pictures.

I have been told that Mr. Bourk's history was of England, not of Ireland; I am glad it is the latter, for I am now in Mr. Hume's England, and would fain read no more. I not only know what has been written, but what would be written. Our story is so exhausted, that to make it new, they really *make it new*. Mr. Hume has

<sup>1</sup> This pleasing little novel, in which the manners of the Chinese are painted to the life, was a translation from the Chinese by Mr. Wilkinson, and revised for publication by Dr. Percy.—WRIGHT.

exalted Edward the Second, and depressed Edward the Third. The next historian, I suppose, will make James the First a hero, and geld Charles the Second.

Fingal is come out; I have not yet got through it; not but it is very fine—yet I cannot at once compass an epic poem now. It tires me to death to read how many ways a warrior is like the moon, or the sun, or a rock, or a lion, or the ocean. Fingal is a brave collection of similes, and will serve all the boys at Eton and Westminster for these twenty years. I will trust you with a secret, but you must not disclose it; I should be ruined with my Scotch friends; in short, I cannot believe it genuine; I cannot believe a regular poem of six books has been preserved, uncorrupted, by oral tradition, from times before Christianity was introduced into the island. What! preserved unadulterated by savages dispersed among mountains, and so often driven from their dens, so wasted by wars civil and foreign! Has one man ever got all by heart? I doubt it; were parts preserved by some, other parts by others? Mighty lucky, that the tradition was never interrupted, nor any part lost—not a verse, not a measure, not the sense! luckier and luckier. I have been extremely qualified myself lately for this Scotch memory; we have had nothing but a coagulation of rains, fogs, and frosts, and though they have clouded all understanding, I suppose, if I had tried, I should have found that they thickened, and gave great consistence to my remembrance.

You want news—I must make it, if I send it. To change the dullness of the scene I went to the play [at Drury Lane], where I had not been this winter. They are so crowded, that though I went before six, I got no better place than a fifth row, where I heard very ill, and was pent for five hours without a soul near me that I knew. It was *Cymbeline*, and appeared to me as long as if everybody in it went really to Italy in every act, and came back again. With a few pretty passages and a scene or two, it is so absurd and tiresome, that I am persuaded Garrick<sup>1</sup> \* \* \*

<sup>1</sup> The rest of this letter is lost. Garrick played Posthumus.—CUNNINGHAM.



## 765. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

*Strawberry Hill, Dec. 12, 1761.*

You may conclude, my dear sir, that when my letters do not arrive so frequently as you expect, there have been no great events. I never fail you at a new epoch; nay, nor let you lose any considerable links of the political chain. My details, indeed, must be more barren than they were twenty years ago, when I came fresh from talking with you of the *dramatis personæ*, and when your own acquaintance with them was recent. When I mention them now, I talk to you of Sevarambians,<sup>1</sup> of unknown nations; or must enter into more explanations than could be packed up in a letter. The new Opposition have not proceeded very briskly, considering the alertness of their leader: yet they have marked out a camp at the St. Alban's tavern,<sup>2</sup> and in a council of war determined that the chief effort of the campaign should be exerted in behalf of a *perpetual* militia: a measure most unwelcome to many of the great lords, and not peculiarly agreeable to all concerned in that service; yet difficult to be denied now, lest the officers should disband, in a moment when we have so few regulars at home, and are threatened with an invasion, if such a thing can be put in practice. This plan has waited for the arrival from Germany of General George Townshend,<sup>3</sup> the restorer of militia, who is not yet landed; but Lord Strange<sup>4</sup> is to present the bill two days hence. In the mean time, there have passed scenes, which make this attempt more necessary to Mr. Pitt, and which yet may relax the ardour of his half-ally, Charles Townshend,<sup>5</sup> the Secretary at War, who is discontented with the precedence given to George Grenville, and has attended the assemblies at the St. Alban's. Last Wednesday the question of the war in Germany was agitated. The Court support it, for they don't know how to desert it, nor care to be taxed with abatement of vigour; yet the temper of the House of Commons, and the tone even of the advocates for that war, were evidently repugnant to the

<sup>1</sup> There was a political French romance, called *L'Histoire des Sevarambes*.—WALPOLE.

<sup>2</sup> In Pall Mall.—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>3</sup> Eldest son of Charles, Viscount Townshend, whom he succeeded in the title.—WALPOLE.

<sup>4</sup> James Stanley, Lord Strange, only son of the Earl of Derby.—WALPOLE.

<sup>5</sup> Brother to the foregoing George Townshend.—WALPOLE.

measure; still, as it was accorded unanimously, Mr. Pitt had rather matter of triumph. On Friday, his superiority declined strangely, his friends proposed calling for the memorials that have intervened between us and Spain on their late demands. He supported this proposition with great ability, but even his friends the Tories, who had been falling back to him, abandoned him on this motion, which was rejected with great spirit by the Administration; and on putting the question, his numbers were so trifling, that he could not venture a division. If the militia produces no confusion, he must wait for some calamitous moment. The Spanish war is still ambiguous. We do not think they intend it openly; but as any repugnance to it on our side will encourage their flippancies, it is scarce probable but it will arrive, even without the direct intention of either Court. This is the situation of the present minute: your own sagacity will tell you how soon it may be altered.

What an assembly of English dames at Naples! The Duchess of Grafton is at Turin; but, I should think, would soon be at Florence, on her way to Rome. Don't forget to ask her if she received my answer and thanks for her present; I should be vexed if they had not reached her.

The politics occasioned by Mr. Pitt are our only news. The Court, the town, the Theatres, produce no novelty. Mr. Conway will get a little into Gazettes, though not in a light worthy his name, as it will not be for action: Lord Granby is returning, and leaves the command to him. Lady Ailesbury passes the winter with him in quarters—I believe at Osnaburg.

I have told your brother to let me know when a ship sails. I shall send you the fashionable pamphlets, and prints of the King and Queen. His is like, but not so handsome; the Queen's, rather improved in the features, but with less agreeableness in the countenance than she deserves: yet both are sufficient resemblances. Adieu!

P.S. Pray, in the first person's pocket that is returning, send me a little box of pastils, such as they burn in churches; the very best you can get. I have a few left, black and in a pyramidal form, that are delicious.



## 766. TO SIR DAVID DALRYMPLE.

*December 21, 1761.*

YOUR specimen pleases me, and I give you many thanks for promising me the continuation. You will, I hope, find less trouble with printers than I have done. Just when my book was, I thought, ready to appear, my printer ran away, and has left it very imperfect. This is the fourth I have tried, and I own it discourages me. Our low people are so corrupt and such knaves, that being cheated and disappointed are all the fruits of attempting to amuse oneself or others. Literature must struggle with many difficulties. They who print for profit print only for profit; we, who print to entertain or instruct others, are the bubbles of our designs. Defrauded, abused, pirated—don't you think, Sir, one need have resolution? Mine is very nearly exhausted.

## 767. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

*Arlington Street, Dec. 3, 1761. Past midnight.*

I AM this minute come home, and find such a delightful letter from you, that I cannot help answering it, and telling you so before I sleep. You need not affirm, that your ancient wit and pleasantry are revived; your letter is but five and twenty, and I will forgive any vanity, that is so honest, and so well founded. Ireland I see produces wonders of more sorts than one; if my Lord Anson was to go lord-lieutenant, I suppose he would return a ravisher. How different am I from this state of revivification! Even such talents as I had are far from blooming again; and while my friends, or cotemporaries, or predecessors, are rising to preside over the fame of this age, I seem a mere antediluvian; must live upon what little stock of reputation I had acquired, and indeed grow so indifferent that I can only wonder how those, whom I thought as old as myself, can interest themselves so much about a world, whose faces I hardly know. You recover your spirits and wit, Rigby is grown a speaker, Mr. Bentley a poet, while I am nursing one or two gouty friends, and sometimes lamenting that I am likely to survive the few I have left. Nothing tempts me to launch out again; every day teaches me how much I was mistaken in my own parts, and I am in no

danger now but of thinking I am grown too wise; for every period of life has its mistake.

Mr. Bentley's relation to Lord Rochester by the St. Johns is not new to me, and you had more reason to doubt of their affinity by the former marrying his mistress, than to ascribe their consanguinity to it. I shall be glad to see the epistle: are not "The Wishes" to be acted? remember me, if they are printed; and I shall thank you for this new list of prints.

I have mentioned names enough in this letter to lead me naturally to new ill usage I have received. Just when I thought my book finished, my printer ran away, and had left eighteen sheets in the middle of the book untouched, having amused me with sending proofs. He had got into debt, and two girls with child; being two, he could not marry two Hannahs. You see my luck; I had been kind to this fellow; in short, if the faults of my life had been punished as severely as my merits have been, I should be the most unhappy of beings; but let us talk of something else.

I have picked up at Mrs. Dunch's auction the sweetest *Petitot* in the world—the very picture of James the Second, that he gave Mrs. Godfrey,<sup>1</sup> and I paid but six guineas and a half for it.<sup>2</sup> I will not tell you how vast a commission I had given; but I will own, that about the hour of sale, I drove about the door to find what likely bidders there were. The first coach I saw was the *Chudleighs*; could I help concluding, that a *Maid of Honour*, kept by a Duke, [Duke of Kingston] would purchase the portrait of a Duke kept by a *Maid of Honour*—but I was mistaken. The *Oxendens*<sup>3</sup> reserved the best pictures; the fine china, and even the diamonds, sold for nothing; for nobody has a shilling. We shall be beggars if we don't conquer Peru within this half year.

If you are acquainted with my Lady Barrymore, pray tell her that in less than two hours t'other night the Duke of Cumberland lost four hundred and fifty pounds at Loo; Miss Pelham won three hundred, and I the rest. However, in general, Loo is extremely gone to decay; I am to play at Princess Emily's to-morrow for

<sup>1</sup> Arabella Churchill, sister of the great Duke of Marlborough, and mistress of James II. while Duke of York, by whom she had four children; the celebrated Duke of Berwick, the Duke of Albemarle, and two daughters. She married subsequently Colonel Charles Godfrey, master of the jewel office, and died in 1730, leaving by him two daughters, Charlotte (died 1754) Viscountess Falmouth, and Elizabeth (died 1761), wife of Edmund Dunch, Esq., of Wittenham, in Berks.—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>2</sup> At the Strawberry Hill sale in 1842, Miss Burdett Coutts gave 78*l.* 15*s.* for this beautiful miniature.—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>3</sup> Lady Oxenden was Mrs. Dunch's daughter.—CUNNINGHAM.



the first time this winter, and it is with difficulty she has made a party.

My Lady Pomfret is dead on the road to Bath ;<sup>1</sup> and unless the deluge stops, and the fogs disperse, I think we shall all die. A few days ago, on the cannon firing for the King going to the House somebody asked what it was for ? M. de Choiseul replied, " Apparemment, c'est qu'on voit le soleil."

Shall I fill up the rest of my paper with some extempore lines, that I wrote t'other night on Lady Mary Coke having St. Anthony's fire in her cheek ?<sup>2</sup> You will find nothing in them to contradict what I have said in the former part of my letter ; they rather confirm it.

No rouge you wear, nor can a dart  
From Love's bright quiver wound your heart.  
And thought you, Cupid and his mother  
Would unrevenge'd their anger smother ?  
No, no, from heaven they sent the fire  
That boasts St. Anthony its sire ;  
They pour'd it on one peccant part,  
Inflamed your cheek, if not your heart.  
In vain—for see the crimson rise,  
And dart fresh lustre through your eyes ;  
While ruddier drops and baffled pain  
Enhance the white they mean to stain.  
Ah ! nymph, on that unfading face  
With fruitless pencil Time shall trace  
His lines malignant, since disease  
But gives you mightier power to please.

Willes is dead, and Pratt is to be Chief Justice ; Mr Yorke Attorney-General ; Solicitor, I don't know who. Good night ! the watchman cries, past one !

768. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

*Arlington Street, Dec. 28, 1761.*

OUR correspondence is a register of events and æras, a chronicle of wars and revolutions in ministries : stay ! Mr. Pitt is not restored, but the foundation is laid. The last courier is arrived from Spain

<sup>1</sup> The Dowager Countess, so often mentioned in Walpole's Letters,—she died 17th December, 1761.—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>2</sup> Dec. 20, 1761. Wrote a few lines to Lady Mary Coke on her having St. Anthony's fire in her cheek. *Walpole's Short Notes*.—CUNNINGHAM.

we demanded a sight of their treaty with France, or threatened war. They have refused the one, and defied us to the other. Lord Bristol is on the road home [from Madrid]: Fuentes departs immediately. We did not dare to turn out war, as well as Mr. Pitt; and so, I conclude, we shall have both. Three weeks ago he was sunk to nothing; the first calamity will make the nation clamour for him. This will sound very well in his future Plutarch; but, if he had stooped to peace, and had confirmed his conquests, would not his character have been at least as amiable? A single life spared were worth Peru and Mexico, which to be sure he will subdue, the moment we are undone and he becomes necessary.

I know nothing more; but a Spanish war will make my letter as heavy as if it contained eight pages. Young Mr. Pitt<sup>1</sup> is arrived; we have exchanged visits, but have not met yet, as I have been the last four days at Strawberry. The Parliament is adjourned to the nineteenth of January. My Gallery advances, and I push on the works there, for pictures, and baubles, and buildings look to me as if I realised something. I had rather have a Bronze than a thousand pounds in the Stocks; for, if Ireland or Jamaica are invaded, I shall still have my bronze: I would not answer so much for the funds, nor will I buy into the new loan of glory. If the Romans or the Greeks were beat, they were beat; they repaired their walls, and did as well as they could; but they did not lose every sestertee, every talent they had, by the defeat affecting their *Change-Alley*. Crassus, the richest man on t'other side their *Temple Bar*, lost his army and his life, and yet their *East India bonds* did not fall an obolus under par. I like that system better than ours. If people would be heroes, they only suffered themselves by a miscarriage; they had a triumph, or a funeral oration, just as it happened; and private folk were entertained with the one or the other, and nobody was a farthing the richer or poorer; but it makes a strange confusion now that brokers are so much concerned in the events of war. How Scipio would have stared if he had been told that he must not demolish Carthage, as it would ruin several aldermen who had money in the Punic actions! *Apropos*, do you know what a *Bull*, and a *Bear*, and a *Lame Duck*, are? Nay, nor I either; I only am certain that they are neither animals nor fowl, but are extremely interested in the new subscription. I don't believe I apply it right; but I feel as if I should be a *lame*

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Thomas Pitt.—WALPOLE.



*duck* if the Spaniards take the vessel that has my Altar on board.

*Monday, at night.*

I have been abroad, and have heard some particulars that are well worth subjoining to my letter. Fuentes last night delivered copies to the foreign ministers of his master's declaration. It is, properly, the declaration of the King of Spain against Mr. Pitt (a circumstance that will not lessen the dignity of the latter). It intimates that, if we had asked to see the treaty in a civil manner, we might have obtained it; and it pretends still to have no hostile intentions. Fuentes comments on this latter passage at large. You may judge of their pacific sentiments, by hearing that they have threatened the court of Portugal to march an army into that kingdom if they do not declare offensively against us. War was the only calamity left for the Portuguese to experience. When they have dethroned the royal family at Lisbon, I suppose, according to the tenderness of royal brotherhood, Don Carlos will afford his sister, her husband, and their race, an asylum in his own court. How much better he behaved when he was under your tuition at Naples! The same courier brought Fuentes the Toison d'Or, and carried another to the Duc de Choiseul; in return, the Cordon Bleu was given to Grimaldi at Paris. Well, we *must* make our fortune now we have a monopoly of all the war in Europe!

My Lady Pomfret is dead, of a complication of distempers, on the road to Bath. Lady Mary Wortley is not yet arrived. Good night!

769. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

*Arlington Street, Dec. 30, 1761.*

I HAVE received two more letters from you since I wrote last week. and I like to find by them that you are so well and so happy. As nothing has happened of change in my situation but a few more months passed, I have nothing to tell you new of myself. Time does not sharpen my passions or pursuits, and the experience I have had by no means prompts me to make new connections. 'Tis a busy world, and well adapted to those who love to bustle in it; I loved it once, loved its very tempests—now I barely open my window, to view what course the storm takes. The town, who, like the devil, when one has once sold oneself to him, never permits one to have done

playing the fool, believe I have a great hand in their amusements; but to write pamphlets, I mean as a volunteer, one must love or hate, and I have the satisfaction of doing neither. I would not be at the trouble of composing a distich to achieve a revolution. 'Tis equal to me what names are on the scene. In the general view, the prospect is very dark: the Spanish war, added to the load, almost oversets our most sanguine heroism; and now we have an opportunity of conquering all the world, by being at war with all the world, we seem to doubt a little of our abilities. On a survey of our situation, I comfort myself with saying, "Well, what is it to me?" A selfishness that is far from anxious, when it is the first thought in one's constitution; not so agreeable when it is the last, and adopted by necessity alone.

You drive your expectations much too fast, in thinking my *Anecdotes of Painting* are ready to appear, in demanding *three* volumes. You will see but *two*, and it will be February first. True, I have written three, but I question whether the third will be published at all; certainly not soon; it is not a work of merit enough to cloy the town with a great deal at once. My printer ran away, and left a third part of the two first volumes unfinished. I suppose he is writing a tragedy himself, or an epistle to my Lord Melcomb, or a panegyric on my Lord Bute.

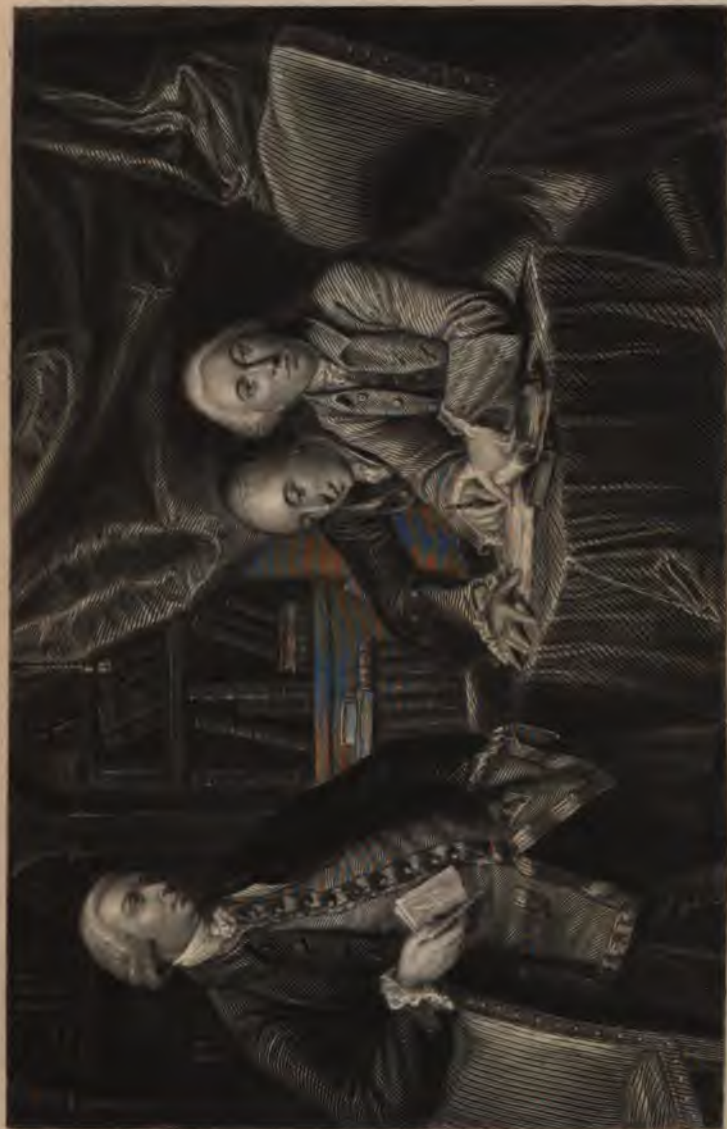
Jemmy Pelham<sup>1</sup> is dead, and has left to his servants what little his servants had left him. Lord Ligonier was killed by the newspapers, and wanted to prosecute them: his lawyer told him it was impossible—a tradesman indeed might prosecute, as such a report might affect his credit. "Well, then," said the old man, "I may prosecute too, for I can prove I have been hurt by this report: I was going to marry a great fortune, who thought I was but seventy-four; the newspapers have said I am eighty, and she will not have me."

Lord Charlemont's 'Queen Elizabeth' I know perfectly; he outbid me for it. Is his villa finished? I am well pleased with the design in Chambers. I have been *my out-of-town* with Lord Waldegrave, Selwyn, and Williams; it was melancholy the missing poor Edgecumbe,<sup>2</sup> who was constantly of the Christmas and Easter parties. Did you see the charming picture Reynolds painted for me

<sup>1</sup> The Hon. James Pelham, of Crowhurst, Sussex. He had been principal secretary to Frederick Prince of Wales, and for nearly forty years secretary to several lords-chamberlain.—WRIGHT.

<sup>2</sup> Richard, Lord Edgecumbe, died 10th May, 1761.—CUNNINGHAM.





See Journal, page 103

GEORGE SELWYN, THE HON. RICHARD EDGCUMBE, & GILLY WILLIAMS.

FROM THE STAMPEDES BY WILLIAM HOW (1857) IN THE POSSESSION OF THE RIGHT HON. ALBERT LABOUCHERE.





of him, Selwyn, and Gilly Williams?<sup>1</sup> It is by far one of the best things he has executed. He has just finished a pretty whole-length of Lady Elizabeth Keppel, in the bridemaids habit, sacrificing to Hymen.<sup>2</sup>

If the Spaniards land in Ireland, shall you make the campaign? No, no, come back to England; you and I will not be patriots, till the Gauls are in the city, and we must take our great chairs and our fasces, and be knocked on the head with decorum in St. James's market. Good night!

P.S. I am told that they bind in vellum better at Dublin than anywhere: pray bring me one book of their binding as well as it can be done, and I will not mind the price. If Mr. Bourk's history appears before your return, let it be that.

## 770. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

*Arlington Street, Jan 4, 1762.*

I WROTE to you but last week, just before I heard from you, so you must look on this only as a postscript. The Spanish war that I announced to you is a full and melancholy answer to your idea, if Sir James Grey<sup>3</sup> had gone to Spain—our sailors must go thither first, either as invaders or prisoners! The War was proclaimed this morning: the proclamation itself shows how little foundation for it. This war was conceived rashly, adopted timidly, carried into practice foolishly, and, I fear, will be executed weakly. But why prophesy, when one hopes to be mistaken?

Besides your letter, I have received one cargo, the Burlettas and the residue of Medicean heads; I am much obliged to you for both. The latter are ill-executed, but curious: by the Bianca Capella, one sees that the Electress<sup>4</sup> is dead. The Uccellatorii,<sup>5</sup> it was, I think,

<sup>1</sup> Engraved for the edition of Walpole's Letters, edited by Mr. Wright. The original picture, a little larger than Cabinet size, was bought by the Right Hon. Henry Labouchere, at the Strawberry Hill sale, for 157*l.* 10*s.*—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>2</sup> Now at Woburn, and one of Reynolds' finest pictures. She married the Marquis of Tavistock, and survived his sudden death a very short time.—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>3</sup> He had been minister at Naples, when Charles King of Spain, was King there, with whom he had been a favourite.—WALPOLE.

<sup>4</sup> The Electress Palatine Dowager, Anne Louisa, was the last of the House of Medici, and from the death of her husband had resided at Florence, where she died very aged. From family pride, she would suffer no print of Bianca Capello, who having been mistress of Duke Francis I., became his wife.—WALPOLE.

<sup>5</sup> A comic opera.—WALPOLE.

that you told me was so pretty. It shall be performed, if they will take it.

Mr. Robinson,<sup>1</sup> whom I begin to know a little, tells me that a great discovery has been lately made in Tuscany, of quantities of Etrurian vases. If they are dispersed and sold, and sold cheap, (for till I have taken an Acapulca ship, I shall be very penurious,) I should be glad of a few, if the forms are beautiful; for what they call *the erudition*, I am totally indifferent. A travelling college tutor may be struck with an uncouth fable, and fancy he unravels some point of mythology, that is not worth unravelling; I hate guessing at ugliness, and I know in general, that mysteries are built on the unskilfulness of the artists; the moment nations grew polished, they were always intelligible. Mr. Robinson tells me too, that the Duke of Marlborough has purchased most of Zanetti's gems at Venice. I remember one (you will say there is no end of my memory) which he has not bought. It was a couchant tiger, in alto relievo, and had been Prince Eugene's. I wish you would enquire about it, and know what he would have for it. Mr. Murray<sup>2</sup> was a good deal an acquaintance of mine in England, and I should think would oblige me about it, but I must know the price first.

My Lady Pomfret has desired to be buried at Oxford. It is of a piece with her life. I dare say she had treasured up some idea of the Countess Matilda, that gave St. Peter his patrimony.<sup>3</sup> How your ghost and mine will laugh at hers, when posterity begins to consecrate her learning!

The Parliament does not meet till the nineteenth; by that time people will have formed some opinion—at present there is much gloom. I don't know whither it will be directed. I have abundance of conjectures, but events so seldom correspond to foresight, that I believe it is as well to act like other soothsayers, and not broach one's visions till they have been fulfilled. Good night.

P.S. I should be glad Mr. Murray would not name *me*. Zanetti<sup>4</sup> cheated my father outrageously; he will think we forgive, and have no objection to being cheated.

<sup>1</sup> Thomas, afterwards the second Lord Grantham.—WALPOLE.

<sup>2</sup> Resident at Venice; he was of the Isle of Man.—WALPOLE.

<sup>3</sup> Lady Pomfret had given her husband's collection of statues to the University of Oxford.—WALPOLE.

<sup>4</sup> Zanetti, a Venetian, had been employed by the Regent of France to buy pictures for him; and afterwards by Sir Robert Walpole.—WALPOLE.



## 771. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

*Arlington Street, Jan. 26, 1762.*

WE have had as many mails due from Ireland as you had from us. I have at last received a line from you; it tells me you are well, which I am always glad to hear; I cannot say you tell me much more. My health is so little subject to alteration, and so preserved by temperance, that it is not worth repetition; thank God you may conclude it is good, if I do not say the contrary.

Here is nothing new but preparations for conquest, and approaches to bankruptcy; and the worst is, the former will advance the latter at least as much as impede it. You say the Irish will live and die with your cousin: I am glad they are so well disposed. I have lived long enough to doubt whether all, who like to live with one would be so ready to die with one. I know it is not pleasant to have the time arrived when one looks about to see whether they would or not; but you are in a country of more sanguine complexion, and where I believe the clergy do not deny the laity the cup.

The Queen's brother arrived yesterday: your brother, Prince John, has been here about a week: I am to dine with him to-day at Lord Dacre's with the Chute. Our burlettas are gone out of fashion: do the Amicis come hither next year, or go to Gaudaloupe, as is said?

I have been told that a Lady Kingsland<sup>1</sup> at Dublin has a picture of Madame Grammont by Petitot: I don't know who Lady Kingsland is, whether rich or poor, but I know there is nothing I would not give for such a picture. I wish you would hunt it: and if the dame is above temptation, do try if you could obtain a copy in water colours, if there is anybody at Dublin could execute it.

The Duchess of Portland has lately enriched me exceedingly; nine portraits of the court of Louis quatorze! Lord Portland brought them over; they hung in the nursery at Bulstrode,<sup>2</sup> the children amused themselves with shooting at them. I have got them, but I will tell you no more, you don't deserve it; you write to

<sup>1</sup> Nicholas Barnewall, third Viscount Kingsland, married Mary, daughter of Frances Jennings, sister to the celebrated Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, by George Count Hamilton; "by which marriage," says Walpole, "the pictures I saw at Tarvey, Lord Kingsland's house, came to him; I particularly recollect the portraits of Count Hamilton and his brother Anthony, and two of Madame Grammont; one taken in her youth, the other in advanced age."—WRIGHT.

<sup>2</sup> The Bulstrode pictures are now (1857) at Welbeck.—CUNNINGHAM.

me as if I were your godfather: "Honoured Sir, I am brave and well, my cousin George is well, we drink your health every night, and beg your blessing." This is the sum total of all your letters. I thought in a new country, and with your spirits and humour, you could have found something to tell me. I shall only ask you now when you return; but I declare I will not correspond with you: I don't write letters to divert myself, but in expectation of returns; in short, you are extremely in disgrace with me; I have measured my letters for some time, and for the future will answer you paragraph for paragraph. You yourself don't seem to find letter-writing so amusing as to pay itself. Adieu!

## 772. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

*Arlington Street, Jan. 29, 1762.*

I WISH you joy, sir minister; the Czarina [Elizabeth] is dead. As *we conquered America in Germany*, I hope we shall overrun Spain by this burial at Petersburg. Yet, don't let us plume ourselves too fast; nothing is so like a Queen as a King, nothing so like a predecessor as a successor. The favourites of the Prince Royal of Prussia, who had suffered so much for him, were wofully disappointed, when he became the present glorious Monarch; they found the English maxim true, that the King never dies; that is, the dignity and passions of the Crown never die. We were not much less defeated of our hopes on the decease of Philip V. The Grand Duke [Peter III.] has been proclaimed Czar at the army in Pomerania; he may love conquest like that army, or not know it is conquering, like his aunt. However, we cannot suffer more by this event. I would part with the Empress Queen, on no better a prospect.

We have not yet taken the galleons, nor destroyed the Spanish fleet. Nor have they enslaved Portugal, nor you made a triumphant entry into Naples. My dear sir, you see how lucky you were not to go thither; you don't envy Sir James Grey,<sup>1</sup> do you? Pray don't make any categorical demands to Marshal Botta,<sup>2</sup> and be obliged to retire to Leghorn, because they are not answered. We want allies; preserve us our friend the Great Duke of Tuscany.

<sup>1</sup> He had been appointed minister to Spain, but the war prevented his going.—WALPOLE.

<sup>2</sup> Commander in Tuscany.—WALPOLE.



I like your answer to Botta exceedingly, but I fear the Court of Vienna is shame-proof. The Apostolic and Religious Empress is not a whit a better Christian, not a jot less a woman, than the late Russian Empress, who gave such proofs of her being a *woman*.

We have a mighty expedition on the point of sailing; the destination not disclosed. The German War loses ground daily; however, all is still in embryo. My subsequent letters are not likely to be so barren, and indecisive. I write more to prove there is nothing, than to tell you any thing.

You were mistaken, I believe, about the Graftons; they do not remove from Turin, till George Pitt<sup>1</sup> arrives to occupy their house there. I am really anxious about the fate of my letter to the Duchess [of Grafton]; I should be hurt if it had miscarried; she would have reason to think me very ungrateful.

I have given your letter to Mr. T[homas] Pitt; he has been very unfortunate since his arrival—has lost his favourite sister in child-bed. Lord Tavistock, I hear, has written accounts of you that give me much pleasure.

I am ashamed to tell you that we are again dipped into an egregious scene of folly. The reigning fashion is a ghost<sup>2</sup>—a ghost, that would not pass muster in the paltriest convent in the Apennine. It only knocks and scratches; does not pretend to appear or to speak. The clergy give it their benediction; and all the world, whether believers or infidels, go to hear it. I, in which number you may guess, go to-morrow; for it is as much the mode to visit the ghost as the Prince of Mecklenburg,<sup>3</sup> who is just arrived. I have not seen him yet, though I have left my name for him. But I will tell you who is come too—Lady Mary Wortley. I went last night to visit her; I give you my honour, and you who know her, would credit me without it, the following is a faithful description. I found her in a little miserable bedchamber of a ready-furnished house, with two tallow candles, and a bureau covered with pots and pans. On her head, in full of all accounts, she had an old black-laced hood, wrapped entirely round, so as to conceal all hair or want of hair. No handkerchief, but up to her chin a kind of horseman's riding-coat, calling itself a *pet-en-l'air*, made of a dark green (green I

<sup>1</sup> Appointed Minister to Turin: afterwards Lord Rivers.—WALPOLE.

<sup>2</sup> The famous Cock Lane Ghost.—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>3</sup> Prince Charles, brother of Queen Charlotte.—CUNNINGHAM.

think it had been) brocade, with coloured and silver flowers, and lined with furs; boddice laced, a foul dimity petticoat sprig'd, velvet muffeteens on her arms, grey stockings and slippers. Her face less changed in twenty years than I could have imagined; I told her so, and she was not so tolerable twenty years ago that she needed have taken it for flattery, but she did, and literally gave me a box on the ear. She is very lively, all her senses perfect, her languages as imperfect as ever, her avarice greater. She entertained me at first with nothing but the dearness of provisions at Helvoet. With nothing but an Italian, a French, and a Prussian, all men servants, and something she calls an *old* secretary, but whose age till he appears will be doubtful; she receives all the world, who go to homage her as Queen Mother,<sup>1</sup> and crams them into this kennel. The Duchess of Hamilton, who came in just after me, was so astonished and diverted, that she could not speak to her for laughing. She says that she has left all her clothes at Venice. I really pity Lady Bute; what will the progress be of such a commencement!

The King of France has avowed a natural son,<sup>2</sup> and given him the estate which came from Marshal Belleisle, with the title of Comte de Gisors. The mother I think is called Matignon or Maquignon. Madame Pompadour was the Bathsheba that introduced this Abishag. Adieu, my dear sir!

## 773. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

*Arlington Street, Feb. 2, 1762.*

I SCOLDED you in my last, but I shall forgive you if you return soon to England, as you talk of doing; for though you are an abominable correspondent, and only write to beg letters, you are good company, and I have a notion I shall still be glad to see you.

Lady Mary Wortley is arrived; I have seen her; I think her avarice, her dirt, and her vivacity, are all increased. Her dress, like her languages, is a galimatias of several countries; the groundwork rags, and the embroidery nastiness. She needs no cap, no handkerchief, no gown, no petticoat, no shoes. An old black-laced hood represents the first; the fur of a horseman's coat, which replaces the third, serves for the second; a dimity petticoat is

<sup>1</sup> She was mother of Lady Bute, wife of the Prime Minister.—WALPOLE.

<sup>2</sup> This was a false report.—WALPOLE.



deputy, and officiates for the fourth; and slippers act the part of the last. When I was at Florence [1740], and she was expected there, we were drawing *Sortes Virgili-anas* for her; we literally drew

Insanam vatem aspicias.

It would have been a stronger prophecy now, even than it was then.

You told me not a word of Mr. Macnaughton,<sup>1</sup> and I have a great mind to be as coolly indolent about our famous Ghost in Cock-lane. Why should one steal half an hour from one's amusements to tell a story to a friend in another island? I could send you volumes on the ghost, and I believe if I were to stay a little, I might send its *life*, dedicated to my Lord Dartmouth, by the Ordinary of Newgate, its two great patrons. A drunken parish clerk set it on foot out of revenge, the Methodists have adopted it, and the whole town of London think of nothing else. Elizabeth Canning and the Rabbit-woman were modest impostors in comparison of this, which goes on without saving the least appearances. The Archbishop, who would not suffer the 'Minor' to be acted in ridicule of the Methodists, permits this farce to be played every night, and I shall not be surprised if they perform in the great hall at Lambeth. I went to hear it, for it is not an *apparition*, but an *audition*. We set out from the Opera, changed our clothes at Northumberland-house, the Duke of York, Lady Northumberland, Lady Mary Coke, Lord Hertford, and I, all in one hackney coach, and drove to the spot: it rained torrents; yet the lane was full of mob, and the house so full we could not get in; at last they discovered it was the Duke of York, and the company squeezed themselves into one another's pockets to make room for us. The house which is borrowed, and to which the ghost has adjourned, is wretchedly small and miserable; when we opened the chamber, in which were fifty people, with no light but one tallow candle at the end, we tumbled over the bed of the child to whom the ghost comes, and whom they are murder-

<sup>1</sup> John Macnaughton, Esq., executed in December 1761 for the murder of Miss Knox, daughter of Andrew Knox, Esq., of Prehen, member of Parliament for Donegal. Macnaughton, who had ruined himself by gambling, sought to replenish his fortune by marriage with this young lady, who had considerable expectations; but as her friends would not consent to their union, and he failed both in inveigling her into a secret marriage, and in compelling her by the suits which he commenced in the ecclesiastical courts to ratify an alleged promise of marriage, he revenged himself by shooting her while riding in a carriage with her father.—WRIGHT.

ing by inches in such insufferable heat and stench. At the top of the room are ropes to dry clothes. I asked, if we were to have rope-dancing between the acts? We had nothing; they told us, as they would at a puppet-show, that it would not come that night till seven in the morning, that is, when there are only 'prentices and old women. We stayed, however, till half an hour after one. The Methodists have promised them contributions; provisions are sent in like forage, and all the taverns and ale-houses in the neighbourhood make fortunes. The most diverting part is to hear people wondering *when it will be found out*—as if there was anything to find out—as if the actors would make their noises when they can be discovered. However, as this pantomime cannot last much longer, I hope Lady Fanny Shirley will set up a ghost of her own at Twickenham, and then you shall *hear* one. The Methodists, as Lord Aylesford assured Mr. Chute two nights ago at Lord Dacre's, have attempted ghosts three times in Warwickshire. There, how good I am!

774. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

*Arlington Street, Feb. 6, 1762.*

You must have thought me very negligent of your commissions; not only in buying your ruffles, but in never mentioning them; but my justification is most ample and verifiable. Your letters of Jan. 2nd arrived but yesterday with the papers of Dec. 29. These are the mails that have so long been missing, and were shipwrecked or something on the Isle of Man. Now you see it was impossible for me to buy you a pair of ruffles for the 18th of January, when I did not receive the orders till the 5th of February.

You don't tell me a word (but that is not new to you) of Mr. Hamilton's wonderful eloquence, which converted a whole House of Commons on the five regiments. We have no such miracles here; five regiments might work such prodigies, but I never knew mere rhetoric gain above one or two proselytes at a time in all my practice.

We have a Prince Charles here, the Queen's brother; he is like her, but more like the Howes; low, but well made, good eyes and teeth. Princess Emily is very ill, has been blistered, and been blooded four times.

My books appear on Monday se'nnight: if I can find any quick



conveyance for them, you shall have them ; if not, as you are returning soon, I may as well keep them for you. Adieu ! I grudge every word I write to you.

775. TO THE REV. WILLIAM COLE.<sup>1</sup>

DEAR SIR :

Tuesday, Feb. 7, 1762.

THE little leisure I have to-day will, I trust, excuse my saying very few words in answer to your obliging letter, of which no part touches me more than what concerns your health, which, however, I rejoice to hear is re-establishing itself.

I am sorry I did not save your trouble of catalogueing Ames's heads, by telling you, that another person has actually done it, and designs to publish a new edition ranged in a different method. I don't know the gentleman's name, but he is a friend of Sir William Musgrave,\* from whom I had this information some months ago.

You will oblige me much by the sight of the volume you mention. Don't mind the epigrams you transcribe on my father. I have been inured to abuse on him from my birth. It is not a quarter of an hour ago since, cutting the leaves of a new dab called 'Anecdotes of Polite Literature,' I found myself abused for having defended my father. I don't know the author, and suppose I never shall, for I find Glover's 'Leonidas' is one of the things he admires—and so I leave them to be forgotten together, *Fortunati Ambo* !

I sent your letter to Ducarel, who has promised me those poems—I accepted the promise to get rid of him t'other day, when he would have talked me to death.

## 776. TO THE REV. HENRY ZOUCHE.

SIR :

Arlington Street, Feb. 13, 1762.

I SHOULD long ago have given myself the pleasure of writing to you, if I had not been constantly in hope of accompanying my letter

<sup>1</sup> This is the first of the series of Letters, written between 1762 and 1782, by Walpole to Cole, the Cambridge antiquary. Cole's MS. Collections, bequeathed by him to the British Museum, have been of great use to the students of English literature and antiquities ; he died in 1782.—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>2</sup> A Commissioner for Auditing the Public Accounts, and a very curious enquirer after English portraits, whose MS. notes I have found of value, and thus gratefully acknowledge the assistance I have received from them.—CUNNINGHAM.

with the 'Anecdotes of Painting,' &c.; but the tediousness of engravers, and the roguery of a fourth printer, have delayed the publication week after week for months: truly I do not believe that there is such a being as an honest printer in the world.

I sent the books to Mr. Whiston, who, I think you told me, was employed by you: he answered, he knew nothing of the matter. Mr. Dodsley has undertaken now to convey them to you, and I beg your acceptance of them: it will be a very kind acceptance if you will tell me of any faults, blunders, omissions, &c., as you observe them. In a first sketch of this nature, I cannot hope the work is anything like complete. Excuse, Sir, the brevity of this. I am much hurried at this instant of publication, and have barely time to assure you how truly I am your humble servant.

#### 777. TO THE EARL OF BUTE.

MY LORD:

*Strawberry Hill, Feb. 15, 1762.*

I AM sensible how little time your lordship can have to throw away on reading idle letters of compliment; yet as it would be too great want of respect to your lordship, not to make some sort of reply to the note<sup>1</sup> you have done me the honour to send me, I thought I could couch what I have to say in fewer words by writing, than in troubling you with a visit, which might come unseasonably, and a letter you may read at any moment when you are most idle. I have already, my lord, detained you too long by sending you a book, which I could not flatter myself you would turn over in such a season of business: by the manner in which you have considered it, you have shown me that your very minutes of amusement you try to turn to the advantage of your country. It was this pleasing prospect of patronage to the arts that tempted me to offer you my pebble towards the new structure. I am flattered that you have taken notice of the only ambition I have: I should be more flattered if I could contribute to the smallest of your lordship's designs for illustrating Britain.

<sup>1</sup> "Lord Bute presents his compliments to Mr. Walpole, and returns him a thousand thanks for the very agreeable present he has made him. In looking over it, Lord Bute observes Mr. Walpole has mixed several curious remarks on the customs, &c., of the times he treats of; a thing much wanted, and that has never yet been executed, except in parts, by Peck, &c. Such a general work would be not only very agreeable, but instructive: the French have attempted it; the Russians are about it; and Lord Bute has been informed Mr. Walpole is well furnished with materials for such a noble work."—*Earl of Bute to Walpole*.—WRIGHT.



The hint your lordship is so good as to give me for a work like Montfaucon's '*Monumens de la Monarchie Française*,' has long been a subject that I have wished to see executed, nor, in point of materials, do I think it would be a very difficult one. The chief impediment was the expense, too great for a private fortune. The extravagant prices extorted by English artists is a discouragement to all public undertakings. Drawings from paintings, tombs, &c. would be very dear. To have them engraved as they ought to be, would exceed the compass of a much ampler fortune than mine; which, though equal to my largest wish, cannot measure itself with the rapacity of our performers.

But, my lord, if his Majesty was pleased to command such a work, on so laudable an idea as your lordship's, nobody would be more ready than myself to give his assistance. I own I think I could be of use in it, in collecting or pointing out materials, and I would readily take any trouble in aiding, supervising, or directing such a plan. Pardon me, my lord, if I offer no more; I mean, that I do not undertake the part of composition. I have already trespassed too much upon the indulgence of the public; I wish not to disgust them with hearing of me, and reading me. It is time for me to have done; and when I shall have completed, as I almost have, the '*History of the Arts*' on which I am now engaged, I did not purpose to tempt again the patience of mankind. But the case is very different with regard to my trouble. My whole fortune is from the bounty of the Crown, and from the public: it would ill become me to spare any pains for the King's glory, or for the honour and satisfaction of my country; and give me leave to add, my lord, it would be an ungrateful return for the distinction with which your lordship has condescended to honour me, if I withheld such trifling aid as mine, when it might in the least tend to adorn your lordship's administration. From me, my lord, permit me to say, these are not words of course or of compliment, this is not the language of flattery; your lordship knows I have no views, perhaps knows that, insignificant as it is, my praise is never detached from my esteem: and when you have raised, as I trust you will, real monuments of glory, the most contemptible characters in the inscription dedicated by your country, may not be the testimony of my lord, &c.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The following passage, in a letter from Gray to Walpole, of the 28th of February has reference to the work projected by Lord Bute: "I rejoice in the good disposition of our Court, and in the propriety of their application to you; the work is a thing so much to be wished; has so near a connection with the turn of your studies and of

## 778. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

*Arlington Street, Feb. 22, 1762.*

My scolding does you so much good, that I will for the future lecture you for the most trifling peccadillo. You have written me a very entertaining letter, and wiped out several debts; not that I will forget one of them if you relapse.

As we have never had a rainbow to assure us that the world shall not be snowed to death, I thought last night was the general *connixation*. We had a tempest of wind and snow for two hours beyond anything I remember: chairs were blown to pieces, the streets covered with tassels and glasses and tiles, and coaches and chariots were filled like reservoirs. Lady Raymond's house in Berkeley-square is totally unroofed; and Lord Robert Bertie,<sup>1</sup> who is going to marry her, may descend into it like a Jupiter Pluvius. It is a week of wonders, and worthy the note of an almanac maker. Miss Draycott, within two days of matrimony, has dismissed Mr. Beauclerc; but this is totally forgotten already in the amazement of a new elopement. In all your reading, true or false, have you ever heard of a young Earl, married to the most beautiful woman in the world, a Lord of the Bedchamber, a general officer, and with a great estate, quitting everything, resigning wife and world, and embarking for life in a packet-boat with a Miss? I fear your connexions will but too readily lead you to the name of the peer; it is Henry Earl of Pembroke, the nymph Kitty Hunter.<sup>2</sup> The town and Lady Pembroke were but too much witnesses to this intrigue, last Wednesday,

your curiosity, and might find such ample materials among your hoards and in your head, that it will be a sin if you let it drop and come to nothing, or worse than nothing, for want of your assistance. The historical part should be in the manner of Henault, a mere abridgment; a series of facts selected with judgment, that may serve as a clue to lead the mind along in the midst of those ruins and scattered monuments of art that time has spared. This would be sufficient, and better than Montfaucon's more diffuse narrative." *Works*, vol. iii. p. 293.—WRIGHT. This method Mr. Walpole had already adopted before he received his friend's letter, for a large memorandum-book of his is extant, with this title-page, 'Collections for a History of the Manners, Customs, Habits, Fashions, Ceremonies, &c. of England; begun February 21, 1762, by Mr. Horace Walpole.'—BERRY. The 'Notes or heads of Chapters' are printed in Walpole's *Works*, vol. v. p. 400.—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>1</sup> Brother to the Duke of Ancaster; he married Lady Raymond, April 8, 1762.—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>2</sup> Miss Catherine Hunter, daughter of Thomas Orby Hunter, Esq., at this time (1762) one of the Lords of the Admiralty. She afterwards married Captain Alured Clarke, who died 16th September, 1832, aged eighty-seven, Field-Marshal Sir Alured Clarke, G.C.B.—CUNNINGHAM.



at a great ball at Lord Middleton's. On Thursday they decamped. However, that the writer of their romance, or I, as he is a Noble Author, might not want materials,<sup>1</sup> the Earl has left a bushel of letters behind him; to his mother, to Lord Bute, to Lord Ligonier, (the two last to resign his employments,) and to Mr. Stopford, whom he acquits of all privity to his design. In none he justifies himself, unless this is a justification, that having long tried in vain to make his wife hate and dislike him, he had no way left but this, and it is to be hoped he will succeed; and then it may not be the worst event that could have happened to her. You may easily conceive the hubbub such an exploit must occasion. With ghosts, elopements, abortive motions, &c., we can amuse ourselves tolerably well, till the season arrives for taking the field and conquering the Spanish West Indies.

I have sent you my books by a messenger; Lord Barrington was so good as to charge himself with them. They barely saved their distance; a week later, and no soul could have read a line in them, unless I had changed the title-page, and called them 'The Loves of the Earl of Pembroke and Miss Hunter.'

I am sorry Lady Kingsland is so rich. However, if the Papists should be likely to rise, pray disarm her of the enamel, and commit it to safe custody in the round tower at Strawberry. Good night! mine is a life of letter writing; I pray for a peace that I may sheath my pen.

779. TO DR. DUCAREL.

SIR:

Feb. 24, 1762.

I AM glad my books have at all amused you, and am much obliged to you for your notes and communications. Your thought of an English Montfaucon accords perfectly with a design I have long had of attempting something of that kind, in which too I have been lately encouraged; and therefore I will beg you at your leisure, as they shall occur, to make little notes of customs, fashions, and portraits, relating to our history and manners. Your work on vicarages, I am persuaded, will be very useful, as everything you undertake is, and curious.—After the medals I lent Mr. Perry, I

<sup>1</sup> For further materials consult *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1762, p. 134. — CUNNINGHAM.

have a little reason to take it ill, that he has entirely neglected me ; he has published a number, and sent it to several persons, and never to me.<sup>1</sup> I wanted to see him too, because I know of two very curious medals, which I could borrow for him. He does not deserve it at my hands, but I will not defraud the public of any thing valuable ; and therefore, if he will call on me any morning, but a Sunday or Monday, between eleven and twelve, I will speak to him of them. —With regard to one or two of your remarks, I have not said that *real* lions were originally leopards. I have said that lions in arms, that is, *painted* lions, were leopards ; and it is fact, and no inaccuracy. Paint a leopard yellow, and it becomes a lion.—You say, colours *rightly* prepared do not grow black. The art would be much obliged for such a preparation. I have not said that oil-colours would not endure with a glass ; on the contrary, I believe they would last the longer.

I am much amazed at Vertue's blunder about my Marriage of Henry. VII. ; and afterwards, he said, "Sykes, knowing how to give names to pictures to make them sell," called this the Marriage of Henry VII. ; and afterwards, he said, Sykes had the figures inserted in an old picture of a church. He must have known little indeed, Sir, if he had not known how to name a picture that he had painted on purpose that he might call it so ! That Vertue, on the strictest examination, could not be convinced that the man was Henry VII., not being like any of his pictures. Unluckily, he is extremely like the shilling, which is much more authentic than any picture of Henry VII. But here Sykes seems to have been extremely deficient in his tricks. Did he order the figure to be painted like Henry VII., and yet could not get it painted like him, which was the easiest part of the task ? Yet how came he to get the Queen painted like, whose representations are much scarcer than those of her husband ? and how came Sykes to have pomegranates painted on her robe, only to puzzle the cause ? It is not worth adding, that I should much sooner believe the church was painted to the figures, than the figures to the church. They are hard and antique : the church in a better style, and at least more fresh. If Vertue had made no better criticisms than these, I would never have taken so much trouble with his MS. Adieu !

<sup>1</sup> A series of English Medals, by Francis Perry, 4to. with thirteen plates.—WRIGHT.



## 780. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

*Arlington Street, Feb. 25, 1762.*

WE have not written to one another a great while : nothing has happened here very particular of a public nature. Our great expedition under Lord Albemarle is not yet sailed, but waits, I believe, for a card from Martinico, to know how it will be received there. We have another preparing for Lisbon ; Lord Tyrawley is to command it. Dunn, a Jacobite Irishman, who married the daughter of Humphrey Parsons,<sup>1</sup> the brewer, and much in favour at Versailles, is named to counterwork Lord Tyrawley at Lisbon. Just at present we have a distant vision of peace ; every account speaks the new Czar disposed to Prussia,—I hope no farther than to help him to a treaty, not to more glory and blood.

We have had an odd kind of Parliamentary opposition, composed only of the King's own servants. In short, in the House of Lords the Duke of Bedford made a motion against the German war ; but the previous question was put and carried by 105 to 16. Seven of the minority protested. Yet this stifled motion attempted to take root in our House. Young Bunbury,<sup>2</sup> whom I sent to you, and whom you have lately sent us back, and who is enrolled in a club of chicken orators, notified a day on which he intended to move such a question as had appeared in the Lords. When the day came, no Mr. Bunbury came—till it was too late. However, he pretended to have designed it, and on the 15th appointed himself to make it on the 17th, but was again persuaded off, or repented, and told us he would reserve himself and his objections for the day of the subsidy to Prussia. Nothing was ever more childish than these scenes. To show himself more a man, he is going to marry Lady Sarah Lenox, who is very pretty, from exceeding bloom of youth : but, as she has no features, and her beauty is not likely to last so long as her betrothed's, he will probably repent this step, like his motions.

We have one of the Queen's brothers here, Prince Charles ; and she herself, I believe, is breeding—a secret that, during the life

<sup>1</sup> A well-known Jacobite Lord Mayor of London. Mr. Dunn, who married his eldest daughter, took the title of Count O'Dunn.—WALPOLE.

<sup>2</sup> He was afterwards Sir Thomas Charles Bunbury.—WALPOLE. He died in 1821, in his 81st year.—CUNNINGHAM.

of old Cosimo Riccardi,<sup>1</sup> would have given you great weight with him.

Our foolish Ghost, though at last detected, lasted longer than it was in fashion: the girl made the noises herself; and the Methodists were glad to have such a key to the credulity of the mob. Our bishops, who do not discountenance an imposture, even in the subdivisions of their religion, looked mighty wise, and only took care not to say anything silly about it, which, I assure you, considering the capacities of most of them, was a good deal.

You have not sent word to your brother or me what the Altar cost. I should much oftener plague you with commissions, if you would draw for them. If you will not, I must totally stop, concluding you had rather bestow your money than your trouble. I have at this moment a job, with which I will make the trial. I have been informed that at Leghorn, the palace (I suppose the Great Duke's) and the front of a church (I don't know which) were designed by Inigo Jones. If you can discover them and ascertain the fact, or great probability of it, I should be glad to have drawings of them; but subject to the conclusion I have stated above. You know I never was at Leghorn, so know nothing of this myself.

I almost wish to stop here, and not relate the cruel story I am going to tell you; for though you are no ways interested for any of the persons concerned, your tender nature will feel for some of them, and be shocked for all. Lord Pembroke—Earl, Lord of the Bedchamber, Major-General, possessed of ten thousand pounds a-year, Master of Wilton, husband of one of the most beautiful creatures<sup>2</sup> in England, father of an only son, and himself but eight-and-twenty to enjoy this assemblage of good fortune,—is gone off with Miss Hunter, daughter to one of the Lords of the Admiralty, a handsome girl with a fine person, but silly and in no degree lovely as his own wife, who has the face of a Madonna, and, with all the modesty of that idea, is doatingly fond of him. He left letters resigning all his employments, and one to witness to the virtue of Lady Pembroke, whom he says he has long tried in vain to make hate and dislike him. It is not yet known

<sup>1</sup> An old Marquis Riccardi, at Florence, who was very inquisitive about pregnancies, christenings, &c.—WALPOLE.

<sup>2</sup> Lady Elizabeth Spencer, younger sister of George Duke of Marlborough.—WALPOLE. This great beauty did not die till the 30th of April, 1831; she was then ninety-three.—CUNNINGHAM.



whither this foolish guilty couple have bent their course; but you may imagine the distress of the Earl's family, and the resentment of the house of Marlborough, who doat on their sister: Miss Helen's family too takes it for no honour. Her story is not so uncommon; but did ever one hear of an Earl running away from himself?

I have just published a new book, a sort of History of the Arts in England; I will send it you on the first opportunity. Adieu!

## 781. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

*Arlington Street, Feb. 25, 1762.*

I sent you my gazette but two days ago; I now write to answer a kind long letter I have received from you since.

I have heard of my brother's play several years ago; but I never understood that it was completed, or more than a few detached scenes. What is become of Mr. Bentley's play ['The Wishes'] and Mr. Bentley's epistle?

When I go to Strawberry, I will look for where Lord Cutts was buried; I think I can find it. I am disposed to prefer the younger picture of Madame Grammont by Lely; but I stumbled at the price; twelve guineas for a copy in enamel is very dear. Mrs. Vesey tells me, his originals cost sixteen, and are not so good as his copies. I will certainly have none of his originals. His, what is his name? I would fain resist his copy; I would more fain excuse myself for having it. I say to myself, it would be rude not to have it, now Lady Kingsland and Mr. Montagu have had so much trouble—well—"I think I must have it," as my Lady Wishfort says, "Why does not the fellow take me?" Do try if he will not take ten; remember it is the younger picture; and, oh! now you are remembering, don't forget all my prints and a book bound in vellum. There is a thin folio too I want, called 'Hibernica';<sup>2</sup> it is a collection of curious papers, one a translation by Carew Earl of Totness: I had forgot that you have no books in Ireland; however, I must have this, and your pardon for all the trouble I give you.

No news yet of the runaways [Earl of Pembroke and Kitty Hunter]:

<sup>1</sup> *Anecdotes of Painting in England.*—WALPOLE.

<sup>2</sup> 'Hibernica; or some Ancient Pieces relating to Ireland,' published at Dublin in 1757, by Walter Harris.—WRIGHT.

but all that comes out antecedent to the escape, is more and more extraordinary and absurd. The day of the elopement he had invited his wife's family and other folk to dinner with her, but said he must himself dine at a tavern; but he dined privately in his own dressing-room, put on a sailor's habit, and black wig, that he had brought home with him in a bundle, and threatened the servants he would murder them if they mentioned it to his wife. He left a letter for her, which the Duke of Marlborough was afraid to deliver to her, and opened. It desired she would not write to him, as it would make him completely mad. He desires the King would preserve his rank of Major-General, as some time or other he may serve again. Here is an indifferent epigram made on the occasion: I send it you, though I wonder anybody could think it a subject to joke upon.

As Pembroke a horseman by most is accounted,  
'Tis not strange that his lordship a Hunter has mounted.

Adieu! yours ever.

#### 782. TO THE COUNTESS OF AILESBUURY.

MADAM:

*Strawberry Hill, March 5, 1762.*

ONE of your slaves, a fine young officer, brought me two days ago a very pretty medal from your ladyship. Amidst all your triumphs you do not, I see, forget your English friends, and it makes me extremely happy. He pleased me still more, by assuring me that you return to England when the campaign opens. I can pay this news by none so good as by telling you that we talk of nothing but peace. We are equally ready to give law to the world, or peace. Martinico has not made us intractable. We and the new Czar are the best sort of people upon earth: I am sure, Madam, you must adore him; he is willing to resign all his conquests, that you and Mr. Conway may be settled again at Park-place. My Lord Chesterfield, with the despondence of an old man and the wit of a young one, thinks the French and Spaniards must make some attempt upon these islands, and is frightened lest we should not be so well prepared to repel invasions as to make them: he says, "What will it avail us if we gain the whole world, and lose our own soul!"



I am here alone, Madam, and know nothing to tell you. I came from town on Saturday for the worst cold I ever had in my life, and, what I care less to own even to myself, a cough. I hope Lord Chesterfield will not speak more truth in what I have quoted, than in his assertion, that one need not cough if one did not please. It has pulled me extremely, and you may believe I do not look very plump, when I am more emaciated than usual. However, I have taken James's powder for four nights, and have found great benefit from it; and if Miss Conway does not come back with *soixante et douze quartiers*, and the hauteur of a landgravine, I think I shall still be able to run down the precipices at Park-place with her—This is to be understood, supposing that we have any summer. Yesterday was the first moment that did not feel like Thule: not a glimpse of spring or green, except a miserable almond-tree, half opening one bud, like my Lord Powerscourt's eye.

It will be warmer, I hope, by the King's birthday, or the old ladies will catch their deaths. There is a court dress to be instituted—to thin the drawing-rooms—stiff-bodied gowns and bare shoulders. What dreadful discoveries will be made both on fat and lean! I recommend to you the idea of Mrs. Cavendish, when half-stark; and I might fill the rest of my paper with such images, but your imagination will supply them; and you shall excuse me, though I leave this a short letter: but I wrote merely to thank your ladyship for the medal, and, as you perceive, have very little to say, besides that known and lasting truth, how much I am Mr. Conway's and your ladyship's faithful humble servant.

## 783. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

*Arlington Street, March 9, 1762.*

I AM glad you have received my books safe, and are content with them. I have little idea of Mr. Bentley's; though his imagination is sufficiently Pindaric, nay obscure, his numbers are not apt to be so tuneful as to excuse his flights. He should always give his wit, both in verse and prose, to somebody else to make up. If any of his things are printed at Dublin, let me have them; I have no quarrel with his talents. Your cousin's [Earl of Halifax's] behaviour has been handsome, and so was his speech, which is printed in our papers. Advice is arrived to-day, that our troops have made good their landing at Martinico; I don't know any of the incidents yet.

You ask me for an epitaph for Lord Cutts;<sup>1</sup> I scratched out the following lines last night as I was going to bed; if they are not good enough, pray don't take them: they were written in a minute, and you are under no obligation to like them.

Late does the Muse approach to Cutts's grave,  
But ne'er the grateful Muse forgets the brave;  
He gave her subjects for the immortal lyre,  
And sought in idle hours th' tuneful choir;  
Skilful to mount by either path to fame,  
And dear to memory by a double name.  
Yet if ill known amid the Aonian groves,  
His shade a stranger and unnoticed roves,  
The dauntless chief a nobler band may join:  
They never die who conquer'd at the Boyne.

The last line intends to be popular in Ireland; but you must take care to be certain that he was at the battle of the Boyne;<sup>2</sup> I conclude so; and it should be specified the year, when you erect the monument. The latter lines mean to own his having been but a moderate poet, and to cover that mediocrity under his valour; all which is true. Make the sculptor observe the stops.

I have not been at Strawberry above a month, nor ever was so long absent; but the weather has been cruelly cold and disagreeable. We have not had a single dry week since the beginning of September; a great variety of weather, all bad. Adieu!

784. TO THE REV. HENRY ZOUCHE.

*Arlington Street, March 20, 1762.*

I AM glad you are pleased, Sir, with my 'Anecdotes of Painting;' but I doubt you praise me too much: it was an easy task when I had the materials collected, and I would not have the labours of forty years, which was Vertue's case, depreciated in compliment to the work of four months, which is almost my whole merit. Style is become, in a manner, a mechanical affair, and if to much ancient

<sup>1</sup> John Lord Cutts, a soldier of most hardy bravery in King William's wars. He died at Dublin in January 1706, and is buried there in the cathedral of Christ Church. Swift's Description of a Salamander alludes to this lord; who was called by the Duke of Marlborough the Salamander, on account of his always being in the thickest of the fire. He published, in 1687, 'Political Exercises, written upon several occasions.'—WRIGHT. "Swift wrote a lampoon on Cutts, so dull and so nauseously scurrilous, that Ward or Gildon would have been ashamed of it, entitled the 'Description of a Salamander.'" *Macaulay's Hist.* iv. 589.—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>2</sup> Lord Cutts was present (see *Macaulay's Hist.* vol. iii. p. 625).—CUNNINGHAM.



lore our antiquaries would add a little modern reading, to polish their language and correct their prejudices, I do not see why books of antiquities should not be made as amusing as writings on any other subject. If Tom Hearne had lived in the world, he might have writ an agreeable history of dancing; at least, I am sure that many modern volumes are read for no reason but for their being penned in the dialect of the age.

I am much beholden to you, dear Sir, for your remarks; they shall have their due place whenever the work proceeds to a second edition, for that the nature of it as a record will ensure to it. A few of your notes demand a present answer: the Bishop of Imola pronounced the nuptial benediction at the marriage of Henry VII., which made me suppose him the person represented.<sup>1</sup>

Burnet, who was more a judge of characters than statues, mentions the resemblance between Tiberius and Charles II.; but, as far as countenances went, there could not be a more ridiculous prepossession; Charles had a long face, with very strong lines, and a narrowish brow; Tiberius a very square face, and flat forehead, with features rather delicate in proportion. I have examined this imaginary likeness, and see no kind of foundation for it. It is like Mr. Addison's Travels, of which it was so truly said, he might have composed them without stirring out of England.<sup>2</sup> There are a kind of naturalists who have sorted out the qualities of the mind, and allotted particular turns of features and complexions to them. It would be much easier to prove that every form has been endowed with every vice. One has heard much of the vigour of Burnet himself; yet I dare to say, he did not think himself like Charles II.

I am grieved, Sir, to hear that your eyes suffer; take care of them; nothing can replace the satisfaction they afford: one should hoard them, as the only friend that will not be tired of one when one grows old, and when one should least choose to depend on others for entertainment. I most sincerely wish you happiness and health in that and every other instance.

<sup>1</sup> Whatever was Mr. Zouch's correction (in which Mr. Walpole seems to acquiesce), no alteration seems to have been made in the passage about the bishop of Imola. This curious picture is [1822] at Strawberry Hill, and should be in the Royal Collection.—CROKER.

<sup>2</sup> Fielding says and justly, that Addison in his Travels is to be looked upon rather as a commentator on the classics than as a writer of travels. (*Voyage to Lisbon*).—CUNNINGHAM.

## 785. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

*Arlington Street, March 22, 1762.*

YOU have nothing to do but to send for a conquest, and I send it you: Martinico is yours. Victory, it seems, did not expire with George II., nor resign with Mr. Pitt. The whole island was not subdued when the express came away, but little remained to be mastered. In short, General Monckton,<sup>1</sup> by the first despatch, promised it all, and when he has so well kept the greatest part of his word, it would be abominable to doubt the residue. He is a hero in all the forms, eager to engage, and bold to perform. This conquest is entirely owing to his bravery, to his grenadiers, and his sailors, and I don't question but he will achieve the whole, though George Townshend is not there to take the capitulation and the glory out of his mouth.<sup>2</sup> The great fear was the climate: of that I own I shall be as much afraid when we have got the island, for it cannot be an article of the surrender that the climate should only kill its enemies, not its masters. This is a vast event, and must be signally so to Lord Albemarle, who will find a victorious army ready to sail with him on new exploits; and the Spaniards, I should think, are not more trained than the French, not to be surprised at our hardness.

Well! I wish we had conquered the world, and had done! I think we were full as happy when we were a peaceable quiet set of tradesfolks, as now that we are heirs-apparent to the Romans, and overrunning East and West Indies. The new Czar [Peter III.] seems to admire heroes more than I do; he is quite an enthusiast to the King of Prussia; it may save the latter, but woe to the world when such a portion of the globe is in the hands of a man who admires a great general! I can tell you no more of Martinico than you will see in the Gazette, nor little else that is new. Lord Pembroke is quite forgotten. He and his nymph [Miss Hunter] were brought back by a privateer, who had obligations to her father, but the father desired no such recovery, and they are again gone in quest of adventures. The Earl was so kind as to invite his wife to accompany them; and she, who is all gentleness and tenderness,

<sup>1</sup> Robert Monckton [died 1782], brother of the Viscount Galway.—WALPOLE. See Walpole's *George III.* vol. i. p. 143.—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>2</sup> George Lord Townshend, on the death of General Wolfe, received the capitulation of Quebec.—WALPOLE.



was with difficulty withheld from acting as mad a part from goodness, as he had done from guilt and folly.

Your master, Lord Egremont, is dying of an apoplectic lethargy; and your friend, Lord Melcombe, will, I believe, succeed him. Your old acquaintance, Mrs. Goldsworthy,<sup>1</sup> was t'other night at Bedford-house; I never saw her, and wanted to see her, but missed her. Lady Mary Wortley too was there, dressed in yellow velvet and sables, with a decent laced head and a black hood, almost like a veil, over her face. She is much more discreet than I expected, and meddles with nothing—but she is wofully tedious in her narrations.

By this time you have seen my charming Duchess [of Grafton]. I shall build an altar to Pam, for having engaged her, when the house fell at Rome, where she was invited to a concert.

You scold me for going to see the Ghost, and I don't excuse myself; but in such a town as this, if a ghost is in fashion, one must as much visit it, as leave one's name with a new Secretary of State. I expect soon that I shall keep Saints' days, for enthusiasm is growing into fashion too; and while they are cancelling holidays at Rome, the Methodists are reviving them here. We have never recovered Masquerades since the earthquake at Lisbon. Your country is very victorious, but by no means a jot wiser than it was.

I hope, and I think I did not forget to tell you how much I like the Altar; you are not apt to neglect a commission, or to execute it ill. My Gallery and Tribune will be finished this summer, and then I shall trouble you about the brocadella. Mr. T[homas] Pitt has taken a sweet little house just by me at Twickenham, which will be a comfortable addition to my villeggiatura. Adieu!

P.S. I am sorry for my Florentine friends, that they are losing their good governor, Marshal Botta—there are not many of the species in an Austrian Court.

786. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

*Arlington Street, March 22, 1762.*

You may fancy what you will, but the eyes of all the world are not fixed upon Ireland. Because you have a little virtue, and a

<sup>1</sup> Her husband had been consul at Leghorn.—WALPOLE. See vol. i. p. 79.—CUNNINGHAM.

Lord Lieutenant [Halifax]<sup>1</sup> that refuses four thousand pounds a-year, and a Chaplain [Crane]<sup>2</sup> of a Lord Lieutenant that declines a huge bishopric, and a Secretary [Single-Speech Hamilton], whose eloquence can convince a nation of blunderers, you imagine that nothing is talked of but the castle of Dublin. In the first place, virtue may sound its own praises, but it never is praised; and in the next place there are other feats besides self-denials; and for eloquence, we overflow with it. Why, the single eloquence of Mr. Pitt, like an annihilated star, can shine many months after it has set. I tell you it has conquered Martinico.<sup>3</sup> If you will not believe me, read the Gazette; read Monckton's letter; there is more martial spirit in it than in half Thucydides, and in all the grand Cyrus. Do you think Demosthenes or Themistocles ever raised the Grecian stocks two per cent. in four-and-twenty hours? I shall burn all my Greek and Latin books, they are histories of little people. The Romans never conquered the world, till they had conquered three parts of it, and were three hundred years about it; we subdue the globe in three campaigns; and a globe, let me tell you, as big again as it was in their days. Perhaps you may think me proud; but you don't know that I had some share in the reduction of Martinico; the express was brought by my godson, Mr. Horatio Gates; and I have a very good precedent for attributing some of the glory to myself: I have by me a love-letter, written during my father's administration, by a journeyman tailor to my brother's second chambermaid; his offers were honourable; he proposed matrimony, and to better his terms, informed her of his pretensions to a place; they were founded on what he called, "some services to the government." As the nymph could not read, she carried the epistle to the housekeeper to be deciphered, by which

<sup>1</sup> The Irish House of Commons having voted an address to the King to increase the salary of the Lord Lieutenant, the Earl of Halifax declined having any augmentation.—WRIGHT.

<sup>2</sup> Dr. Crane, chaplain to the Earl of Halifax, had refused the bishopric of Elphin.—WRIGHT.

<sup>3</sup> Sir Richard Lyttelton, in a letter to Mr. Pitt, written from Rome on the 14th of April, says, "I cannot forbear congratulating you on the glorious conquest of Martinico, which, whatever effect it may have on England, astonishes all Europe, and fills every mouth with praise and commendation of the noble perseverance and superior ability of the planner of this great and decisive undertaking. His Holiness told Mr. Weld, that, were not the information such as left no possibility of its being doubted, the news of our success could not have been credited; and that so great was the national glory and reputation all over the world, that he esteemed it the highest honour to be born an Englishman. If this, sir, be the end of your administration, I shall only say *finis coronat opus*." *Chatham Correspondence*, vol. ii. p. 173.—WRIGHT.



means it came into my hands. I inquired what were the merits of Mr. vice Crispin, was informed that he had made the suit of clothes for a figure of Lord Marr, that was burned after the Rebellion. I hope now you don't hold me too presumptuous for pluming myself on the reduction of Martinico. However, I shall not aspire to a post, nor to marry my Lady Bute's Abigail. I only trust my services to you as a friend, and do not mean under your temperate administration to get the list of Irish pensions loaded with my name, though I am godfather to Mr. Horatio Gates.

The Duchess of Grafton and the English have been miraculously preserved at Rome by being at Loo, instead of going to a great concert, where the palace fell in, and killed ten persons and wounded several others. I shall send orders to have an altar dedicated in the Capitol.

Pammio O. M.  
Capitolino  
Ob Annam Ducissam de Grafton  
Merito Incolumem.

I tell you of it now, because I don't know whether it will be worth while to write another letter on purpose. Lord Albemarle takes up the victorious grenadiers at Martinico, and in six weeks will conquer the Havannah. Adieu !

## 787. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

*Arlington Street, April 13, 1762.*

I AM two letters in your debt, without much capital to pay them. This twilight between Parliament and the Campaign is not favourable for news. The Houses are not prorogued indeed, but the end of a Session always languishes, and we actually are adjourned for the holidays; and what is more, for Newmarket. All that was reported of the Czar proves true, but is of consequence only to the King of Prussia; even the conquest of Martinico has not advanced the Peace. The other Empress must die too, I believe, before her rage will subside. Portugal cries out for help, and our troops are going thither; but I don't think that every Spanish soldier in the world will march to Lisbon. There are some grumblings in Ireland, which look as if that kingdom would not be quite inactive this summer. A set of levellers there have been committing great disorders for some time, and we think there is a leaven of French

officers and Spanish gold among them. Two regiments of dragoons have been ordered against them, and are to be followed by some foot. In short, our enemies must try something, and cannot sit entirely tranquil, while the Havannah is probably following the fate of Martinico. Well! we may make a bad peace at last, and yet keep a good deal!

I don't know how to execute the request made to Palombo<sup>1</sup> for my father's history, for the *nouvelles littéraires*. I have very slender opinion of the capacity of such panegyrists. Anecdotes, which they could not comprehend, and would mangle, are not fit to be dispensed to such shops. All I can do, I think, is to transcribe the principal dates of his life from Collins's 'Peerage,' for there is no good life of him: this, I suppose, would content both Italian writers and readers. If I have time before the post goes out, I will subjoin the extract to this letter, or send it by next mail.

It was very true that Miss Hunter was brought back by a privateer, but her father desired she might be released; so they sailed again. Don't compassionate Lord Pembroke; he is a worthless young fellow. He does nothing but write tender and mournful letters to his charming wife, which distress her, and are intended to draw money from her. He is forgotten here, which is the best thing can happen to him.

How could I not commend the Altar? It was just the thing I wished, and, if anything, prettier than I wished. I would by no means come into the tariff you propose to me between us, if I did not think it would be convenient to you. I wish so much to contribute to your satisfaction in any shape, that if it would facilitate it I would even consent to your paying for your commissions; but then you must take care they are numerous. Your brother James is really a good creature, but he is not your brother Gal.; there was but one he! James has no notion of the delicacies and attentions of friendship,—I hope I have; therefore let me be your factotum. Write to me and employ me without reserve, and you shall prescribe your own terms,—that is, if they are not too much in my favour. To open the intercourse, I desire you will send me the new volume of Herculaneum; it is the third, but only the second of prints. Don't let us balk our wishes, but without ceremony draw bills regularly for the commissions we execute; and paying them shall be all your brother James shall do.

<sup>1</sup> Secretary to Sir Horace Mann.—WALPOLE



Mr. T. Pitt has taken a small house at Twickenham, within a stone's throw of me. This will add to the comfort of my Strawberry-tide. He draws Gothic with taste, and is already engaged on the ornaments of my Cabinet and Gallery. Adieu !

P.S. Here are the notes for my father's eulogium. I fear you will be plagued in translating the terms into Italian. Let them look to the Latin.

ROBERT WALPOLE was born at Houghton in Norfolk, August 26th, 1675. He was third son of Robert Walpole of the same place, but his two elder brothers dying before their father, he succeeded the latter, in 1700, in an estate of above 2000*l.* a-year : and was chosen member of parliament for Lynn in every parliament, except in the year 1711, from his father's death till his own admission into the peerage in 1742.

He was extremely in the confidence of the Lord Treasurer Godolphin, and particularly employed by him in drawing Queen Anne's speeches. On the change of the Ministry great offers were made to him by Lord Treasurer Oxford, but he adhered steadily to the Whig party, and was so formidable to the Tory administration that they sent him to the Tower ; after he had been one of the council to Prince George in the Admiralty in 1705, Secretary at War in 1707, and Treasurer of the Navy in 1709. In that year he was one of the managers of the House of Commons against Dr. Sacheverel.

On the accession of George I., he was made Paymaster of the Forces ; and in October 1715 was appointed First Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer ; and the same year was elected Chairman of the Secret Committee appointed to inquire into the conduct of Queen Anne's last Administration.

On the differences between the King and Prince of Wales, he followed the latter, and resigned his employments ; but, in June 1720, he was again made Paymaster of the Forces, and in April 1721 became once more First Lord of the Treasury, Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Prime Minister, as he continued during the whole remainder of that reign, and under the successor ; and was several times one of the Lords Justices during the absences of those kings.

May 27th, 1725, he was made Knight of the Bath, on the revival of that Order ; and in the same month of the ensuing year was created Knight of the Garter—the only commoner who had received such an honour since the restoration of Charles II.

He enjoyed his post of Prime Minister till February 9th, 1742, when the Opposition prevailing in Parliament, he resigned his employments, and was created Earl of Orford. His enemies obtained a secret committee to inquire into the last ten years of his administration ; but being able to prove no more crimes against him, though he had lost his power, than they could while he held it, he enjoyed to his death that tranquillity and honour that were due to his virtues, services, and age.

He died of the stone, in Arlington-street, March 25th, 1745, aged near seventy. His first wife was Catherine Shorter, by whom he had Robert, his successor, created a baron by George I., and Knight of the Bath ; Sir Edward, Knight of the Bath ; and Horatio ; Catherine, who died unmarried ; and Mary, married to George Earl of Cholmondeley, Lord Privy Seal in the reign of George II. Sir Robert married, secondly, Maria Skerret, by whom he had one daughter, Lady Maria, married to Charles Churchill, Esq.

## 788. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

*Arlington Street, April 29, 1762.*

I AM most absurdly glad to hear you are returned well and safe, of which I have at this moment received your account from Hankelow, where you talk of staying a week. However, not knowing the exact day of your departure, I direct this to Greatworth, that it may rather wait for you, than you for it, if it should go into Cheshire and not find you there. As I should ever be sorry to give you any pain, I hope I shall not be the first to tell you of the loss of poor Lady Charlotte Johnston,<sup>1</sup> who, after a violent fever of less than a week, was brought to bed yesterday morning of a dead child, and died herself at four in the afternoon. I heartily condole with you, as I know your tenderness for all your family, and the regard you have for Colonel Johnston. The time is wonderfully sickly; nothing but sore throats, colds, and fevers. I got rid of one of the worst of these disorders, attended with a violent cough, by only taking seven grains of James's powder for six nights. It was the first cough I ever had, and when coughs meet with so spare a body as mine, they are not apt to be so easily conquered. Take care of yourself, and bring the fruits of your expedition in perfection to Strawberry. I shall be happy to see you there whenever you please. I have no immediate purpose of settling there yet, as they are laying floors, which is very noisy, and as it is uncertain when the Parliament will rise, but I would go there at any time to meet you. The town will empty instantly after the King's birthday [June 4]; and consequently I shall then be less broken in upon, which I know you do not like. If, therefore, it suits you, any time you will name after the 5th of June will be equally agreeable; but sooner, if you like it better.

We have little news at present, except a profusion of new peerages, but are likely I think to have much greater shortly. The Ministers disagree, and quarrel with as much alacrity as ever; and the world expects a total rupture between Lord Bute and the late King's servants. This comedy has been so often represented, it scarce interests one, especially one who takes no part, and who is

<sup>1</sup> Lady Charlotte Montagu, sister of the Earl of Halifax, and wife of Colonel James Johnston (died 1795); she was buried at Twickenham, 4th of May, 1762.—CUNNINGHAM.



determined to have nothing to do with the world, but hearing and seeing the scenes it furnishes.

The new peers, I don't know their rank, scarce their titles, are Lord Wentworth and Sir William Courtenay, *Viscounts*; Lord Egmont, Lord Milton, Vernon of Sudbury, old Fox-lane, Sir Edward Montagu, *Barons*; and Lady Caroline Fox, a *Baroness*; the Duke of Newcastle is created Lord Pelham, with an entail to Tommy Pelham; and Lord Brudenel is called to the House of Lords, as Lord-Montagu. The Duchess of Manchester was to have had the peerage alone, and wanted the latter title: her sister, very impertinently, I think, as being the younger, objected and wished her husband Marquis of Monthermer. This difference has been adjusted, by making Sir Edward Montagu Lord Beaulieu, and giving the title of the family to Lord Brudenel. With pardon of your *Cu-blood*, I hold, that Lord Cardigan makes a very trim-perry figure by so meanly relinquishing all Brudenelhood. Adieu! let me know soon when will keep your Strawberry tide.

P.S. Lord Anson is in a very bad way;<sup>1</sup> and Mr. Fox, I think, in not a much better.

789. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

*Arlington Street, April 30, 1762.*

SOME people think we are going to have Peace—whatever we have abroad, it does not increase at home. The Ministers are divided; the old for continuing the German war (take care you don't look back to my letters of last October), the new for supporting Portugal; neither point is resolved, consequently either will not be over-timely. With much affection for Portugal, and seriously with much commiseration, I cannot entirely lament that Spain is occupied there. If we quarrel on great chapters, you may be sure we do not agree more on little ones. A new cargo of peers has set much ill-humour afloat, for when large pains are taken to content many, they are sure to offend more. As I neither wished to be a peer, nor to hinder anybody else from being one, I can repeat the list without any gall.

Lord Wentworth and Sir William Courtney viscounts, same names.

<sup>1</sup> Lord Anson, at this time first lord of the Admiralty, died 6th of June, 1762.—CUNNINGHAM.

Lord Milton, Sir Edward Montagu, Fox Lane, Vernon of Sudbury,	}	Barons	}	Milton, Beaulieu, or Bewley. Bingley. Vernon.
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Lady Caroline Fox, a baroness Lady Holland. Lord Brudenel called up to the House of Lords as Lord Montagu. Duke of Newcastle, created Lord Pelham, with reversion to your friend Mr. Pelham; and Lord Egmont made Lord Louvain and Holland, and Baron of Enmore.

The Flemish titles of Lord Egmont are very diverting.—I suppose he is descended from one of the three hundred and sixty-five brats of the Countess of Holland. People recollect a pamphlet, published in the reign of James I., called 'A Help to Weak Memories,' for the use of those who would know *all* the new peers; and they tell a story of a Neapolitan, who being offered a dukedom by the Germans, when they were so profuse of honours at Naples, refused it, unless they would make his footman a duke too; but in this country ten new peerages will at least produce twenty bon-mots. Our war is more serious, and I wish it well finished. It is uncertain whether we will give the King of Prussia a subsidy, or whether he will accept it. The disturbances in Ireland are at least checked; the insurgents are driven into bogs and woods. The French squadron narrowly escaped their fate: sailing to Martinico, they met their own prisoners conducted to France, and steered away; but Rodney soon followed them, with thirteen ships to their eight, and we hope will overtake them; however, it is plain they had not joined the Spanish fleet. The chief of our naval affairs, Lord Anson, is dying at Bath. Indeed, many of our former actors seem to be leaving the stage: Lord Granville is much broken, and Mr. Fox in a very bad state of health; but Lord Egremont is recovered.

Poor Lady Pembroke has at last acted with spirit. Her Lord being ordered to the German army, wrote that he had a mind to come over first and ask her pardon. To the surprise of her family and without their instigation, she sent him word that she was surprised he could think of showing himself in England; and, for her part, she never wished to see him, till he should have retrieved his character.

I am very happy, as I told you, in my new neighbour Mr. [Thomas] Pitt; he calls his small house Palazzo Pitti; which does not look as if he had forgotten you, and sounds pleasantly in my ears. Adieu!

<sup>1</sup> Name of the Great Duke's palace at Florence.—WALPOLE.



## 790. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

*Arlington Street, May 14, 1762.*

It is very hard, when you can plunge over head and ears in Irish claret, and not have even your heel vulnerable by the gout, that such a Pythagorean as I am should yet be subject to it! It is not two years since I had it last, and here am I with my foot again upon cushions. But I will not complain; the pain is trifling, and does little more than prevent my frisking about. If I can bear the motion of the chariot, I shall drive to Strawberry to-morrow, for I had rather only look at verdure and hear my nightingales from the bow-window, than receive visits and listen to news. I can give you no certain satisfaction relative to the Viceroy [Earl of Halifax], your cousin. It is universally said that he has no mind to return to his dominions, and pretty much believed that he will succeed to Lord Egremont's seals, who will not detain them long from whoever is to be his successor.

I am sorry you have lost another Montagu, the Duke of Manchester.<sup>1</sup> Your cousin Guildford is among the competitors for Chamberlain to the Queen. The Duke of Chandos, Lord Northumberland, and even the Duke of Kingston, are named as other candidates; but surely they will not turn the latter loose into another chamber of Maids of Honour! Lord Cantelupe has asked to rise from Vice-Chamberlain, but met with little encouragement. It is odd, that there are now seventeen English and Scotch dukes unmarried, and but seven out of twenty-seven have the Garter.

It is comfortable to me to have a prospect of seeing Mr. Conway soon; the ruling part of the Administration are disposed to recal our troops from Germany. In the mean time our officers and their *wives* are embarked for Portugal—what must Europe think of us when we make wars and assemblies all over the world?

I have been for a few days this week at Lord Thomond's; by making a river-like piece of water, he has converted a very ugly spot into a tolerable one. As I was so near, I went to see Audley Inn<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Robert Montagu, third Duke of Manchester, Lord Chamberlain to the Queen, died on the 10th of May.—WRIGHT.

<sup>2</sup> Audley Inn was an immense pile of building; the rooms large, but some of them not lofty in proportion, and a gallery of ninety-five yards, which, with the Chapel and great Council Chamber, each projecting backwards from the end of the gallery, have been demolished. The present chapel [1762] was lately fitted up. The screen accompanying the ascent of steps from the hall was designed by Sir John Vanbrugh, and has no relation to the rest of the building. That injudicious architect, too,

once more ; but it is only the monument now of its former grandeur. The gallery is pulled down, and nothing remains but the great hall, and an apartment like a tower at each end. In the church [at Saffron Walden] I found, still existing and quite fresh, the escutcheon of the famous Countess of Essex and Somerset.<sup>1</sup>

Adieu ! I shall expect you with great pleasure the beginning of next month.

791. TO THE REV. WILLIAM COLE.

DEAR SIR :

*Strawberry Hill, May 20, 1762.*

You have sent me the most kind and obliging letter in the world, and I cannot sufficiently thank you for it ; but I shall be very glad to have an opportunity of acknowledging it in person, by accepting the agreeable visit you are so good as to offer me, and for which I have long been impatient. I should name the earliest day possible ; but, besides having some visits to make, I think it will be more pleasant to you a few weeks hence (I mean, any time in July,) when the works, with which I am finishing my house, will be more advanced, and the noisy part, as laying floors and fixing wainscoats, at an end, and which now make me in a deplorable litter. As you give me leave, I will send you notice.

I am glad my books [‘Anecdotes of Painting’] amused you ; yet you, who are so much deeper an antiquarian, must have found more faults and omissions, I fear, than your politeness suffers you to reprehend ; yet you will, I trust, be a little more severe. We both labour, I will not say for the public (for the public troubles its head very little about our labours), but for the few of posterity that shall be curious ; and therefore, for their sake, you must assist me in making my works as complete as possible. This sounds ungrateful, after all the trouble you have given yourself ; but I say it to prove my gratitude, and to show you how fond I am of being corrected.

advised the destruction of the first court, which consisted of noble corridors supported by columns of alabaster, in the room of which he built two ugly brick walls, which cost 1,600*l.* The marble pillars of the chapel were purchased by Lord Onslow. King William brought thence some suits of tapestry, now at Windsor, for which he paid 4,500*l.* The Drawing-room, called The Fish Room, is a noble chamber ; the ceiling and a deep frieze adorned in stucco, with sea-monsters and great fishes swimming. All the costly chimney-pieces have been sold : over that in the gallery were the Labours of Hercules, and in the ceiling the Loves of the Gods. Many of the friezes still extant are in very good taste.—*Walpole* (Art. *Bernard Jansen*).—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>1</sup> The church at Walden, one of the lightest and most beautiful parish churches I have seen.—*Walpole's Anecdotes*, by Dallaway, ii. 71.—CUNNINGHAM.



For the faults of impression, they were owing to the knavery of a printer, who, when I had corrected the sheets, amused me with revised proofs, and never printed off the whole number, and then ran away. This accounts, too, for the difference of the ink in various sheets, and for some other blemishes; though there are still enough of my own, which I must not charge on others.

Ubal dini's book I have not, and shall be pleased to see it; but I cannot think of robbing your collection, and am amply obliged by the offer. The 'Anecdotes of Horatio Palavacini' are extremely entertaining.

In an Itinerary of the late Mr. Smart Lethiullier, I met the very tomb of Gainsborough this winter that you mention; and, to be secure, sent to Lincoln for an exact draught of it. But what vexed me then, and does still, is, that by the defect at the end of the inscription, one cannot be certain whether he lived in CCC. or CCCC, as another C might have been there. Have you any corroborating circumstance, Sir, to affix his existence to 1300 more than to 1400? Besides, I don't know any proof of his having been architect of the church: his epitaph only calls him *Cæmentarius*, which, I suppose, means *Mason*.

I have observed, since my book was published, what you mention of the [Armada] tapestry<sup>1</sup> in Laud's Trial; yet as the Journals were my authority, and certainly cannot be mistaken, I have concluded that Hollar engraved his print after the Restoration. Mr. Wight, clerk of the House of Lords, says, that Oliver placed them in the House of Commons. I don't know on what grounds he says so. I am, Sir, with great gratitude, &c.

792. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

*Strawberry Hill, May 25, 1762.*

I AM diverted with your anger at old Richard. Can you really suppose that I think it any trouble to frank a few covers for you? Had I been with you, I should have cured you and your whole family in two nights with James's powder. If you have any remains of the disorder, let me beg you to take seven or eight grains when you go to bed: if you have none, shall I send you some? For my own

<sup>1</sup> This fine tapestry, made eloquent by the eloquence of Chatham, and preserved to us by the engraver of Pine, was destroyed in 1834, when the Houses of Parliament were destroyed.—CUNNINGHAM.

part, I am released again, though I have been tolerably bad, and one day had the gout for several hours in my head. I do not like such speedy returns. I have been so much confined that I could not wait on Mrs. Osborn, and I do not take it unkindly that she will not let me have the prints without fetching them. I met her, that is, passed her, t'other day as she was going to Bushy, and was sorry to see her look much older.

Well! to-morrow is fixed for that phenomenon, the Duke of Newcastle's resignation.<sup>1</sup> He has had a parting *levée*; and as I suppose all bishops are prophets, they foresee that he will never come into place again, for there was but one that had the decency to take leave of him after crowding his rooms for forty years together; it was Cornwallis. I hear not even Lord Lincoln resigns. Lord Bute succeeds to the Treasury, and is to have the Garter too on Thursday with Prince William. Of your cousin [Halifax] I hear no more mention, but that he returns to his island. I cannot tell you exactly even the few changes that are to be made, but I can divert you with a bon-mot, which they give to my Lord Chesterfield. The new peerages being mentioned, somebody said, "I suppose there will be no duke made;" he replied, "Oh yes, there is to be one."—"Is who?"—"Lord Talbot [the Lord Steward]: he is to be created Duke Humphrey, and there is to be no table kept at Court but his." If you don't like this, what do you think of George Selwyn, who asked Charles Boone if it is true that he is going to be married to the fat rich Crawley? Boone denied it.<sup>2</sup> "Lord!" said Selwyn, "I thought you were to be Patrick Fleming on the mountain, and that gold and silver you were counting!" \* \* \*

P.S. I cannot help telling you how comfortable the new disposition of the Court is to me; the King and Queen are settled for good and all at Buckingham House, and are stripping the other palaces to furnish it. In short, they have already fetched pictures from Hampton Court, which indicates their never living there; consequently Strawberry Hill will remain in possession of its own tranquillity, and not become a cheese-cake house to the palace. All I ask of Princes is, not to live within five miles of me.

<sup>1</sup> The Duke of Newcastle, finding himself, on the subject of a pecuniary aid to the King of Prussia, only supported in the council by the Duke of Devonshire and Lord Hardwicke, resigned on the 26th of May, and Lord Bute became prime minister.—WRIGHT.

<sup>2</sup> Boone married Miss Crawley, 10th October, 1762.—CUNNINGHAM.



## 793. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

*Arlington Street, May 26, 1762.*

WHENEVER I am a little remiss in writing to you, I am sure to make you amends by a revolution. Anybody would wait five weeks for a letter, if it was to tell them that the Government was turned topsy-turvy. Not that it is set upon its head now; it has only lost an old tooth that had *bit* all the world. The Duke of Newcastle resigned this morning! Finding, at last, to his great surprise that he had not as much power under this King as under his great-grandfather and grandfather, he is retired, meditating, I suppose, a plan for being Prime Minister again under this King's son. Of four-and-twenty bishops that he had made, but one expects this restoration; all the rest, hoping to arrive at Canterbury before that æra, took care not to be at his Grace's last levee. People think that a little more than want of power had been necessary to make him take this resolution, and that all kind of disgusts had been given to convince him how unwelcome his company was. This is the second revolution in a year and a half—I wish the next struggle be not a little more serious. Lord Bute plays a dangerous game; he is now First Lord of the Treasury, and is to have the Garter to-morrow, with Prince William. The other changes are few, for the Duke of Newcastle's friends *episcopize*, that is, abandon him, or are ordered to remain as they are. Mr. George Grenville is Secretary of State; and Sir Francis Dashwood Chancellor of the Exchequer; Mr. Elliot,<sup>1</sup> Treasurer of the Chambers. The Navy-board and one or two commissions of the Treasury will be all the other vacancies.

But there is a bigger event to come; the Stocks believe the Peace is made, and lift up their heads. It is certain that a very courteous answer is arrived from France; and the monied philosophers, who do not look on danger as wise measures, conclude that unless Lord Bute was sure of peace, he would not have ventured on dismissing the Duke. If you should not hear from me soon, you will be persuaded that we are up in arms. I have some fear that Spain is not very pacific: they have begun the siege of Miranda. I used to expect the King of Prussia at Somerset-house; perhaps now Queen Catherine's<sup>2</sup> apartment will be inhabited by her great nephews and

<sup>1</sup> Afterwards Sir Gilbert Elliot.—WALPOLE.

<sup>2</sup> Catherine of Braganza, after the death of Charles II., lived at Somerset House.—WALPOLE.

nieces. I shall have curiosity enough to go and see Infantas, though I have little else left: I have none of that vigour of ambition that has carried on the Duke of Newcastle for five-and-forty years. Three slight fits of the gout have taught me what I believe all the ingratitude of the clergy of Cambridge has not been able to instil into him. I am just recovered of an attack, far from painful, except one day that it was in my head; but even the harbinger of age is sufficient to convince me that retirement is a blessing.

It would look like vanity in me to thank you for attentions, where so much attention is due; and yet I am apt to think you did pay a little homage extraordinary on my account to the Duchess of Grafton. I am pleased you admire her so much, and she tells me how charmed she is with your reception of her. I warned you to expect no great beauty, and yet the more you saw her, did not you like her the more? Her air, and manner, and majesty are quite her own. I must not forget my thanks too for Mr. Morrice—you must have had some satisfaction in talking over the Chute and me with him.

You may imagine that I am anxious to have the Peace, and to see Mr. Conway safe in England. I wish it privately and publicly—I pray for an end to the woes of mankind; in one word, I have no public spirit, and don't care a farthing for the interests of the merchants. Soldiers and sailors who are knocked on the head, and peasants plundered or butchered, are to my eyes as valuable as a lazy luxurious set of men, who hire others to acquire riches for them; who would embroil all the earth, that they may heap or squander; and I *dare* to say this, for I am no minister. Beckford is a patriot, because he will clamour if Guadaloupe or Martinico is given up, and the price of sugars falls. I am a bad Englishman, because I think the advantages of commerce are dearly bought for some by the lives of many more. This wise age counts its merchants, and reckons its armies ciphers. But why do I talk of this age?—every age has some ostentatious system to excuse the havoc it commits. Conquest, honour, chivalry, religion, balance of power, commerce, no matter what, mankind must bleed, and take a term for a reason. 'Tis shocking! Good night.



## 794. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

*Strawberry Hill, Wednesday night, June 1, [1762].*

SINCE you left Strawberry, the town (not the King of Prussia) has beaten Count Daun, and made the peace, but the benefits of either have not been felt beyond Change Alley. Lord Melcombe is dying of a dropsy in his stomach,<sup>1</sup> and Lady Mary Wortley of a cancer in her breast.<sup>2</sup>

Mr. Hamilton [Single-Speech] was here last night, and complained of your not visiting him. He pumped me to know if Lord Hertford has not thoughts of the crown of Ireland, and was more than persuaded that I should go with him: I told him what was true, that I knew nothing of the former; and for the latter, that I would as soon return with the King of the Cherokees.<sup>3</sup> When England has nothing that can tempt me, it would be strange if Ireland had. The Cherokee Majesty dined here yesterday at Lord Macclesfield's, where the Clive sang to them and the mob; don't imagine I was there, but I heard so at my Lady Suffolk's.

We have tapped a little butt of rain to-night, but my lawn is far from being drunk yet. Did not you find the Vine in great beauty? My compliments to it, and to your society. I only write to enclose the enclosed. I have consigned your button to old Richard. Adieu!

## 795. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

*Strawberry Hill, June 8, 1762.*

WELL, you have had Mr. Chute. I did not dare to announce him to you, for he insisted on enjoying all your ejaculations. He gives me a good account of your health and spirits, but does not say when you come hither. I hope the General, as well as your brother John, know how welcome they would be, if they would accompany you. I trust it will be before the end of this month, for the very beginning of July I am to make a little visit to Lord Ilchester, in Somersetshire,<sup>4</sup> and I should not like not to see you before the middle or end of next month.

<sup>1</sup> Lord Melcombe (Bubb Dodington) died 28th July, 1762.—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>2</sup> Lady Mary Wortley Montagu died in London, 21st August, 1762.—CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>3</sup> Three Cherokee Indian chiefs arrived this month in London, from South Carolina,

<sup>4</sup> became the lions of the day.—WRIGHT.  
and At Redlynch.—CUNNINGHAM.

Mrs. Osborn has sent me the prints; they are woeful; but that is my fault and the engraver's, not yours, to whom I am equally obliged; you don't tell me whether Mr. Bentley's play [*'The Wishes'*] was acted or not, printed or not.

There is another of the Queen's brothers come over. Lady Northumberland made a pompous festino for him t'other night; not only the whole house, but the garden, was illuminated, and was quite a fairy scene. Arches and pyramids of lights alternately surrounded the enclosure; a diamond necklace of lamps edged the rails and descent, with a spiral obelisk of candles on each hand; and dispersed over the lawn were little bands of kettle-drums, clarionets, fifes, &c., and the lovely moon, who came without a card. The birthday [4th June] was far from being such a show; empty and unfine as possible. In truth, popularity does not make great promises to the new Administration, and for fear it should hereafter be taxed with changing sides, it lets Lord Bute be abused every day, though he has not had time to do the least wrong. His first levee was crowded. Bothmar, the Danish minister, said, "*La chaleur est excessive!*" George Selwyn replied, "*Pour se mettre au froid, il faut aller chez Monsieur le Duc de Newcastle!*" There was another George not quite so tender. George Brudenel was passing by; somebody in the mob said, "What is the matter here?" Brudenel answered, "Why, there is a Scotchman got into the Treasury, and they can't get him out." The Archbishop, conscious of not having been at Newcastle's last levee, and ashamed of appearing at Lord Bute's, first pretended he had been going by in his way from Lambeth, and, upon inquiry, found it was Lord Bute's levee, and so had thought he might as well go in—I am glad he thought he might as well tell it.

The mob call Buckingham-house, 'Holyrood-house;' in short, everything promises to be like times *I* can remember. Lord Anson is dead; poor Mrs. Osborn will not break her heart; I should think Lord Melcombe will succeed to the Admiralty. Adieu!

END OF THE THIRD VOLUME.









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